April 18, 1936

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Collier's

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Tight Shoes a short story By Dam

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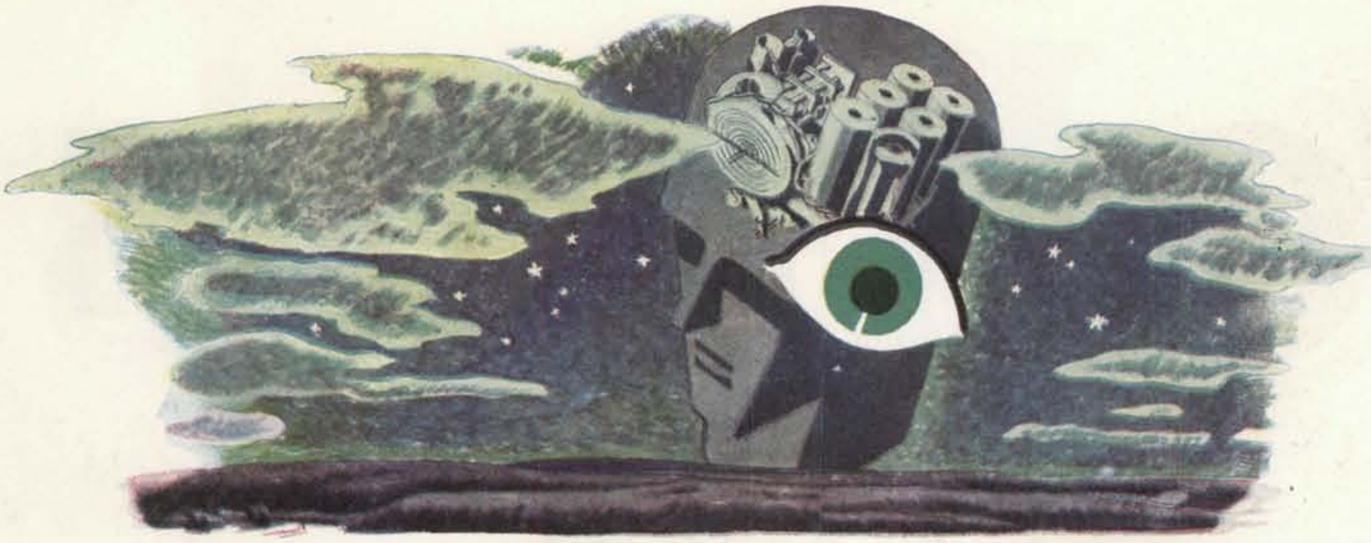
PRIL 18, 1936



The "Magic Eye" "sees" better than you can hear

The electronic "beam" of the "Magic Eye" has an amazing ability to "see" sound. By watching the "eye" and tuning so that the shadow at the bottom of its "iris" is narrowest, you tune silently to the exact point of best reception, more accurately than any human ear could.

At RCA Victor's modest prices you can have a "Magic Brain" "Magic Eye" radio today!

Seventeen RCA Victor Metal Tube Sets from \$39.95 to \$100* offer you wide range of choice*

YOU can make this interesting test at any RCA Victor Dealer's. Step in and try it. With volume at zero, tune the set silently by the "Magic Eye." Then turn up the volume. Note the warmth of the RCA Victor tone as the program flows in clean-cut, full-bodied, vibrantly alive. Clear, flute-like high notes will delight you. You will thrill to the beat of rich, mellow basses. You will realize how faithfully the "Magic Brain" reports what the microphone hears.

As you examine these 1936 sets you can judge for yourself the new degree of excellence which has been obtained by the improved "Magic Brain." See, too, how simply the "Magic Eye" guides this wealth of ability in depicting faithfully what's on the air.

Cabinets designed to enrich tone

And while you make your test you will see that in lines and finish, RCA Victor cabinets are worthy to stand beside your most cherished furniture. Their proportions also serve another purpose. Each cabinet has been planned as part of a musical instrument, and hence lends added clarity to speaker performance.

For 35 years RCA Victor has been a world leader in development of sound reproduction. As you listen your ears will tell you how well this vast experience has been used. For you will hear that unique quality—the RCA Victor tone.

It's easy to own an RCA Victor

Frankly you will not want to leave the store without selecting a set for your own home. But that you will find is no financial hardship. The RCA Victor line includes 17 models from \$39.95* to \$100.00*, many of them with "Magic Brain" and "Magic Eye." C.I.T. special terms make ownership a matter of a few cents a day. RCA Manufacturing Co., Inc., Camden, N. J., an RCA Service. In Canada, RCA Victor Co., Ltd., Montreal.

• • •

Prices subject to change without notice, from \$19.95 up *f.o.b. Camden, N. J., including home, automobile, farm radios and radio-phonographs. Put new life into your present radio. Install RCA Radio Tubes. *And remember, any set works better with an* RCA Antenna System. Listen to RCA Magic Key, Sundays, 2:00 to 3:00 P. M., E.S.T., WJZ and associated NBC stations.

This compact table set T-6-11 requires only about two-thirds of a square foot of table space, but it has good volume, and will bring in many foreign stations, as well as police and amateur calls. \$39.95*.

Engineering and manufacturing skill now make it possible to offer a "Magic Brain," "Magic Eye," Metal Tube Console Model C8-19 for \$89.95*. Covers domestic and leading foreign frequencies, amateur, police calls. Newly designed cabinet, hand-rubbed finish. 8 tubes. The price, \$89.95*, is worth repeating.

World's greatest artists RCA HIS MASTER'S VOICE *are on Victor Records*

RCA VICTOR

One of the stars among RCA Victor 1936 models is the big C-13-2. Tunes in all foreign and domestic frequencies, including police, aviation and amateur phone. 13 tubes with "Magic Eye." \$189.50*.

MRS. ROBERT R. McCORMICK

of Chicago, Ill., international society leader, accomplished horsewoman and connoisseur of the arts, says of LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE:

"I'm enthusiastic about its pleasant taste and thorough action"

The entrance to Whitehall, Mrs. McCormick's estate at Aiken, S. C. Aiken is the meeting place of the world's celebrities—particularly those who love superb horses.

An informal snapshot of Mrs. McCormick on one of her many thoroughbreds.

The above great picture by Henri Rousseau is one of Mrs. McCormick's collection of modern art—considered one of the finest in the country.

The lovely terraced garden and pool on Mrs. McCormick's magnificent estate, Cantigny Farms, Wheaton, Ill.

WHY is it that women of Mrs. McCormick's wealth and position prefer this tooth paste made by the makers of Listerine? Certainly its modest price of 25 cents could be no factor in their choice. No indeed! The thing that wins and holds them is the remarkable results it accomplishes in keeping teeth exceptionally white and brilliant . . .

These remarkable results are due largely to special cleansing agents not found in ordinary dentifrices. Scientific tests show them to have astonishing power to cleanse the teeth and to impart to them a brilliant lustre.

If you have not tried Listerine Tooth Paste, do so now. Like three million others you will be delighted by its brisk action, its thorough cleansing and the wonderful feeling of freshness and invigoration it leaves in the mouth. How assuring to realize, also, that this modern dentifrice is safe and gentle in action; nothing in it to mar precious enamel! Get a tube from your druggist today. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Missouri.

Listerine Tooth Paste

LARGE SIZE 25¢ DOUBLE SIZE 40¢

Collier's
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Associate Editors

Next Week

LOOK at the world for a minute through an oil man's eyes. What you see is a large-size Chinese puzzle. Here and there, scattered all about, are the oil-producing localities. To solve the problem you have to get at the oil and then distribute it. You have to see that every country gets some, for oil is a modern necessity. The puzzle is made much harder by the presence of international boundaries. And, as a finishing touch, sometimes there is war.

Walter C. Teagle, president of the Standard Oil Company (N. J.), gives you an inside picture of the oil man's dilemma in "Oil and War," an important article which throws light on the problem of oil for Italy.

WHEN Emily Forest was seventeen years old she fell in love with a Cornell sophomore who failed to recognize her worth. This calamity caused her to change her intention of becoming a model wife and to determine to become the perfect secretary. She succeeded so completely that presently she was all but running Super Wonder Films in Hollywood. Then Ted Owens barged into her life and she dramatically became the secretary who was "No Longer Perfect." The story is by Fred MacIsaac.

NOW that locker-rooms are filling again, with arguments starting in every corner, we maliciously supply a little tinder for the flames—a "Choice of Champs." Is Lawson Little as great a player as Bobby Jones? O. B. Keeler, who saw Jones win all his thirteen championships, carefully presents both sides.

"TAKE 'em on and off the wind, wimmin got no reasonin' sense." Such was Sam Pryor's mature conclusion, not from personal experience—Sam wasn't married—but from watching his friends. When a fresh halibuter isn't off on the banks he's usually having trouble with his womenfolk. Even "Absent Treatment" doesn't always fix it, as James B. Connolly proves definitely in a brilliant short story.

IT was no accident that made Constable Barradine, your favorite Mountie, intrude in the affairs of Barbara Craig. The murder under the cliff was pretty definitely pinned on her sweetheart when the constable put in his oar. The results of this "Welcome Intrusion" are recorded by Laurie York Erskine.

PRICE DAY, George Creel, Sax Rohmer, Kyle Crichton, George Agnew Chamberlain, Marie Beynon Ray, Freling Foster and others give you something to think about. But not too much.

This Week

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April 18, 1936

Cover by Lawson Wood

DAMON RUNYON
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WALTER DAVENPORT
Rally Round the Bag, Boys. Shouting the battle cry of pensions. Page 10

THOMAS WALSH
The Boy on the Train. What can you do when a kid thinks you're a hero? Page 12

T. R. YBARRA
Lost: One Empire. The Archduke Otto, searching for something he's lost. Page 14

MacKINLAY KANTOR
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SAX ROHMER
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GEORGE AGNEW CHAMBERLAIN
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QUENTIN REYNOLDS
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WILLIAM MacHARG
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THE SHORT SHORT STORY
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Keep Up with the World. Universal affairs. Page 79

EDITORIAL
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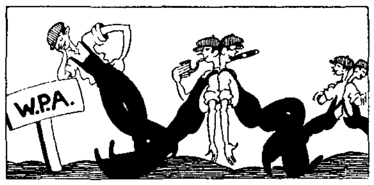
●

Any Week

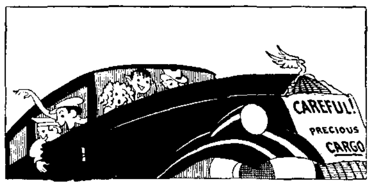
YOU will rejoice in the knowledge that Mr. B. H. McLean of Savannah, Georgia, has discovered a cure for "the greatest weakness in the Townsend Plan." And even if you won't, Mr. McLean has solved the problem anyway. Says he: "They depend upon the continuous circulation of the pension dollar. But they have overlooked the fact that only the old folks who get the pension will be bound by law to spend the money within thirty days. What becomes of the money after they have paid it out to people who are not required by law to keep it moving? The pension dollar will keep moving until it gets to the bank and there it stops, along with other dollars that get no farther. So, let the law of required spending be extended to the bankers. Of course this will upset the whole system, but that's not my fault."

AS you will probably notice, the question of budgets, taxes and public economy is troubling us a lot this morning. We were just about to begin wringing our hands about it when Mr. Charles E. Lindberg, B.C.S. (New York University, '34), came to our rescue. Mr. Lindberg has observed with deeply harrowed feelings large numbers of WPA workers standing around leaning heavily on the handles of shovels the government has placed in their hands. These shovels cost lots of money. "Why," demands Mr. Lindberg, "buy all these shovels? Why can't they lean on each other?"



AND Mr. T. Judson Branchman of Denver, Colorado, reports that there is an urgent need for a few well-placed facts in his part of the country. Mr. Branchman was driving down-state on a Sunday and, for some reason he can't seem to locate, he stopped at a small village church to hear what the preacher had to say. The preacher had lots to say and Mr. Branchman was drinking it in at a great rate until the reverend gentleman, taking a deep breath, came forth with this: "They tell us that your pastor has no right to talk politics from the pulpit. I say they are wrong. You are busy people—too busy, alas, to read and study. But reading and study are within my rights. Therefore, I say to you that the Declaration of Independence must be preserved in its entirety just as George Washington wrote it."

WHEREUPON Mr. Branchman did precisely what Mrs. Josephine Welty of Albuquerque, New Mexico, did at a recent Drive Carefully meeting. Between twenty and thirty plans to reduce and even eliminate motorcar slaughter were offered. None aroused the complete enthusiasm of the audience and a stranger arose. "Let nobody drive a car," said the stranger, "without carrying little children on the front seat with him. If he has no children of his own let him borrow two or three for the occasion. And then let him hang a sign on both the front and the back of the car reading: 'Careful, Careful, Neighbor. I Carry a Precious Cargo.'" And then Mrs. Welty fled.



WE have a feeling that a change of subject would help. Let's see. Now here's one with a flattering offer of practical assistance. It's from Miss Margaret Langley of Minneapolis, Minnesota. "Are you," asks she, "interested in some stories which have life, love, humor, sadness and musical? I have around twenty-five stories. If interested, here are a few titles: 1. Secret Love, 2. I Marry a Servant, 3. That's Life, 4. Take the Stand. I am thirteen years old and love to write stories."

WE are told by Mr. Harry N. Yawter of Springfield, Illinois, that "I don't go completely off the reservation whenever I hear any of the governors of our states boast of having balanced their budgets. When I hear of some governor balancing his state budget without a cent's worth of federal relief or a dollar's worth of tax money from Washington, I shall peel off my coat and collar and deafen the country with my cheers. I, too, could balance my personal budget if some rich guy came to my assistance."

BUT the great trouble, according to Mr. Joe Mullvaney of New York City, is that there's entirely too much frequency about war. "Wars follow one another so rapidly," says Mr. Mullvaney, "that the general can't make a nickel out of his memoirs. His book is still hot from the presses when another fight starts. Why, I've heard of a couple of generals who haven't quite finished their stories of how they won the World War."

WHEN was that?

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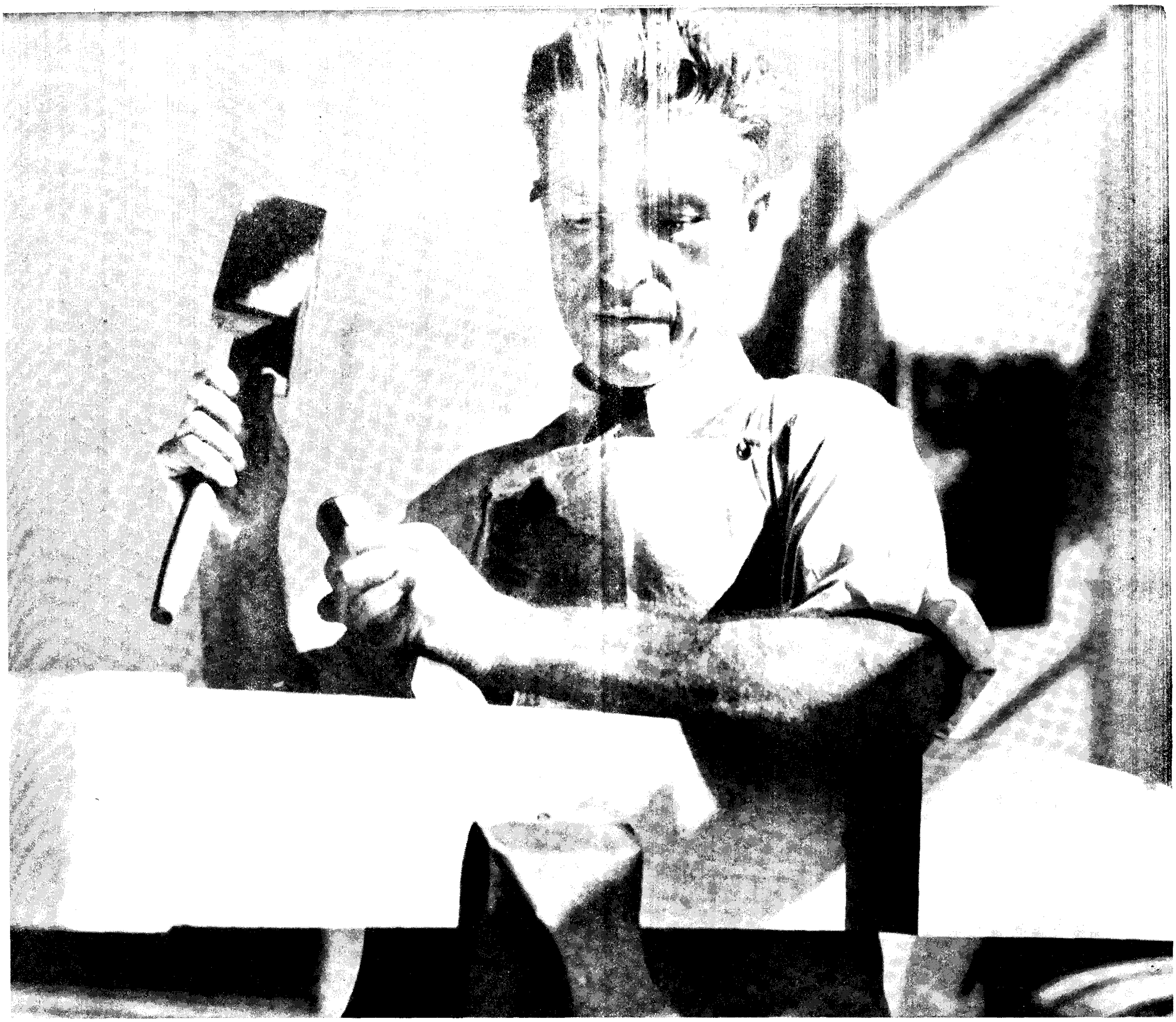

Wood-worker in a World of Steel

WHAT IS HE DOING HERE . . . this man who works with fragrant, clean-grained wood . . . here in a world where everything is steel?

Well, he's helping a lot of that steel get off to a proper start in its life as new Plymouths. And this is how it happens so.

When the engineers designed this year's big new Plymouth, skilled wood-workers were given the plans and drawings . . . instructed to build *forms* by which the experimental cars would be built.

They carved and turned their wood precisely into lines and curves that steel would follow. Then the world of steel came back into its own . . . and piece for piece, part for part, steel replaced wood.

This is the romance of a new car . . . dreams into drawings . . . drawings into forms and models and patterns of wood . . . and then into steel.

Experimental cars are born this way . . . to be tested and observed, torn down and rebuilt again.

Thus when the new Plymouth was perfected . . . it thrilled the country with its beauty and performance . . . and people said again, "It *is* the best engineered low-priced car!" That smartness and quality are visible results of having these wood-workers . . . as well as artisans in all lines . . . in this world of steel.

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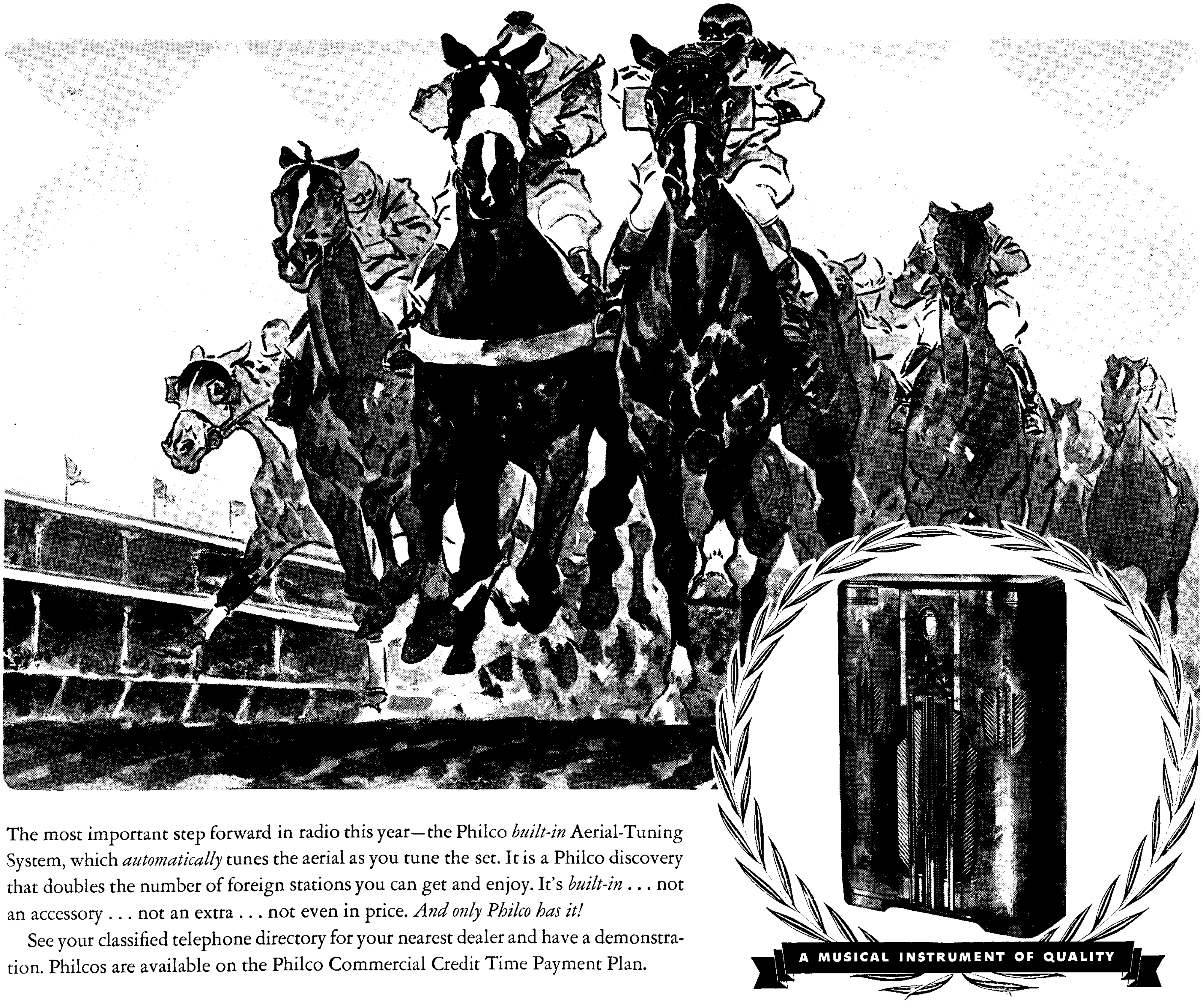
POST TIME for the *Kentucky Derby!* A bugle sounds . . . the pick of America's three-year-olds leaves the paddock . . . the band plays "My Old Kentucky Home" . . . thousands packing the stands at Churchill Downs sing the refrain. A nerve-wracking delay at the barrier . . . with that expert racing observer Bryan Field relaying every detail to radio listeners. "They're off!" A long shot gets away winging . . . leads around the first turn . . . then all Kentucky shrieks its joy as the green and white of Bradley shows in front. Now Tintagel makes his move . . . they're in the stretch . . . who's that coming on the outside? Hear it all . . . all the color . . . all the thrills with Philco! At another time Philco brings the rich tenor voice of Richard Crooks . . . the distinctive dance arrangements of Kay Kyser . . . the rural revelry of the Corn Cob Pipe Club . . . all with the same high fidelity. And even takes you to London . . . Paris . . . Madrid . . . for new foreign programs!


A MUSICAL INSTRUMENT OF QUALITY

The most important step forward in radio this year—the Philco *built-in* Aerial-Tuning System, which *automatically* tunes the aerial as you tune the set. It is a Philco discovery that doubles the number of foreign stations you can get and enjoy. It's *built-in* . . . not an accessory . . . not an extra . . . not even in price. *And only Philco has it!*

See your classified telephone directory for your nearest dealer and have a demonstration. Philcos are available on the Philco Commercial Credit Time Payment Plan.

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THE NEW PHILCO 116X

A true High-Fidelity instrument bringing you the overtones that identify and distinguish the many and varied musical instruments. Exclusive Acoustic Clarifiers prevent "boom". The famous Inclined Sounding Board projects every note up to your ear level. Five wave bands bring you every broadcast service in the air . . . Foreign, American, Police, Weather, Aircraft, Ship, Amateur. Complete with exclusive, automatic *built-in* Aerial-Tuning System $180

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PHILCO REPLACEMENT TUBES IMPROVE THE PERFORMANCE OF ANY RADIO

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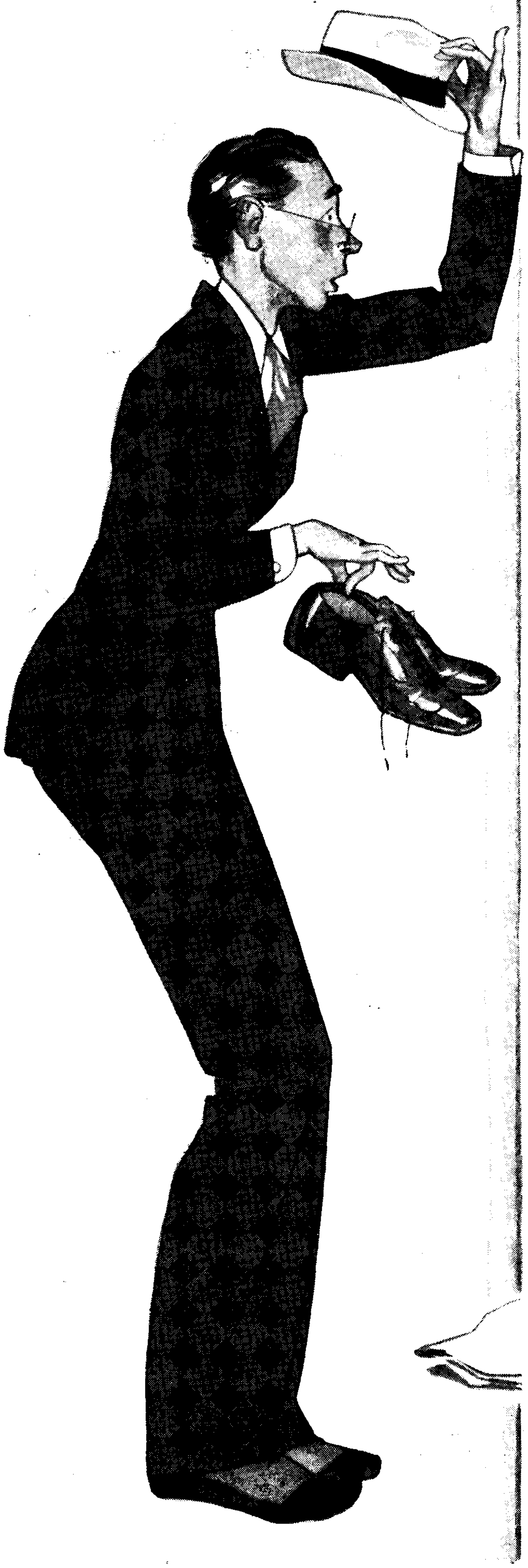


Tight Shoes

By Damon Runyon

A story which greatly surprised the folks at Mindy's, who knew all about Hymie Minsk's potent dogs but who did not dream that they could start so much excitement for a guy like Rupert Salsinger and his very beautiful doll

ALL this begins the day a young character by the name of Rupert Salsinger sells Hymie Minsk, the horse player, a pair of shoes that are too tight.

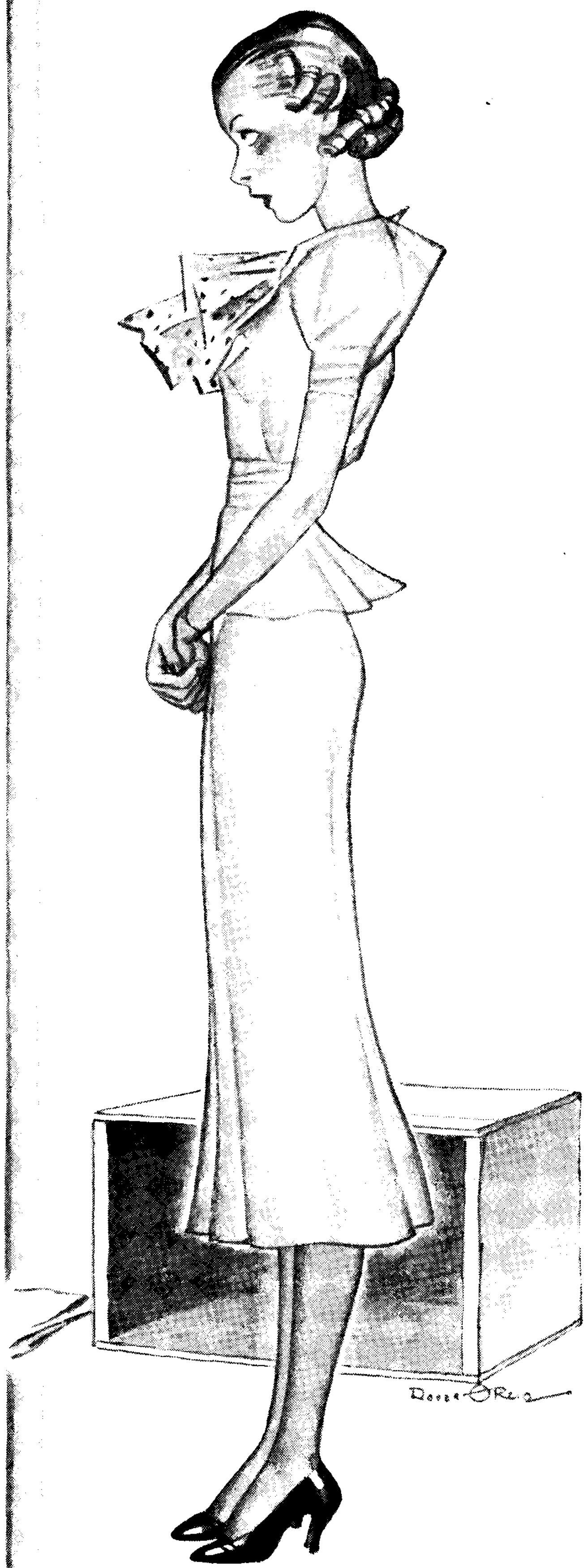
This Rupert Salsinger works in Bilby's shoe store on Broadway, near Mindy's restaurant, and Hymie stops in there on his way to the Belmont race track early one afternoon, and buys the shoes.

Now Hymie is in pretty much of a hurry, as he knows of a right good thing in the first race at Belmont, so he tells Rupert Salsinger to kindly get out a pair of shoes, size 8½ D, and make haste about it.

Well, Rupert Salsinger takes one look at Hymie's dogs, and he can see that Hymie can no more wear an 8½ D than he can fly, for Hymie has large, flat Bronx feet that can cover as much ground as there is between second and third when Hymie is just standing still.

So Rupert Salsinger gets out a measuring gadget, and puts one of Hymie's feet in it, and tells Hymie that what he really needs is a 10½ EE, but Hymie immediately becomes very indignant, as he is extremely sensitive about the size of his feet, and he says he knows what size shoes he wears, and if Rupert Salsinger does not care to give him what he wants, he will take his custom elsewhere.

Now if old man Bilby is personally present, he will know enough to give Hymie his usual 10½ EE's, and tell him they are 8½ D's, and Hymie will go on about his business, and think nothing



"Minnie," Rupert says, "I love you with all my heart and soul, and I wish you to be my wife"

more of it, but Rupert Salsinger is new to Bilby's store, and furthermore he is a very honest and conscientious young character, and does not believe in skullduggery even about a pair of shoes, so he outs with some 8½ D's and shows Hymie the mark in them, and Hymie puts them on, and says they are just the right size, and away he goes to the race track.

Well, the good thing in the first race blows, and right away Hymie commences to notice that his shoes seem full of feet, for there is nothing like a loser in the first race for making a guy notice his feet. Then Hymie gets five more losers in a row, so by the time the races are over his feet are almost killing him.

In fact, anybody will tell you that six losers in a row will make a guy's feet hurt, even if he is barefooted, so a pair of tight shoes on such an occasion is practically murder in the first degree. Hymie has to take his shoes off in the train going back to New York to rest his feet, and one and all are most sympathetic with him, because they realize how keenly he must be suffering between the tight shoes and the six losers, and especially the six losers.

WELL, Hymie Minsk goes right up to Bilby's shoe store in the tight shoes, and what does he do but use these shoes to kick Rupert Salsinger in the pants all the way from Bilby's store to Fifty-third Street, three blocks away, and the chances are he will be kicking Rupert Salsinger to this very day, if one foot does not finally connect with a book by Karl Marx, which Rupert is wearing in his hip pocket, and which almost breaks Hymie's big toe, it being a very solid book.

But everybody agrees that Hymie does the right thing, especially when Hymie explains that the shoes hurt his feet so at the track that he does not really know what he is doing after the first race, and his pain causes him to bet on horses that he has no right to consider in any manner, shape or form whatever. In fact, everybody agrees that Rupert is a very dangerous character to have on Broadway, as he may take to selling tight shoes to horse players generally, and thus cause untold suffering among them, besides upsetting their figures on the horse races.

Furthermore, when Rupert Salsinger gets back to the shoe store old man Bilby pays him off and fires him, and also personally takes a few kicks at Rupert Salsinger's pants himself as Rupert is going out the door, and old man Bilby's aim is much better than Hymie's, and he does not hit the volume of Karl Marx even once.

SO THERE Rupert Salsinger is without a position, and with only half a week's wages consisting of about seven slugs in his pocket, and as it is the first position Rupert has since the depression sets in, he is downcast no little, especially as he is hoping to save enough money in this position to justify him in asking Miss Minnie Schultz, who lives over on Tenth Avenue, to be his bride.

He is in love with Miss Minnie Schultz for several years, and expects to one day ask her to marry him, but Rupert Salsinger is such a conscientious young character that he will never think of making such a request until he becomes a provider, and anyway, Miss Minnie Schultz's papa, who keeps a delicatessen store, by no means approves of Rupert Salsinger, because Rupert is always so thoughtful and studious, and also always so much out of a position.

In fact, Miss Minnie Schultz's papa considers Rupert nothing but a bum, and he wishes his daughter to marry an entirely different character by the name of Gus Schmelk, who runs a delicatessen store right across the street from the Schultz store, and is giving Miss Minnie Schultz's papa such tough competition that her papa figures it will be a nice business deal for her to marry Gus Schmelk and combine the stores.

But Miss Minnie Schultz is rather fond of Rupert Salsinger, as he is tall and thin, and has thick black hair, and a very serious expression, and wears spectacles, and is really much better than a raw hand when it comes to making love, even though he is so conservative about speaking of marriage.

Well, anyway, Rupert Salsinger goes up Broadway feeling very sad and blue, and finally he stops in the Bridle Grill, and steps up to the bar and calls for a glass of beer, and while he is drinking this beer, he gets to thinking what a cruel world it is to be sure, so he calls for another beer, with a little rye whisky on the side, for while Rupert Salsinger is by no means a rum-dum, he feels that this is an occasion that calls for a few drams, anyway.

It is now along about eight bells in the evening, and not many cash customers are in the Bridle Grill, when all of a sudden in comes a tall, good-looking young fellow in evening clothes, including a high hat, and an opera cape, lined with white silk, and who is this young fellow but Calvin Colby, who is known far and wide as a great pain in the neck to his loving parents.

He is also known as a character who likes to get around and, in fact, Calvin Colby's only occupation is getting around. His people are as rich as mud, and to tell the truth, richer, and what is more they are in the Social Register and, in fact, Calvin Colby is in the Social Register himself until the publishers come upon his name one day and see that it is a typographical error.

HE IS often in the newspapers, because it is really remarkable how Calvin Colby's automobiles can spill dolls up against telegraph poles along the Boston Post Road, when he happens to strike these obstacles, and the dolls are always suing Calvin Colby for breaking their legs, or spoiling their complexions. It finally gets so there is talk of taking Calvin's driving license away from him before he shatters all the telegraph poles along the Boston Post Road.

He is without doubt strictly a Hoorah Henry, and he is generally figured as nothing but a lob as far as ever doing anything useful in this world is concerned, although everybody admits that he has a nice disposition, and is as good a right guard as ever comes out of Yale.

Calvin Colby is undoubtedly slightly mulled when he enters the Bridle Grill, and he steps up to the bar alongside Rupert Salsinger, and calls for an old-fashioned cocktail, and after he inhales this, he calls for three more of the same, one right after the other, and about this time, Rupert Salsinger, who is standing there thinking of the wrongs he suffers at the feet of Hymie Minsk and old man Bilby, lets out a terrible sigh, as follows:

"Hah-ah-ah-hah."

Well, at this, Calvin Colby gazes at Rupert Salsinger in surprise, as Rupert's sigh sounds very much like wind escaping from a punctured tire, and Calvin speaks to Rupert like this:

"What is eating you?" Calvin says. "Have a drink," he says.

Naturally, Rupert has a drink, because it is very seldom in his life that he gets a drink for nothing, and this time he calls for an old-fashioned, too, as he is tired of beer and rye whisky, and moreover he figures it will be polite to drink the same as his host, and then he says to Calvin Colby:

"Comrade," he says, "this is an awful world. There is no justice."

"Well," Calvin Colby says, "I never give the matter much thought, because personally I never have any occasion for justice. But," he says, "you may be right. Have a drink."

So they have this second drink, and also quite a few other drinks, and presently they are as friendly as a new bride and groom, and Rupert Salsinger tells Calvin Colby about the shoes, and Hymie Minsk, and old man Bilby, and also about Miss Minnie Schultz, and when he gets to Miss Minnie Schultz, he sheds tears all over Calvin Colby's white pique vest.

WELL, Calvin Colby is practically petrified with horror to think of what Rupert Salsinger suffers, although he does not consider Rupert's tears over Miss Minnie Schultz quite manly, as Calvin Colby personally never experiences love, and regards dolls as only plaintiffs, but he admits that his soul seethes with indignation at the idea of Miss Minnie Schultz's papa wishing to force her into a marriage with Gus Schmelk. In fact, Calvin Colby says that while he does not know this Gus Schmelk he is willing to make a little wager that he is nothing but a bounder and a cad.

Now it seems that Calvin Colby is all dressed up to go somewhere, but by this time he cannot remember where, and he suggests to Rupert Salsinger that they take a little stroll and see if the old-fashioneds are up to standard in other parts of the city.

So they leave the Bridle Grill, and the bartender is not sorry to see them depart, at that, as they are making him work too hard, and they walk north on Broadway, arm-in-arm, stopping here and there to have a few drinks, and all the time Calvin Colby is talking about the great injustice that has been done Rupert Salsinger.

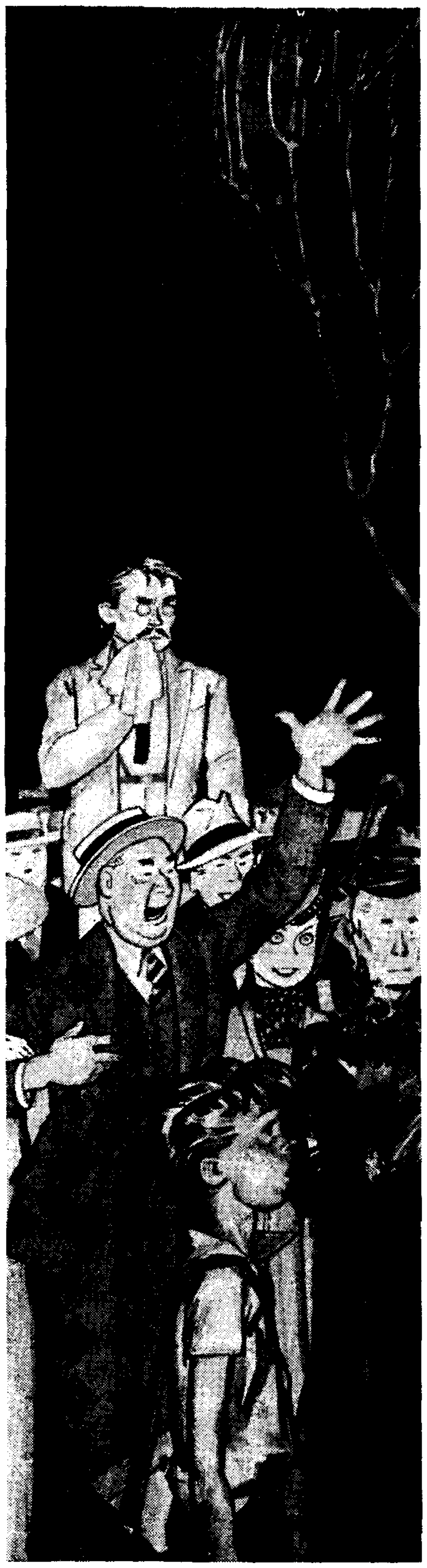
By and by they come to Columbus Circle, and in Columbus Circle there are many little groups of citizens, and each group is gathered around a guy standing on a box making a speech, so there are maybe ten different groups, and ten different guys making speeches, although each guy is only talking to his own group, but they are all talking at once, so they make quite a racket.

Now of course all this is a very familiar scene to anybody that ever goes through Columbus Circle in the evening, but it seems that Calvin Colby never before witnesses such a thing, as he does not visit Columbus Circle since infancy, and he is greatly astonished at what he beholds, and asks Rupert Salsinger what is the meaning of this.

WELL, it seems that Rupert Salsinger knows all about the matter, and in fact it seems that Rupert Salsinger often takes part in these meetings personally when he has nothing else to do, and he explains to Calvin Colby that each of the speakers has a message of some kind to deliver to the people about one thing and another, and they are delivering them in Columbus Circle because it is a sort of public forum, and the coppers are not permitted to bother anybody with a message here, although they may run them bowlegged if they try to deliver any message anywhere else.

Now Calvin Colby becomes greatly interested in this proposition and he listens in here and there on different groups, but he is unable to make heads or tails of what the speakers are talking about, except that most of them are weighing in the sacks on the rich, and on the government, and on this and that, and finally Calvin Colby says to Rupert Salsinger like this:

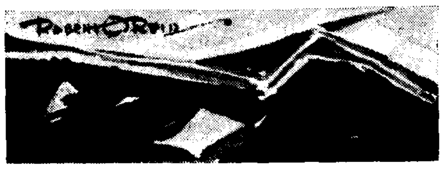
"Why," Calvin Colby says, "the trouble with these parties is they are all over the layout. They are scattering their play too much. What we need here is a little centralization of ideas. Get me a box," Calvin says.

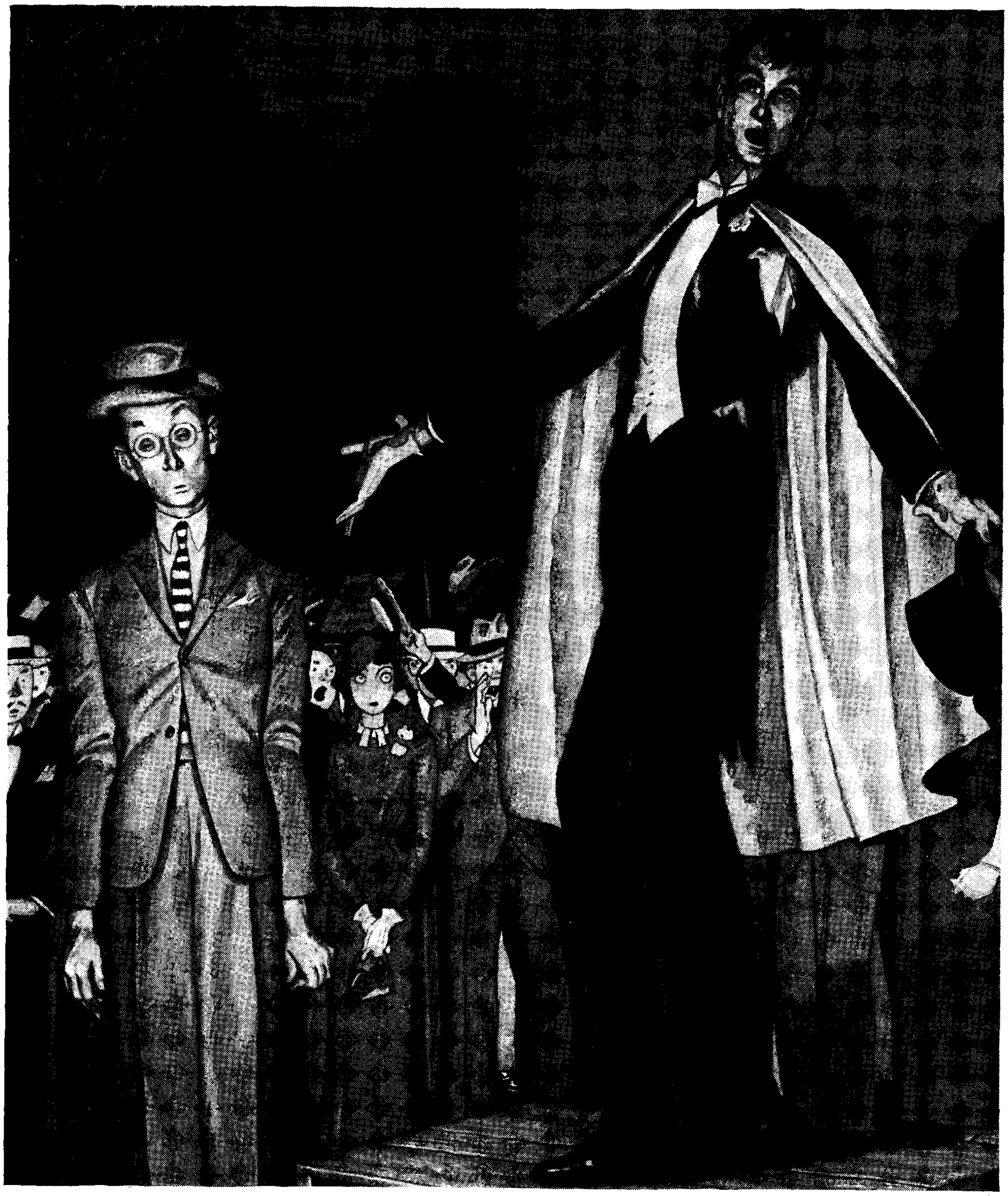


ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT O. REID

Well, all the boxes around and about are occupied, but by this time, what with the beer, and the old-fashioneds, and all, Rupert Salsinger is a character of great determination, and he goes up to one speaker and yanks the box right from under him without saying aye, yes, or no, and this action leaves the speaker flat in Columbus Circle, but it seems that the speaker is about all out of ideas, anyway, and cannot think of anything more to say, so he does not mind losing his box as much as you might expect.

Then Rupert takes the box and plants it right in the center of all the groups, and Calvin Colby gets up on the box and begins letting out loud yells to attract attention. Naturally Calvin Colby can out-yell any of the speakers in Columbus Circle, because he is fresh, and furthermore he is full of old-fashioneds, and it is well known that there is nothing like old-fashioneds to help anybody yell.





"To prove it," he says, "I wish to present to you my friend, my pal, my comrade, Mr. Rupert Salsinger"

Well, everyone in the Circle turns at once to see what the yelling is about and when they see a party in evening clothes, with a high hat and a white-lined opera cape on, naturally they are somewhat impressed, and they leave all the other speakers and gather around Calvin Colby.

Some think at first that maybe he is selling a patent medicine, or ballyhooing a dance hall with forty hostesses, and they expect to see his shirt bosom light up with an ad on it, as they cannot figure any other reason for anybody in such a make-up to be in Columbus Circle, but when Calvin Colby finally gets a big crowd around him, including not only the citizens who are listening to the other speakers but many characters, male and female, who happen to be passing along the sidewalks and hear his yells, he speaks to them as follows, and to wit:

"Comrades," Calvin Colby says, "when I think of all the injustice in this world it almost makes me bust right out crying. My heart bleeds. I am very sad. All humanity cries out 'Justice, justice,' but what is the answer. Nothing, Comrades," he says.

NOW at this point somebody back in the crowd pegs an egg at Calvin Colby's high hat, and cries out in a loud, coarse voice:

"Look at the daffydill."

The egg just misses Calvin Colby's hat and continues on and strikes a member of the Communist party on the chin, and the member of the Communist party is slightly irritated, as he says he can use the egg for breakfast if it does not break when it meets his chin.

Well, naturally this interruption annoys Calvin Colby no little, and he stops a moment and tries to see who it is that is guilty of such uncouth conduct, and then he says:

"Comrades," he says, "if the jerk who just hurls the aforesaid remark and egg at me will kindly hold still until I reach him, I will guarantee to yank one of his arms off and beat his brains out with it."

At this the crowd cheers Calvin Colby quite some, and there are cries for him to continue his address, although Calvin Colby has half a notion to stop right there and go to work on the party who pegs the egg, because such a course promises more fun for Calvin Colby than making a speech, but finally he resumes as follows:

"No, Comrades," he says, "there is no justice, and to prove it I wish to present to you my friend, my pal, my comrade, Mr. Rupert Salsinger, who will now address you."

So he makes room for Rupert Salsinger on the box, and Rupert puts on a really wonderful speech, because it seems that Rupert is not only a natural-born speaker, but he knows extracts from great speeches by such characters as Father Coughlin, Patrick Henry, F. D. Roosevelt, Abraham Lincoln and Robert Ingersoll, and he drops in these extracts here and there as he goes along, and they are very effective.

HE TELLS of his own personal experiences with representatives of the capitalistic system, and while he does not mention them by name, he undoubtedly means Hymie Minsk and old man Bilby, and Rupert's remarks about his own suffering touch every heart, and there are cries of pity and rage from all parts of the crowd, although Rupert himself afterwards admits that maybe he does give Hymie and old man Bilby a shade the worst of it in his statements.

By the time Rupert finishes, his audience is greatly excited, and Calvin Colby is sitting on the edge of the box half asleep, so Rupert wakes him up to make some more remarks, but now Calvin Colby is slightly bored by his surroundings and wishes to get away from this spot, and all he can think of to say is as follows:

"Comrades," he says, "let us stop talking, and go into action. The cry," he says, "is forward!"

And with this, Calvin Colby starts off down Broadway, walking in the middle of the street, and all he is thinking of at the moment is to remove himself from Columbus Circle, and Rupert starts off with him, but all the other citizens present fall in behind them, so there they are leading a big march.

There are only a few hundred citizens behind them when they start, but before they go two blocks this number increases to several thousand, because naturally the spectacle of a character in a high hat and a white-lined opera cape leading a procession down Broadway is most intriguing to one and all who behold same, and everybody wishes to find out what it means.

OF COURSE Calvin and Rupert Salsinger have no idea where they are going when they start off, and when they arrive at Fiftieth and Broadway, Calvin Colby is getting sick and tired of walking, and wishes one of his cars will come along and pick him up, and furthermore he is yearning for a few old-fashioned cocktails.

In fact, Calvin Colby is getting ready to cop a sneak on his followers, when Rupert Salsinger points out old man Bilby's shoe store, which of course is closed at this hour, as the seat of much of the injustice to him, and the member of the Communist Party, who is in the procession, still thinking about the loss of the egg, hears what Rupert says, and steps over on the sidewalk and kicks in old man Bilby's door.

Well, in five minutes old man Bilby's shoe store is a total wreck, and everybody has a pair of shoes, including many characters who are never in the procession at all, and are by no means entitled to same. There is great confusion, and some of the shoes get all mixed up in this confusion, and in fact for weeks afterwards parties are around Broadway with odd shoes trying to match them up.

Naturally the commotion brings out a number of officers of the law, who go around inquiring what is coming off here, and when they are unable to learn what is coming off, they start slapping citizens right and left with their nightsticks, and the result is a great deal of

(Continued on page 76)

Rally Round the Bag, Boys

It was a grave moment for the veterans' hired help in Washington when the bonus was passed. Their jobs depended on their finding something new to shout for and finding it quick. They found it. "Pensions for All" is the slogan of the new campaign, and if you don't think these patriots are in earnest then you just don't know the veterans' hired help

By Walter Davenport

WITHIN what we may as well refer to as a few days, our drama-loving attention will be focused upon three large, perspiring demonstrations. All three will have been dedicated to the perpetuation of our glorious national institutions—national traditions which will be mentioned frequently and passionately by two of these rodeos and taken for granted with excellent reason by the third.

Patriotism will be the universal watchword and an unfaltering and rigorously unselfish love of country will flow chin deep. Every few moments God will be called upon to be witness to the righteousness of high purposes and noble causes, almost all of which, however, will bear a common trade-mark—the sign of the durable American dollar. And as usual on such occasions the Star Spangled Banner will be apostrophized with a fervency that would make Mr. Francis Scott Key rub his eyes and conclude that he had been looking at something else in the dawn's early light on September 14, 1814.

Virtually all of us—at least most of us who have attained to the sober age of twenty-one—will be offered splendid opportunities by two of these assemblages to save the United States from a wide variety of impending disasters and hovering dooms. The third, having already saved the nation a couple of times, will be devoting its time to reaping the rewards of such devotion and urging upon the others not to forget that additional acknowledgments of valor—pensions for example—will not only be immediately welcome but subsequently imperative.

Happily, these three patriotic putsches will not occur simultaneously. That would be a trifle too much even for a country whose ability to take it is apparently unlimited. The Republican party will convene in Cleveland searching its inner recesses for a candidate we simply won't be able to resist to serve him up on a platform which (they hope) will convince us that to subscribe to any other salvation prescription would be nothing short of traitorously suicidal.

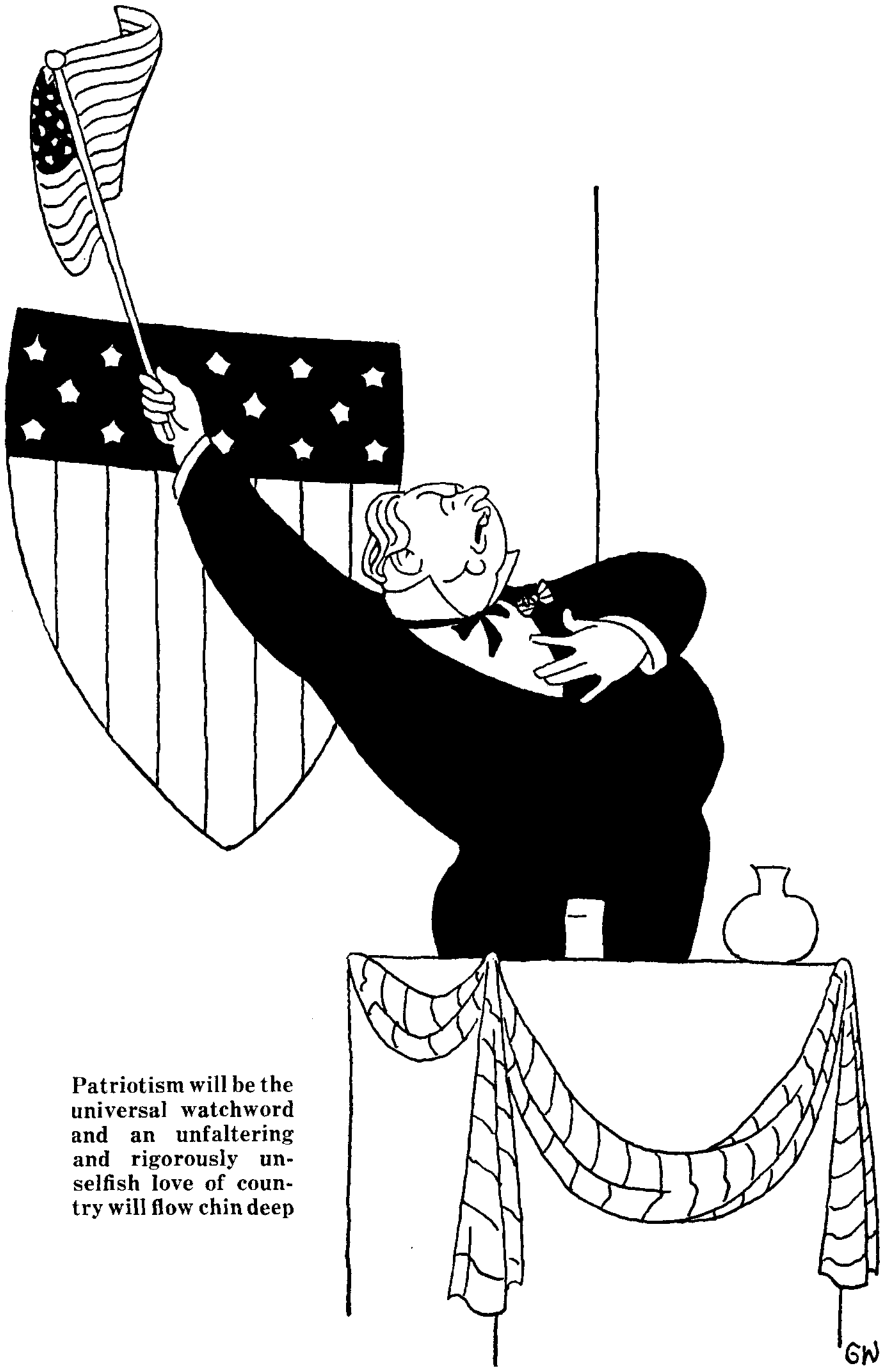
That done, the Democrats will foregather in the great liberal city of Philadelphia. And there, to the patriotic chagrin of Messrs. Al Smith, the barefoot boy of the Liberty League, and Eugene Talmadge, the strong, silent grass-rooter from Georgia, they will nominate the President of the United States and adopt a reversible rubber platform which (they hope) can be used to erase the errors of the past four years and will stretch enough to cover exigencies in the four to come. The designers of both platforms will strive diligently to incorporate into each the most profitable features of a deep-sea fish seine, an international sweepstakes lottery, planned abundance and pensioned plenty. You may as well prepare to be promised everything you've ever longed for, plus, by way of a big surprise and extra added attraction, a gentle but well-paid job.

At both these roundups there will be a great deal of noise. The oratory will be rendered with the loud pedal securely lashed down: otherwise many of the finest forensic gems will be lost in the clangor of the third.

This third amassment will be participated in by three million or more veterans and heirs of the Great War—the one which the Honorable Gerald P. Nye is trying to find a father for. Or had you already guessed that?

These three millions will be mobilizing in post offices and other designated places to collect an old debt of $3,456,000,000 or thereabout; and they will be so engrossed therein that it is possible that many of them will be paying very little attention to Cleveland and Philadelphia competition although from both of these latter will come fervent appeals to the veterans and their families to remember in November. Both conventions will strive to impress upon the lads that they are their pay-off friends, with the Democrats having slightly the better of the argument.

But the chances are excellent that the veterans will be much too busy counting their money. The sweet music of a deck of fifty-dollar bonds will have first call upon the attention of the vast majority of them. Besides, the statesmen at Cleveland and Philadelphia will have other voices to heed and answer. And it is entirely possible that these voices



Patriotism will be the universal watchword and an unfaltering and rigorously unselfish love of country will flow chin deep

will be so loud that a veteran wouldn't be heard even if he did take time to release a few words of thanks. A number of the gentlemen attending the two political conventions will be members of Congress, eager to be returned to Washington in November, hopeful of being retained on the federal pay roll. Quite a few of these gentlemen owe their positions to the veteran and his friends and it shouldn't be difficult to name those who wouldn't be in Congress were it not for their persistent advocacy of "immediate payment of the bonus."

Such gentlemen have consistently been faithful to their simple pre-election vows, not only voting monotonously for immediate payment of the bonus but for all other measures advocated by the veterans' organizations. They have gone even further and, at the bidding of these organizations, campaigned against those of their colleagues who had resisted the lobby pressure. Thus it was inevitable that the day should come when victory should be theirs; and it came when there was no longer a chance of ignoring the demand of the veteran who, logically enough, wanted to know why his old and ever-indulgent daddy, the government, insisted upon sidetracking him while showering unpledged beneficences upon other persons and classes who were in no greater need of funds than the ex-service man. And Congress, all set last year for capitulation and having had additional expert coaching in the art of spending money we didn't have, broke right down and begged the veterans' forgiveness. In the ensuing excitement too little attention was paid to the valiant stand of the Virginia delegation. Both of Virginia's senators—Messrs. Glass and Byrd—voted against payment. And more remarkable, nine of her ten representatives voted No. And all nine up for re-election this year too.

They Didn't Dare Say No

When it became apparent that the veteran was no longer to be denied, all but a few of those members of Congress who in former years had stood out against the demand assumed what they preferred to call philosophical and even idealistic attitudes. None admitted openly that he was fighting for his political life and none of such once refractory gentlemen admitted that he had taken his cue from the absence of vigorous anti-bonus pressure from the White House.

If you are foolish enough to believe all that you hear in Washington you might accept it as truth that there were a few senators and representatives who would have supported the presidential veto had they not been "released" from such demonstration of loyalty. These statesmen were men whom the Administration could not willfully put on a spot; and they knew and the Administration knew that they couldn't afford to take further chances with their clamoring constituencies. At any rate it was expedient that these apprehensive gentlemen scramble out of the way of the steam roller. And they scrambled.

Yet it is always at such points that we are given pause: What if these devoted members were to be defeated in November anyway? But that, as anybody can see, is wholly beside the point and would occur only to inferior intelligences like ours.

Directly after the President's heatless veto was brushed aside by the Senate, several of the more naïve explanations began to trickle down Capitol Hill. One had it that the prepayment of the bonus would indefinitely postpone consideration of the Townsend Plan and other recently conceived class pensions and bonuses. This grant, you see, would make it clear to the rest of us that there would be absolutely no use bothering Congress for kindred boons to other organized minorities.

More to our immediate point, however, is another explanation. A number of members assured us that they overrode the President's veto merely to clear the calendar of a perennial political issue which was "reducing Congress to a position of subservience to the three principal organizations of veterans." No personal nor party political convenience involved, mind you; merely a patriotic desire to let statecraft rise to its natural high level by relieving it of a down-bogging burden.

But the Lobbies Continue

None of these members went quite so far as to predict that the persuasive veteran lobbies were now going to close their books, lock their doors and turn to other patriotic endeavors; but thank heaven they were getting rid of a stubborn creditor and everybody should try to feel grateful—even if he wasn't an ex-service man.

Naturally, there would be cynics who would characterize that as a trifle Pecksniffian. And not without reason. As far as the daily routine of the two great veteran lobbies—the American Legion and the Veterans of Foreign Wars—was concerned you would not have known that Congress had capitulated. Both were driving ahead as always toward "justice for the veteran." And if you had asked the name of their next objective they would have told you that it would be decided later but they were preparing the way nevertheless. The bonus payments might shiver the federal treasury but there still would be a huge army of veterans who would insist that their legislative agents demonstrate that they earn their salaries.

ILLUSTRATED BY GLUYAS WILLIAMS

The veterans' representatives do not intend that Congress and congressmen shall get the idea that the bonus settles the score

GLUYAS WILLIAMS

Far from curtailing their activities, the lobbies have put on additional steam. The veterans' representatives do not intend that Congress and congressmen shall get the idea that the bonus settles the score. They have no intention of letting the veterans' bloc on Capitol Hill disintegrate. A general pension system—the old Civil War dole delivery—will inevitably be asked for and the lobbyists will have to work for it or find more congenial jobs.

What Can a Devoted Lobby Do?

When it was suggested that general pensions for all veterans were the next objective, warm denials were issued by Mr. Van Zandt, Commander-in-Chief of the Veterans of Foreign Wars, and Mr. Murphy, National Commander of the American Legion. And Mr. Harlan, head of the Disabled American Veterans, the smallest of the three groups, announced his complete lack of interest in a general pension law. In fact, so aggressive were these denials that it was suggested that the veterans' lobbies might prove their sincerity by working against pension legislation as industriously as they labored for the prepayment of the bonus. But what can these devoted lobbies do? They may not write a general pensions bill, but they can't very well forbid congressmen such pleasures. And what are they going to do when the inevitable bill appears—particularly with several hundred thousand veterans, who pay their salaries, eager for such legislation? So you see how it is.

Like all heroes who cost too much he has become a bit burdensome and even the congressmen who once called the veteran blessed are privately longing for a respite. Of course they are reluctant to say so but numbers of them privately will make it clear to you that they would welcome a lengthy truce. But they have built the golden stairs with their own hands and they had better keep climbing them. Or go back to Main Street. What the ex-service man and his dependents want they will get—sooner or later. Instead of diminishing, the veteran army is growing just as, after a few years, the beneficiaries of Civil War service had multiplied and Civil War pension appropriations had hugely expanded. We shall come to that in a moment.

Cleveland and Philadelphia will be

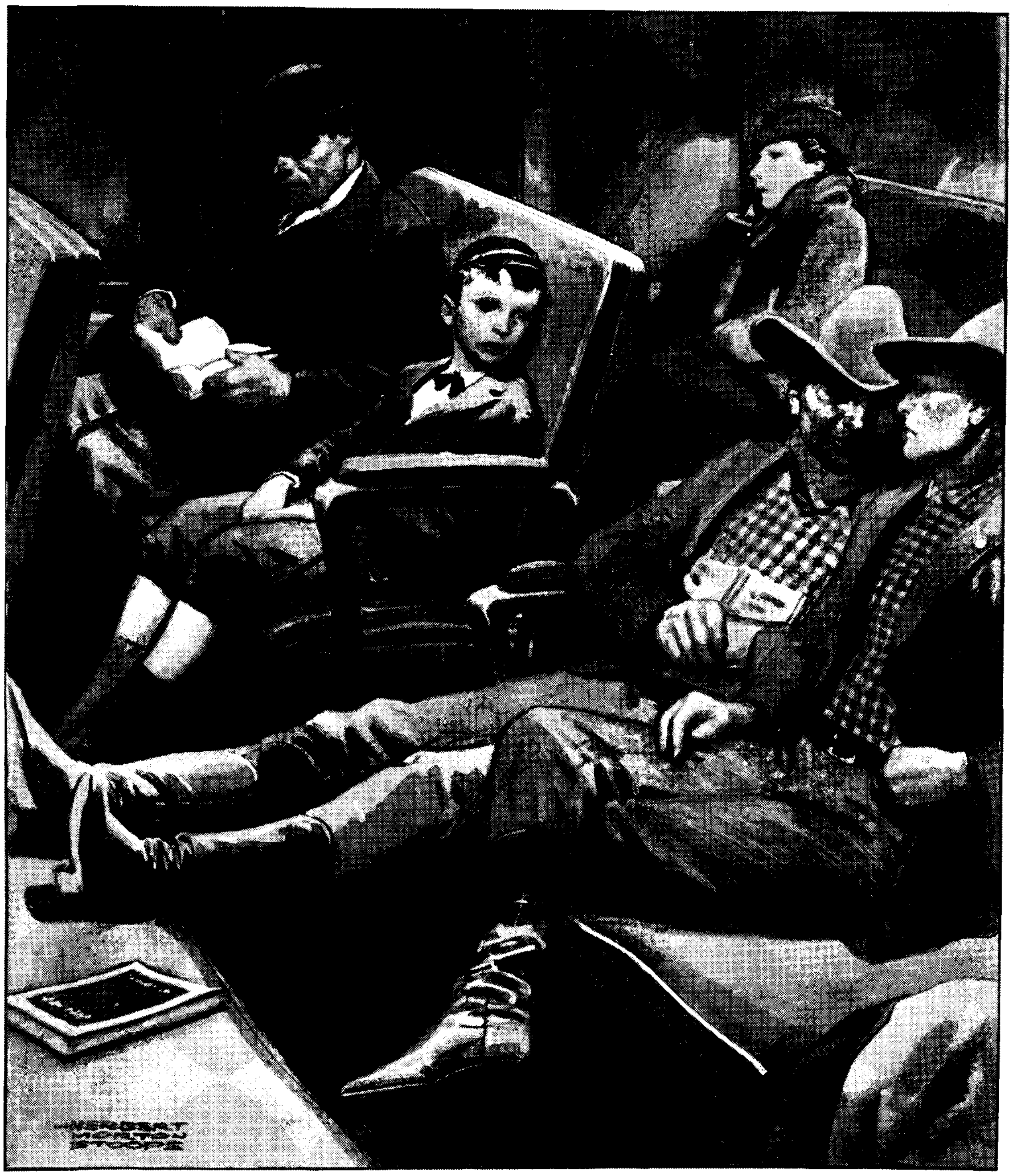
(*Continued on page* 56)

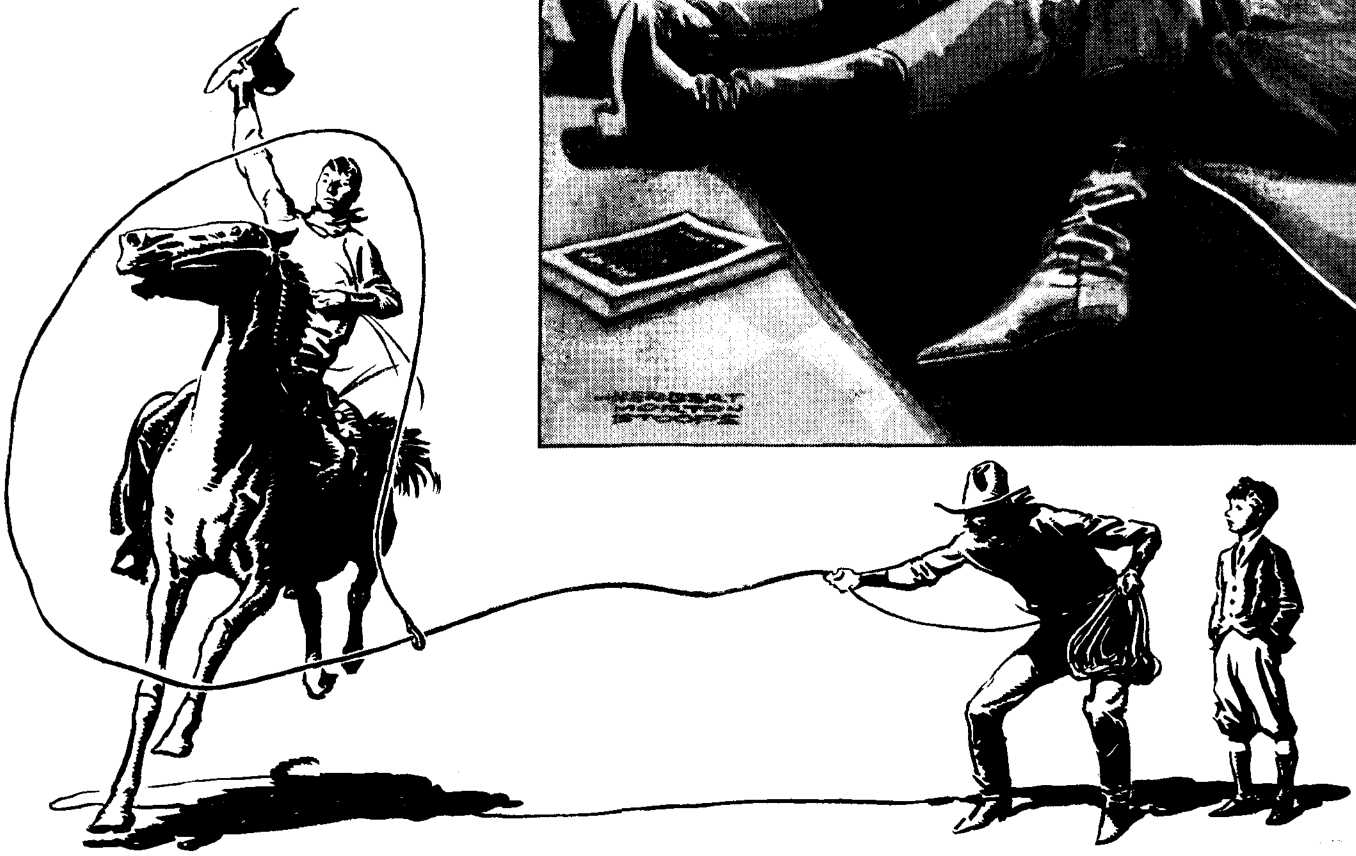
The Boy on the Train

The story of two cowboys who lived up to their trappings, and of a ten-year-old boy who thought you had to go out West to find adventure

By Thomas Walsh

ILLUSTRATED BY HERBERT MORTON STOOPS





He was a quiet kid, not fresh like some, just watching us when he thought we weren't looking

OF COURSE when Johnny got sick just two hours before train time I was the one to stay with him, because I was the fellow that always got stuck. Billy Carson said it was what he carried me for—little jobs like that—and I guess he was right, because the only horses I'd be comfortable on now were the kind that went up and down on a merry-go-round. I was what you might call odd-job man with Carson's Rodeo, odd jobs meaning anything no one else wanted to do; and taking care of that Johnny wasn't so odd as it was crazy.

But that one time he behaved pretty well, mostly because he didn't have a chance to do anything else. It turned out that he didn't have pneumonia after all, but they kept him in the hospital for a week anyway, so for seven nights I had nothing to do but hang around the hotel and play poker with a bunch of Southern boys. By the time Johnny got out I must have paid off three mortgages, and if they hadn't had low-fare night trains running out at twelve we'd have had to walk. As it was, I just had enough left to make two tickets, with something like eighty cents left over.

It wasn't a nice ride—day coaches and a lot of smoking and a baby crying somewhere—but it wasn't very long. I dozed a little bit and tried to read, and across the aisle a kid sitting with a big blond man eyed us nearly all the way. We had on wide-brim hats and high-heel boots, and you could tell that kid thought we were real cow-hands. Rustlers, maybe, or Dick Strong and Jack Frank, tight-lipped, soft-voiced gunmen who cleaned out the lawless cattle towns. But he was a quiet kid, not fresh like some, just watching us when he thought we weren't looking.

We got in to our stop around five in the morning, and he and the blond man left the car just ahead of us. We were the only ones that did leave the train, and as we started back from the day coaches to the stairs the platform looked long and empty under the strung-out lights. There weren't even any porters—just these two ahead of us and the wind whining all around, so that you couldn't even hear their steps. It was March and still plenty cold; and before we reached the stairs at the other end of the platform that wind was cutting right through my gloves until my fingers were stiff as wagon spokes.

THAT must have affected the kid too, because when he and the blond man were halfway up the steps he dropped the bag he was carrying, and it rolled down to the bottom. The blond man growled something and waited until the kid had gone back and picked it up; then when he reached him again he slapped out and caught the kid in the face.

It wasn't the way you'd hit a kid; it was too hard and kind of careless, and it knocked the kid backward against the railing, so that he dropped the bag again, and looked up at the blond man, with a thin face that held the mark of the blow in an ugly ruddy flush across one cheek. It wasn't nice but it wasn't any of our business. I gave the blond a look and would have passed on, but that Johnny was a fellow who never used his head for anything.

The kid got up from the railing and started down with his mouth jumping all over his face, the way a kid's does when he's fighting to hold something in. He came down to us and bent to pick up the bag and that Johnny put a hand on it.

He said, "Leave it alone, sonny," in his slow, soft drawl. "Yo' paw's only totin' one. Suppose yo' let him cinch it to his own saddle."

From the steps the blond man peered down at him a second, looking surprised. Johnny came slim and bony, pretty pale after his sickness; he had a young, smooth, kind of babyish face and big blue eyes. This blond was a good fifty pounds heavier, a little fat, but with nice shoulders. And he was a careful guy with it all; he looked over Johnny until you could tell by his face that he figured there was nothing to worry about. Then he said, "Yeh?" and came down the steps. "Anybody askin' you?"

I tried to get Johnny away. Back in York, Pa., five or six years ago, he must have read a Western story, and ever since then he'd been trying to act like the hero. He'd drifted west, learned to ride a horse, and hooked up with Carson's outfit; and the real cow-hands with us—there were some—must have thought he was cuckoo.

When I grabbed his arm and tried to pull him away the big blond must have thought he had us chilled, and of course that was just Johnny's turkey. When this fellow grabbed his coat lapels, crushed them together, and yanked him towards him, Johnny came without trying to break away; but as he came he shifted his body a little and brought his right up from the hip, short and sharp. Big Blondie went back against the railing this time, knocking his head hard against it—though of course Johnny claims it was the punch—and he didn't look surprised or anything. He was out cold before he slid down to the floor.

Trouble in a strange town is bad, and the only thing that saved us from plenty was that there was no one around but the kid. I grabbed Johnny's hand and pulled him up the stairs, and we crossed the inside part of the station trying not to walk too fast. There were a couple of taxis in line outside; I got into the first one with Johnny behind me, and just then the kid eeled in out of nowhere.

HE COULDN'T have been more than ten. Small and skinny, with a narrow, sharp face and one of those dinky little caps that rich kids wear on the back of his head, he stood staring at Johnny with big dark eyes that blazed brightly. He said, "Thank you," in a shrill voice that shook a little. "It was—it was very good of you to help me."

Looking real pleased with himself, Johnny grinned at him.

"When loco cows run wild," he drawled, "I reckon it's my job to do a little throwin'."

The kid kept on staring at Johnny.

"I wonder, sir—" He stopped for a long while here, flushing. "I wonder if you'll let me go with you—just for tonight of course, sir. You see that man isn't my father and I shan't go back to him."

"Not your paw?" Johnny drawled. "Who is the varmint?"

"Harold," the kid told us, as if that explained everything.

"Okay, podner," Johnny drawled. "Strikin' camp in the park tonight might be cold. Yo' can shakedown with us till sunup."

"Thank you," the kid said, and climbed in.

The cab started. The kid kept looking at Johnny.

"I hope I'm not too much trouble—" He hesitated a moment. "My father lives here. And Harold — that man — was bringing me to him. I thought Father was ill, but on the train he—he chided me about it, as if Father was all right."

"Chided you." I rubbed my ear and looked at him close; I never knew a kid that talked like that. "Well, suppose you go to your father now. We'll put you in a cab."

He shook his head quickly; he even looked a little dismayed that I'd thought of that.

"I'd rather not, sir. You see, I don't think he'd be in. Harold said he wouldn't get back from New York until tomorrow. When I see him in the morning he'll give me money and I'll pay you for my hotel room."

"Don't yo' worry yo' head about that," Johnny told him.

"Oh, no," I said. "Meet Morgan and Dupont, kid. And where's he goin' to sleep anyway? Carson will have a double room for us. And I got eighty cents."

"Bunk with me." Johnny turned to him. "Yo' won't object, podner?"

The kid's face was just shining; his eyes looked reverent and kind of shocked.

"Oh, no," he whispered. "Oh, no. I like you very much, sir. If you'll have me—if it isn't a bother—"

He was a funny kid all right. But I didn't sleep well; G-men chased me all night.

THE next morning I got up about nine, but he and Johnny were already gone. I dressed and had my breakfast and let Billy Carson know we were in. Then I went over to the armory where the rodeo was being held, and met them in the arena. You couldn't tell which of them was having the better time—Johnny just rambling on about life on the range, and how he could draw and shoot a gun faster than anyone in the West, or the kid keeping close to him and drinking it all in and asking for more.

"Mo'nin'," Johnny said, when he saw me. "Tex and I reckoned we'd get over a little early and cut out strays."

"Sho'ly," I said. "Some day they'll catch you the wrong side of the Mississip and hang you to them thar cottonwoods. Can't you lay off that till after lunch, Two Gun?"

"Do they—" the kid turned to me—"do they really call him Two Gun, Mr. Joyce?"

"Among other things," I said. "And they call you Tex?"

He looked down at my belt buckle. "Yes, sir. Tex Jones."

"No," I said. "The killer from Gulchville? You could pick out something snappier than that. Tiger Tressady, or the Badlands Badman. Didn't you phone your father yet?"

"Yes, sir. But there's no answer; he mustn't be back yet." After he'd said that he hesitated, putting his hands nervously in his pockets and then taking them out again. "We—I thought, Mr. Joyce, you might allow me to stay and see the rodeo tonight. I won't be any bother. You could—"

Pretty soon he'd want the moon. I wouldn't have cared myself, but I knew Billy Carson wouldn't like it; it might give the show a bad name if any publicity came out of it. As it stood, Billy might find out about the kid any time now.

"Now, listen," I said. "You go home and get your father to bring you. We'll be in town three days. He'll be back before then, so there's plenty of time."

"No. You see, Mr. Joyce"—he looked away from me—"my father doesn't like shows. And he's very busy. He wouldn't have time, you see."

"Not even if you asked him?"

"He's—he's very busy," the kid said, looking hopefully at Johnny. "If you don't let me stay today, I won't be able to come, Mr. Joyce. Father can't take me. He never has. I wanted to go once before, but he didn't have time."

THAT big simpleton Johnny shifted his feet and cleared his throat and put his thumbs inside his belt, the way cowboy actors do when they meet the villain.

"Reckon it'll be all right," he told me. "I'll ride herd over him, Joe. One mo' maverick can't make no 'count."

The kid's face came back to me, gleaming all over. So what could I say?

Most of the day I was stuck at the hotel with Billy Carson, checking up accounts and getting out mail. It was five before I got back to the armory.

The kid was down in the cattle stalls, with Johnny explaining—and inventing—a lot of stuff in that oozy Western dialect. Very quiet Tex Jones was; but every inch of him was alive. I took him in to see Old Pal, the trick horse, put him up on his back and had Old Pal kneel down, and walk slowly around, and hold up one hoof.

Somehow that kid began to tickle me. You never saw anyone in your life that enjoyed a thing half so much; it all was new to him and you could tell he felt almost as if it wasn't true.

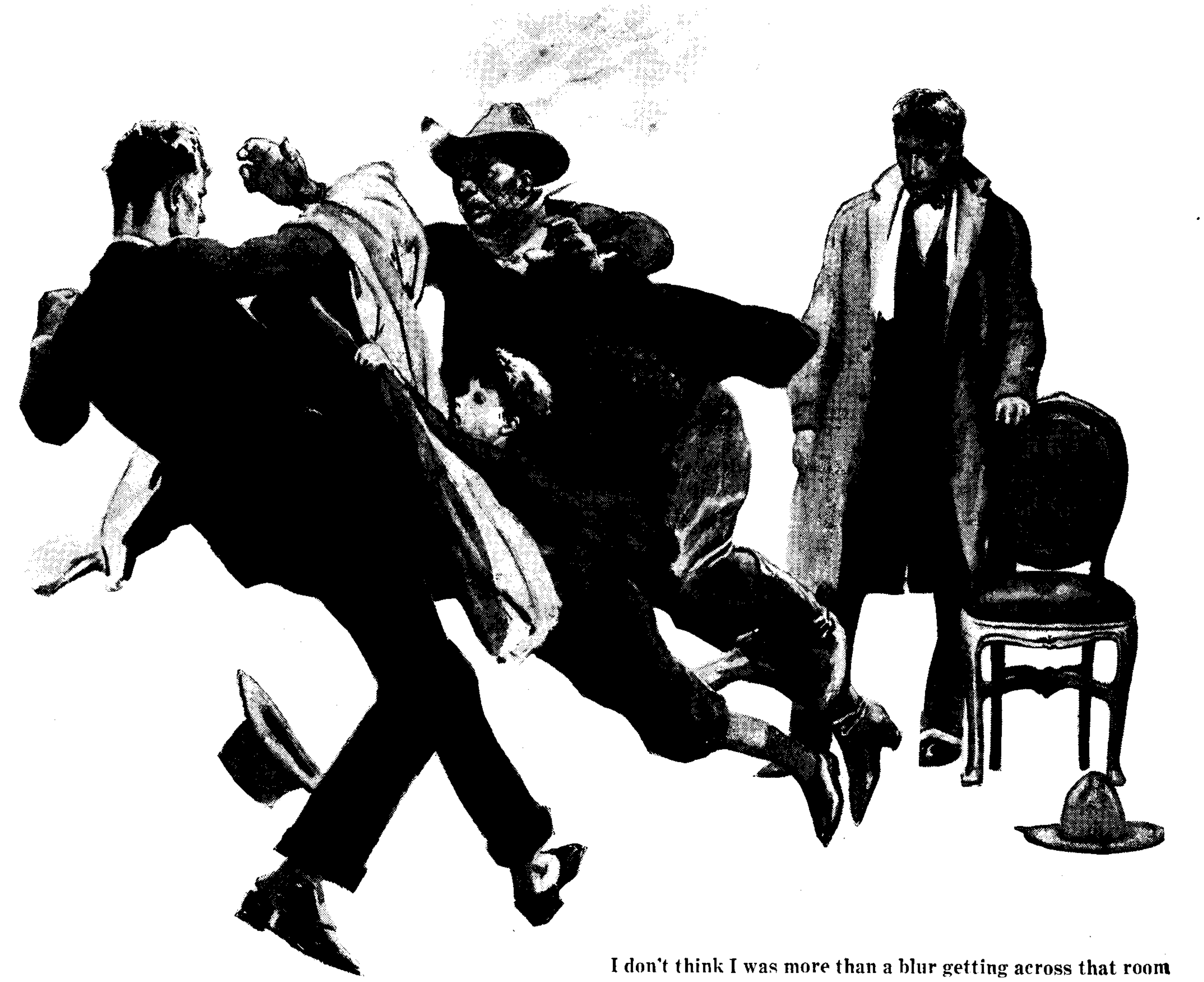
WHEN he asked me about myself, I lied. When I was a boy, I said, rustlers killed my father and took his ranch from him; then I'd gone away and practiced drawing a gun for years until I was grown, and then I'd gone back to the town and called that rustler out and shot him through the heart.

It was eight o'clock before we knew it, and we had to hurry back to be in time, for of course the kid couldn't miss a second. I put him in an empty box and stayed with him while the first event was run off. After it Johnny came over and talked to us, all rigged out in spurs and chaps and shirt and hat, until you could see the kid just busting.

When it came time to rope and tie a steer Johnny went off, and I slipped away for a second to talk to the timekeeper, Abe Metz. By a coincidence or something Johnny threw his baby in the shortest time, and you should have seen the kid then. "Hurrah!" he shouted. "Hurrah for Johnny!" Standing up on his chair he hammered his fists around in the air, yelling until he was hoarse. That part even carried him over later, like I knew it would have to, when a tough little bronco almost threw that Johnny into the balcony.

After it was all over he was still sort

(Continued on page 52)



I don't think I was more than a blur getting across that room

© KNOZER

The archduke's home at Steenockerzeel

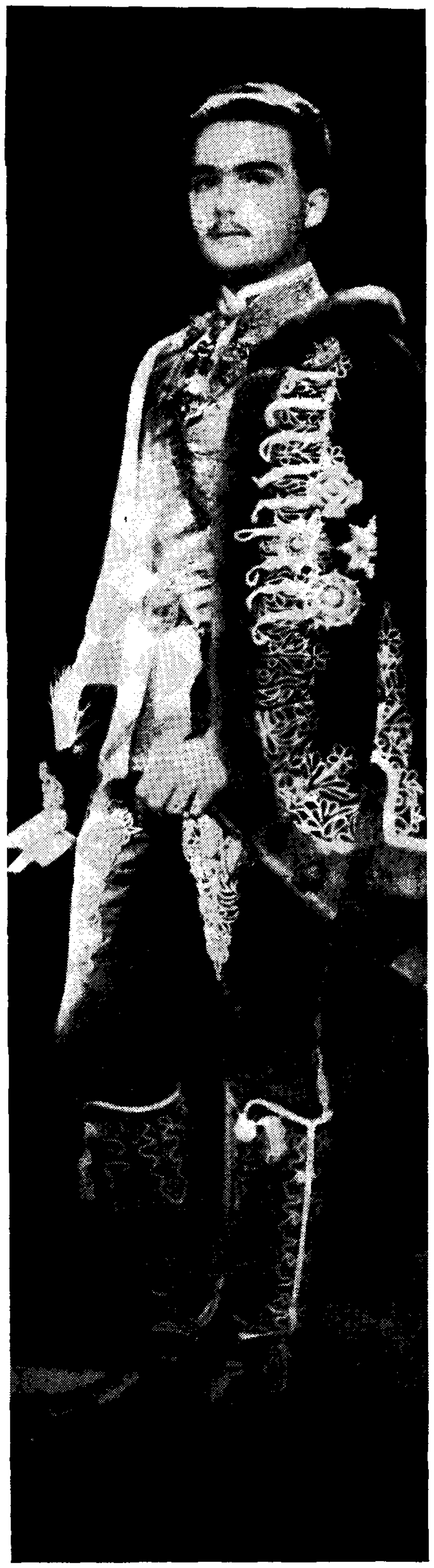
There's been an empire in the Hapsburg family for so long that now they hardly know how to do without it. Young Otto, the archduke, still expects his to be picked up any day now and returned to him. Meanwhile, he keeps in training by studying and discussing world affairs. Mr. Ybarra presents the Archduke Otto in an exclusive (and approved) interview

UNDERWOOD

Ex-Empress Zita, mother of Archduke Otto

Lost: One Empire

By T. R. Ybarra



WIDE WORLD

Archduke Otto, great-great-nephew of one emperor and son of another

A TALL, slender and handsome young man, in his early twenties, rising from a chair in a modest private sitting-room of a quiet Paris hotel, on that left bank of the Seine which one always associates with small incomes and unostentatious lives, advances toward me with outstretched hand and motions me cordially to a seat.

He sits down opposite me. Around him are hotel furnishings worn by long years of hard usage. His manner, absolutely free from hauteur, is that of one scarcely out of boyhood, full of eagerness and zest and friendliness. A delightful smile emphasizes the cordiality of his greeting. He acts as if receiving an American whom he has never seen before, and talking to him without a trace of embarrassment and with a complete lack of formality and ceremony, were the most natural thing in the world.

Yet this informal youth is the Archduke Otto of Hapsburg. To millions of "unreconstructed" Austrians and Hungarians he is emperor and king, sovereign liege lord by the grace of God—one immeasurably above other mortals, to be addressed reverently as "Your Majesty," just as if the great Austro-Hungarian empire, ruled over by the Hapsburgs for centuries, had never crumbled before the blows of its victorious enemies.

As he sits, smiling and unaffected, in that perfectly ordinary Paris hotel room, who would believe that, in the first years of his life, it was his privilege to be carried by an imperial and royal father and mother between multitudes of bowing men and curtsying women, amid the dipping of proud banners and the roar of saluting artillery? Who would believe that, in the gardens of the splendid palace of Schönbrunn, just outside Vienna, he toddled along with his hand clasped in that of his great-great-uncle, the venerable Emperor Francis Joseph, who, after ruling autocratically for sixty-eight years over one of the world's greatest empires, died in 1916 without knowing that his armies were on the verge of catastrophe and his mighty realm was tottering to collapse?

As I sit in front of this engaging youth—in an apartment which a few days ago may easily have sheltered a democratic American family on an inexpensive tour of Europe—how am I to convince myself that his father was the last emperor of Austria-Hungry, the unfortunate Karl of Hapsburg, who was driven from the pomp of Schönbrunn to brokenhearted exile on the faraway island of Madeira, where he died, bequeathing to his son, as his most precious heritage, the hope that one day he would regain the lost throne of the Hapsburgs?

Yet all this is true about that young man. Confronted with his boyish smile and carefree manner, it is almost impossible to realize that a mere unannounced visit of his to France early this year, at a time when delicate negotiations were on foot between various European rulers and statesmen, caused a flurry in many a chancellery and the exchange of a whole batch of agitated telegrams between Paris and many other European capitals. Yet so it was. And the same sort of thing is sure to happen again, within the next few years, no matter where young Otto of Hapsburg may go or what he may do. For he has never relinquished his claim to the throne of his ancestors; and that fact—to some millions of Europeans perfectly understandable and right—is, to many millions of others, wrong and inadmissible, embodying the revival of old hatreds and the threat of new wars.

"Please sit down," says Otto of Hapsburg.

His hair is brushed back from a pale, aristocratic brow. His clothes, though well-cut, have no touch of dandyism; they are fashionable without suggesting that their wearer is a man of fashion. His eyes brim with liveliness and kindliness. As he plunges at once into conversation with the American stranger, his voice and manner have the zest and eagerness of a boy on a holiday.

Frankness Where It's Not Expected

His remarks show that he has utilized his long exile from his native Austria—he left there back in 1919, when he was six years old—to keep in close touch with its affairs as well as with those of the rest of Europe and distant America as well. He speaks with astonishing frankness; at times, indeed, he is frank to the verge of audacity. There is in him no hint of timidity in expressing opinions. He goes straight to the point.

I asked him what he thought of the prospects of peace in Europe. He gave a pessimistic shake of the head. Then he replied:

"Some European statesmen seem to have been struck with blindness. They are leading nations straight to perdition. All through history, whenever nations have engaged in a race to arm themselves, such a race has meant war. Ever since the collapse of the disarmament conference, there has been an armament race all over Europe. The effect of that on the maintenance of peace—"

The sentence trailed off into an expressive gesture of the hands, an impatient shrug of the shoulders.

Archduke Otto's position in Europe's complicated international affairs is delicate in the extreme. Whatever move he

(*Continued on page 62*)

WIDE WORLD

The archduke in exile, a quiet, unostentatious resident of Paris

Strange Return

Stony Horn goes home, trigger finger ready. A story of a love which even bullets couldn't end

By MacKinlay Kantor

ILLUSTRATED BY NEIL O'KEEFFE

ONE-WAY FREEMAN—a sallow, slender, buck-toothed man—was waiting with two horses, when Stony Horn stepped into the moonlight. The Limited did not stop at Minaret except to discharge passengers from points east of El Paso; this was the first time it had stopped in many weeks. In the old days there would have been a crowd to see it, even though it stopped in the middle of the night. But the world was flowing past Minaret, these years.

Freeman tied his horses at the pole fence and walked toward the end of the train. The cars had slid past, clicking under way again, before he made out the figure of Stony Horn.

Mechanically, One-Way Freeman took off his hat. No one had ever done that to Stony Horn before, much as he had been loved or feared.

"Got the horses?" asked Stony. His voice sounded just the same. It was funny, because Freeman thought that his voice would have changed. It was asking a lot to expect a voice to be the same after five years.

"Sure," said One-Way. "I bought you a paint."

They shook hands with the certain awkwardness of men who had never done much handshaking, and now were reduced to it by the most poignant circumstance. "They're over here by the fence," said One-Way. He took a quick look around. No one had come down from the few kerosene lamps of the town.

The paint pony rubbed its shoulder against bleached poles. One-Way's sorrel dozed, planning what he would do with his hind hoofs if anyone got around there. Stony walked over to the pinto and touched his nose. The pony stared with wide eyes through the moonlight. His ears turned slightly, but did not lie back, and he didn't wrinkle his muzzle.

"I'd forgotten how a stock saddle looked," said Stony. "They don't have stock saddles where I've been."

"Is that a fact?" said Freeman. "And that reminds me, there's been one thing I want to ask you, but it can wait a minute. We'd better head for Lucas Canyon. Somebody's liable to come down from that restaurant any minute."

Stony said, "That makes sense."

They didn't speak again until the shadow of Shaving Kettle Hill was black all around them. Then Stony broke the silence. "How many know what's true about me, Freeman?"

Freeman counted on his fingers. "Four, I guess. Johnny Coffin, and Osage, and Biscuit Flinch, and me."

"The old lady who brought me up used to say that four could keep a secret if three of them were dead." Horn looked at the moon. "Do you reckon any of the four you named are dead?"

Freeman nodded seriously. "We're dead and buried, spoon fashion, in a ditch. All of us."

A corner of the moon peered out at a curve of the trail and Stony's eyes glistened for a moment, and then were smooth and shadowed again. "I'm glad of that," he said. "I hanker after walking up that street more than anything else in the world."

FREEMAN swung his sorrel. "Stony, I never thought before. Ain't you got a trunk or valise or something?"

"I haven't got anything but a handkerchief and my guns," said Stony.

Not many people wore guns in sight any more, but Stony Horn had never carried his guns where the sun could shine on them. He carried two forty-fives inside the front band of his trousers; the flaps of the vest concealed their pearly butts, and Stony's hands could grow around those butts and drag them out in a few tenths of a second. Ordinarily he got the right-hand gun out first.

He told Freeman, "I had some little things on the train, but I gave them all to the darky. I don't like to be bothered with things. All I've got now is money in my belt. I've still got some money left."

Freeman said, "I guess doctors cost an awful lot of money."

"Who did you bury?" asked Stony Horn.

Their horses' hoofs crushed along the first slide beyond Shaving Kettle. "He had heart trouble," said Freeman. "Or maybe it was lungs. Anyhow, he was a fellow from Ohio that used to have a shack by Juanita Creek. He came out here for his health, but never seemed to find it. Biscuit Flinch and Johnny saw him laying dead when they were on their way back to Jove City."

He said, meditatively, "We gave you a pretty fine funeral, Stony; you ought to have been there to see it."

"It's funny," said Stony, "but I never did figure on getting buried. I figured on getting married, that's all."

In the old days Freeman would have had a coughing fit, but now he did nothing but lean forward with both hands clasped around his saddle horn as the sorrel picked its slow way up the slide.

"We used to ride out this direction, sometimes," said Stony. "We never took the slide, but stayed on the Shaving Kettle trail. Nights, I used to ride out here alone and listen to the deer scooting into the chaparral. Her father wouldn't have let her ride out here at night."

Freeman declared with conviction, "I guess I never did feel romantic-inclined, not in my whole life. Anyway, no girl like Minnie would have looked at me."

"She looked at me," said Stony.

"That's a fact." Freeman added, "And there was something I wanted to ask you about—"

STONY HORN didn't hear him. When they reached the summit they waited to let their horses breathe. Far in the dark blue southwest, the Limited moaned painfully. The Limited couldn't creak through bow-knot canyons or angle its way up slides. It had to circle the flanks of two mountain ranges before it came to Jove City.

Stony Horn sat down on his haunches and shook a cigarette from its package. "You never smoke," he said to Freeman.

One-Way cleared his throat. It seemed that there were a dozen questions instead of one that he wanted to ask. "You never used to."

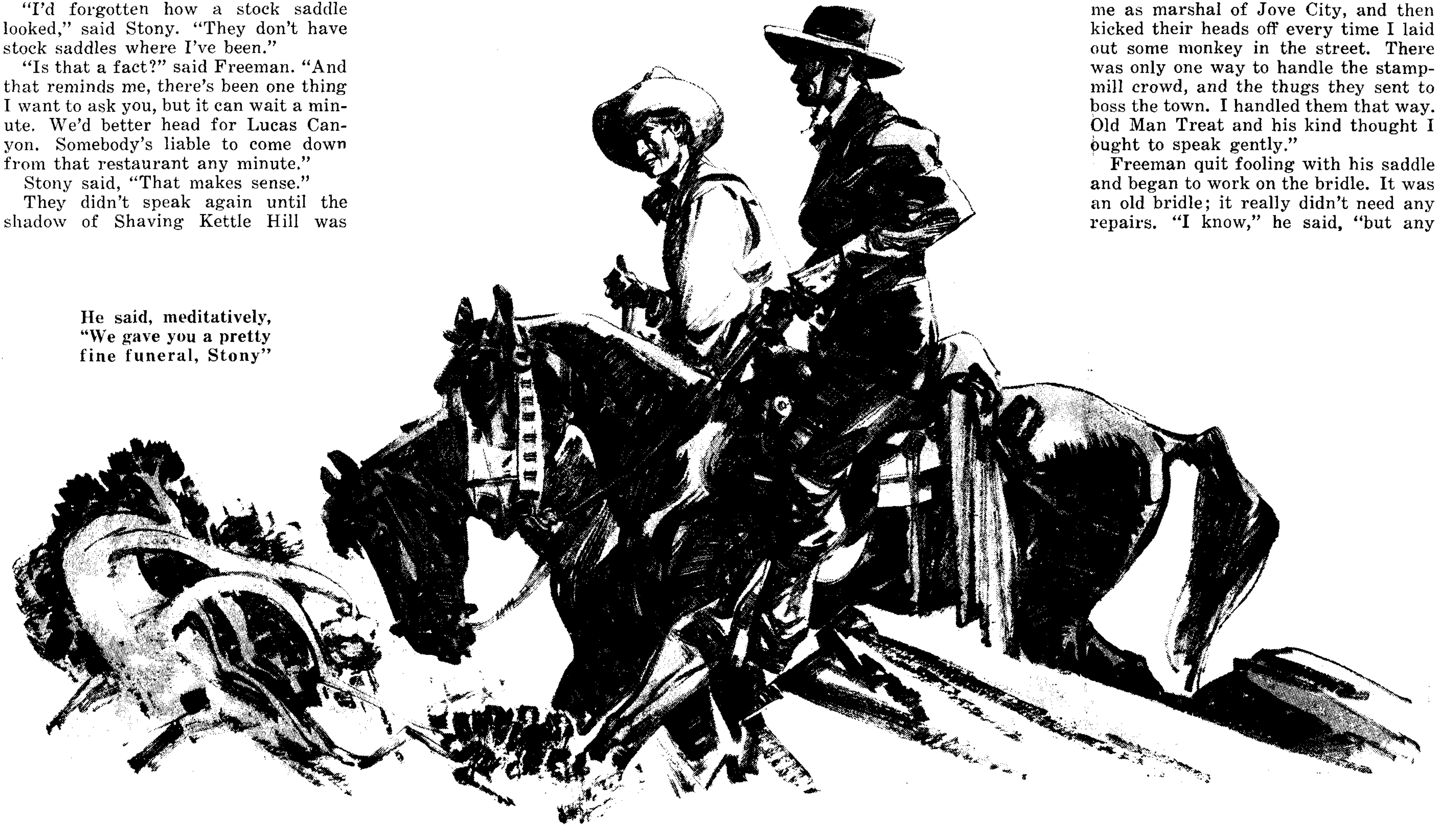
"Well," said Stony, "you lay around hospitals for a few years, and you'd smoke. I'll bet you'd smoke cigars or opium; no telling what you'd smoke."

He sighed and nodded toward the nearest range of hills—brown and purple in the moonlight. "I always did want to bring her up here at night."

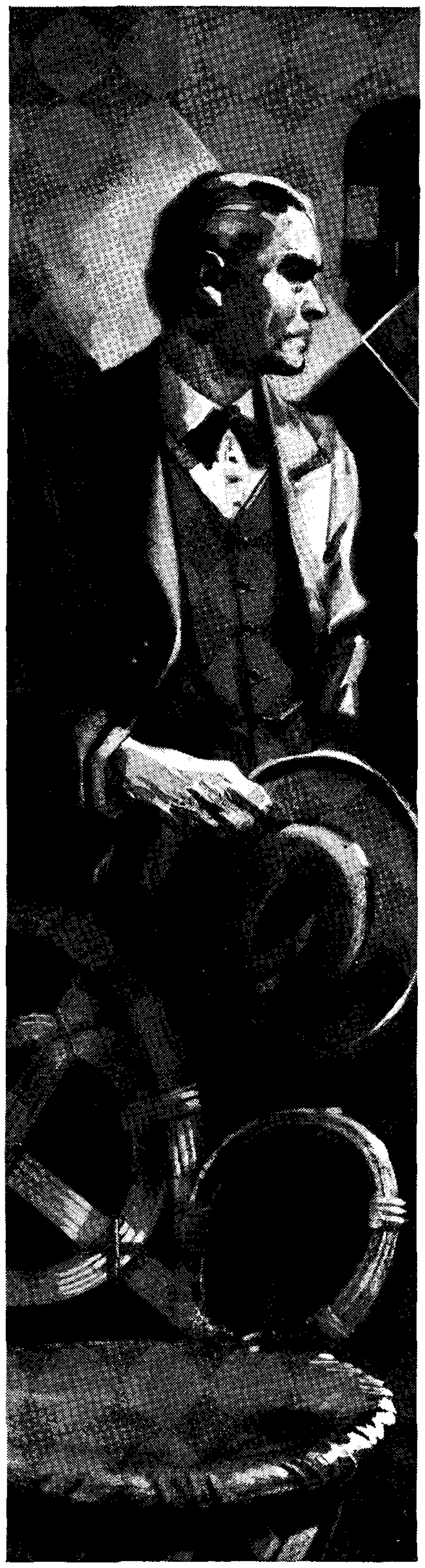
One-Way Freeman began to work at his cinch strap. "Take Owen Treat, now. Not what I'd call a bad fellow."

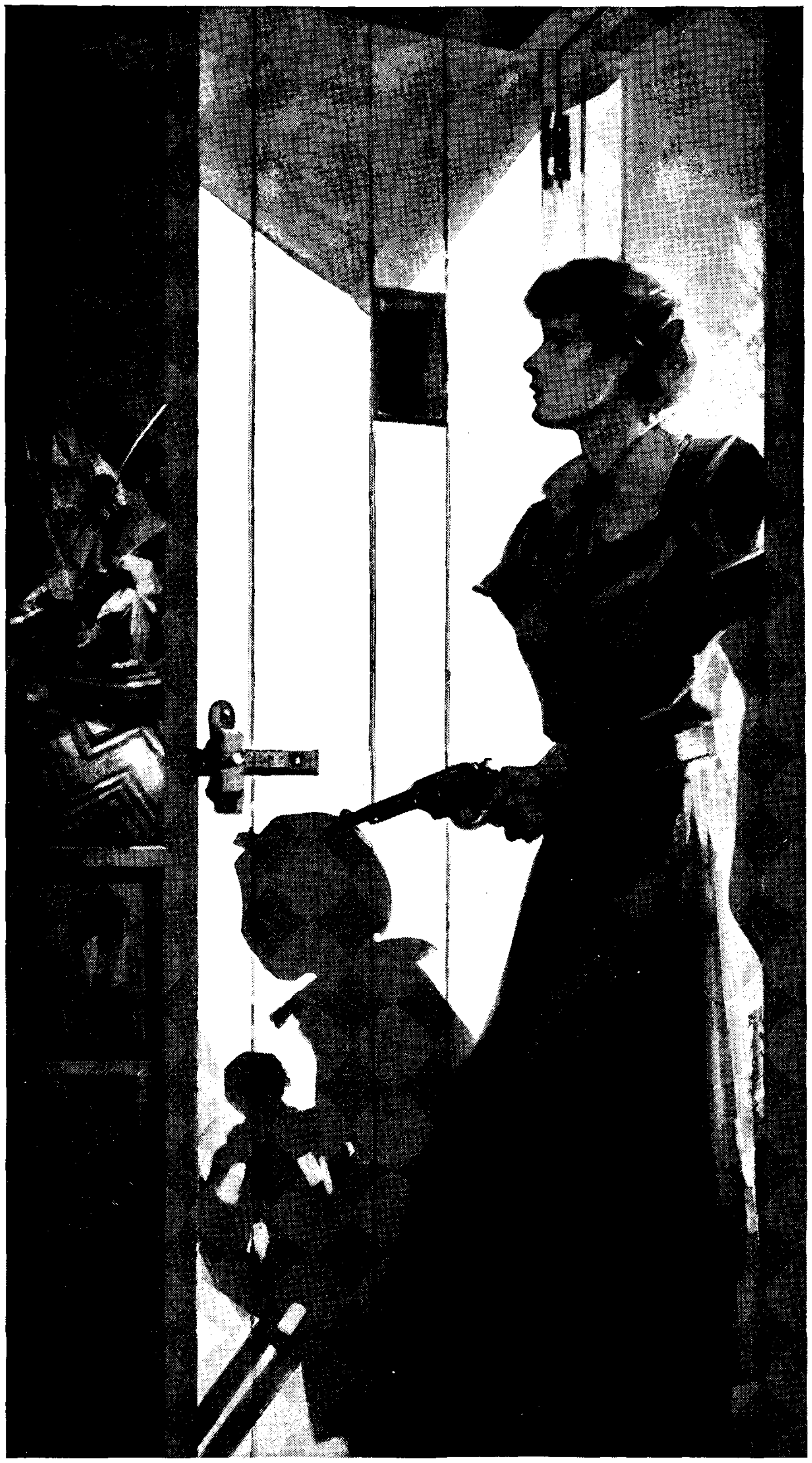
"Kind of soft," said Stony, "and his old man is softer. So was Jim Woodford, before he got killed. They hired me as marshal of Jove City, and then kicked their heads off every time I laid out some monkey in the street. There was only one way to handle the stamp-mill crowd, and the thugs they sent to boss the town. I handled them that way. Old Man Treat and his kind thought I ought to speak gently."

Freeman quit fooling with his saddle and began to work on the bridle. It was an old bridle; it really didn't need any repairs. "I know," he said, "but any



He said, meditatively, "We gave you a pretty fine funeral, Stony"





He spoke again. "Howdy, baby." It wasn't exactly caressing the way he said it

girl might be tricked into thinking Owen Treat would make a good husband. He might have been soft, but he was good-natured, not a bad-looking fellow."

"You talk like he was dead," said Stony.

"I guess there's no mistake about that," replied Freeman. "He got typhoid fever two years ago."

STONY measured his cigarette against the moon. "Is Old Man Treat still mayor?"

"You used to be mayor," Freeman said. "Your badge said marshal, but you used to be mayor. And Carney Robinson and the rest of them moved in as soon as they had moved you out. Robinson bought some mortgages against Old Man Treat, and he gave him an awful squeeze. Folks say that the old man died of a broken heart, and maybe that was it. Owen and his wife went down to the hotel at Juanita Crossing."

Stony Horn asked, "Wife?"

"They had a kid too," Freeman told his sorrel. "It was a girl, and mighty pretty. I guess you'd expect that."

Stony Horn got up slowly. He stamped on his cigarette. "I reckon you're trying to tell me bad news, One-Way."

Freeman nodded limply. "I would, if there was any use talking to the dead. As far as the town was concerned, you were dead, and as far as Minnie Woodford was concerned you were, too. They shot you from three directions over here in Lucas Canyon, and I know who did it. It was Carney Robinson and the Shelky boys and some more of their crowd. We found you, and sneaked you onto the train, and sent you east. But why did you stay five years?"

In the accusing silence which followed, Horn climbed into his saddle. "I was shot in the chest," he said, "and that healed up. So did my head. But it took them a long time to heal my thighbone. It had as many holes in it as an old straw hat. That's the reason I stayed in New York. I wasn't going to come back except in one piece. I won't say that it wouldn't have made some difference if Minnie was promised to me, but she wasn't. She said I was a killer, and folks who live by the gun would die by the gun, and a lot of other foolishness she had learned from her father. We had a kind of fuss, and that was probably the reason why I let myself get ambushed over in Lucas. I didn't have my wits riding along with me."

IT WAS the longest speech which Freeman had ever heard Stony make at a single time. It left him embarrassed and rather frightened as well. "I tell you, Stony," he said, "you can't blame her. We was sworn to the secret. A girl can't marry anybody that's nailed up in a box and buried with a fifty-dollar gravestone on top of him. And maybe she thought she'd get a good husband out of it."

"She got to be a widow, that's what she got," Stony whispered, "if what you tell me is true."

"I could tell you a lot more," said Freeman.

Stony muttered, "Let's ride. After all, maybe you're right. I reckon I've gone back to dust by this time."

He didn't look like a ghost, but he was a ghost, for all that. As they worked their way down toward the river, and his hot breath was sour inside him, he didn't see how in justice to himself and his friends he could have remained dead. The swift, bitter flowering of his youth had come while he was marshal of Jove City, and though revolvers had finally smudged out that flower, he had always played with the notion of resurrecting it into a second bloom.

During the final year of convalescence, when he spent long hours with his guns in front of the mirror of his hall bedroom, he had imagined that Jove City would be essentially as he had left it.

He was reborn, as surely as knotted new bones grew where the old ones had been smooth. But at last he realized that the world had not been reborn with him. One-Way Freeman, prowling silently on the sure-footed sorrel, was a firm reminder that Stony Horn could never catch up with his past.

Stony had not been capable of writing to Minnie Woodford for a good six months after Carney Robinson and his men waited for him amid the red rocks of Lucas Canyon. For another year at least he had not wanted to tell her that he was alive. His pride stemmed mainly from the guns which had been his livelihood. But Minnie met that pride with nothing but scorn and resentment.

Her father had come from an Eastern state, wound in absurd civilization which strangled him at last. Minnie had had the same film of civilization through which she would not let Stony reach. . . .

The two riders crawled amid the tortuous windings of a dry creek bed; the moon went lower and couldn't find them. "One-Way," said Stony, "I reckon I'm the only man who was ever able to take his money into the next world."

"If you'd trusted the bank," said Freeman, "you wouldn't have been able to. But as happened, it was only a question of opening your tin box and high-tailing to the express office at Tombstone."

IN THE first blue powder of dawn they swung from their horses in a grove of piñon trees, a hundred yards east of the Jove City cattle yards.

"I'll time it for ten o'clock," said Stony. "You take the horses and put them away, and go to bed if you want to. I won't start down that street until every mother's son of them is on it."

Freeman nodded. "I couldn't figure why you wanted me to meet you in Minaret, but now I see. The Limited went through here hours ago, and there's always folks at the station. . . . Where are you going to be, in the meantime?"

Horn asked, "Has Clifton still got his lumber yard?"

"Yes," said Freeman, "and he still cheats people on shingles. But I guess it will be a comfortable place for you."

"I don't like to feel like a rat in a hole," said Stony Horn, "but I reckon I got to feel that way till ten o'clock. And one thing: don't you or any of the other boys do any shooting."

Freeman swung his leg across the sorrel and reached for the rein of the pinto pony. "See you at ten o'clock." Then he and the horses went north. Stony slid past the cattle pens and sidetracks, in the pale half-light, toward Clifton's deserted lumber yard.

He lived in a black corner, deep in a well of piney odors, until the hands of his watch declared that it was ten o'clock. During that time he accused Minnie Woodford with all the earnestness of which he was capable. He indicted her on fifty-seven counts and tried her, and found her innocent, and then he accused her all over again.

(Continued on page 34)

The Invisible President

By Sax Rohmer

ILLUSTRATED BY C. C. BEALL

The Story Thus Far:

SUPPORTED by Abbot Dom Patrick Donegal, who controls millions of votes, Dr. Orwin Prescott is fighting for the presidential nomination of his party. His opponent is Harvey "Bluebeard" Bragg, a conscienceless demagogue who has the backing of the League of Good Americans, a powerful political body.

Directing the Bragg campaign, but unknown to the nation, is the world's most dangerous criminal: the notorious Dr. Fu Manchu who, with an army of spies and paid killers, is plotting to seize the reins of government himself, when the opportune moment arrives. And trailing the Oriental are two courageous, resourceful men: Scotland Yard's brilliant Sir Denis Nayland Smith and Captain Mark Hepburn, an American.

A great, climactic debate between the two rival candidates is scheduled to be held at Carnegie Hall, New York. Before the memorable evening arrives, Fu Manchu succeeds in kidnapping Prescott, whom he drugs and releases. When the debate is finally held, Bragg scores a notable victory, for, under the influence of Fu Manchu's drug, Prescott proves a feeble adversary.

The debate finished, Bragg is assassinated. His half-brother, Herman Grosset (who is known to idolize him), shoots him to death—and is himself killed. Why? Nayland Smith and Hepburn cannot guess the answer; they are completely mystified. They are not aware that the assassin has acted under the influence of a potent drug, administered to him by Dr. Fu Manchu! . . . Two beautiful women are working for the Oriental: Lola Dumas and Moya Adair. Shadowing Moya (who holds a position with the League of Good Americans), Hepburn finally meets her, falls in love with her. She reveals to him much of what she has learned concerning the monster plot; and Nayland Smith instantly makes his plans for attacking the enemy. With Police Captain Corrigan, he finds his way into a secret tunnel leading from the East River to Fu Manchu's Chinatown headquarters. The two men advance a few steps. Turning in response to a loud crash behind them, they glance toward the tunnel's entrance. An iron door has been dropped between them and the river. *They are cut off, prisoners!*

VIII

THE temple of the Seven-eyed goddess was illuminated by light which shone out from its surrounding alcoves. Since each of these was draped by a curtain of a different color, the effect was very curious. These curtains were slightly drawn aside so that from the point occupied by the Seven-eyed idol it would have become apparent that many of the cells were occupied.

There were shadowy movements depicted upon the curtains. At the sound of a gong these movements ceased.

The brazen note was still humming around the vaultlike place when Dr. Fu Manchu came in. He wore his yellow robe, and a mandarin's cap was set upon his high skull. He took his seat at a table near the pedestal of the carved figure. He glanced at some notes which lay there.

"Greeting," he said gutturally.

A confused murmur of voices from his hidden audience responded.

"I may speak in English," he continued, his precise voice giving its exact value to every syllable which he uttered, "for I am informed that this language is common to all of us present tonight. Those of the Seven not here in person are represented by their accredited nominees, approved by the council. But in accordance with our custom whereby only one of the Seven shall know the other six, it has been necessary, owing to the presence of such nominees, to hold this meeting in the manner arranged."

A murmur, which might have been one of assent, greeted his words.

"I have succeeded in placing the chief executive we have selected in a position from which no human agency can throw him down. You may take it for granted that he will enjoy the support of the League of Good Americans. The voice of the priest, Patrick Donegal, I have not yet contrived wholly to control . . . Because of a protective robe which seems to cover him, I regard this priest as the challenge of Rome to our older and deeper philosophy. . . .

"Suitable measures will be taken when the poppy is in flower. There is much more which I have to say, but it must be temporarily postponed since I have arranged that we shall all hear our chosen executive speak tonight. He is addressing a critical audience in the assembly hall in which Harvey Bragg formerly ruled as king. This is his second public address since Bragg was removed. It will convince you more completely than any words of mine could do of the wisdom of our selection. I beg for silence: you are now listening to a coast-to-coast broadcast."

Rung by rung he mounted, his objective that lighted window

SO CLOSELY had Dr. Fu Manchu timed his words that the announcer had ceased speaking when radio contact was made.

Tremendous uproar rose to a hysterical peak, and then slowly subsided. Paul Salvaletti began to speak—a speech destined by virtue of beauty, phrasing, and the perfect oratory of the man to find a permanent place in American forensic literature.

Salvaletti, to be known from that hour as "Silver Tongue," was, as befitted a selection of Dr. Fu Manchu, probably one of the four greatest orators in the world. Trained by the Oratorian fathers and then perfected in a famous dramatic academy of Europe, he spoke seven languages with facility, and he had learned the subtle art of mass control as understood by the Eastern adepts in the Tibetan monastery of Rachê Churân. For two years, efficiently but unobtrusively, he had labored in silence as confidential secretary to Harvey Bragg. He had the absolute confidence of the Bragg following. He had a more intimate knowledge of the inner workings of the League of Good Americans, of the Lotus Transport Corporation, and of the other enterprises which had formed the substantial background of the demagogue, than any man living. He understood human nature, but had the enormous advantage over Bragg of a profound culture. He could speak to the South in the language of the South; he could speak to the world in the language of Cicero.

He began, with perfect art, to deliver this modern version of Mark Antony's oration over the body of Caesar. . . .

"WHAT'S this?" growled Police Captain Corrigan. "We're jammed!"

The light of his own flash and that of Nayland Smith's became concentrated upon the iron door which had fallen behind them. Dimly, very dimly, they could hear the voices of the party outside.

"Hadn't counted on this," muttered Nayland Smith. "But we mustn't get bothered—we must think."

"Looks to me, Chief," said the police officer, "that the seven rings work automatically, and that after an interval this second door comes down—like as not to make sure a big party isn't pulling in."

"Something in that, Corrigan," Nayland Smith rapped. "Outstanding point is—we are cut off."

"I know it."

They stood still, listening. Shouted

(Continued on page 66)

Under Pressure

By
George Agnew Chamberlain

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY MORSE MEYERS

The Story Thus Far:

ATTACKED by bandits in his beautiful hacienda, "La Barranca," in Mexico, Cutler Sewell, an American, escapes with his life; his wife, however, is murdered, and his small daughter, Joyce (whom he succeeds in saving), witnesses the tragedy.

Although his title to "La Barranca" is clear, Sewell cannot regain possession of it. And when, after marrying again, he dies in the little Eastern city of Elsinboro, he leaves Joyce the serious problem of how to win back the valuable Mexican property.

A battered old trunk, once Sewell's, contains all the data pertaining to the case. Joyce studies the various documents. She learns Spanish. She prepares to take a course in business; to this, however, her stepmother (the former Irma Thorne) objects. She wishes Joyce to marry Mike Kirkpatrick, one of the wealthy Platinum Hill crowd; and she suspects that Mike, who has proposed and been turned down several times, may not care to marry a "business woman."

Urged to marry Mike by Helm Blackadder, Irma's confidant and adviser, Joyce flatly rejects the idea. Some time later, she finds the way miraculously opened for her to fight for "La Barranca." The Mexican government sends her ten thousand dollars, indemnity for her mother's death! And instantly she makes her plans. Eliciting a promise from a banker friend, who helps her with her financial arrangements, that he will say nothing of what has occurred, she gives him an inkling of what she proposes to do. "La Barranca's in Mexico," she says. "I'm going to Mexico."

II

JOYCE laid the warrant, already endorsed, on Mr. Bradley's desk and rose. "I'm leaving the money with you, but you understand I may need a good deal of it any day, don't you?"

"Sit down, Joyce," he said soberly. "Do you know what I've been asking myself?"

"No, sir," said Joyce, sinking to the edge of her chair.

"If I had a girl—your age, your looks, your background—what would I want some other fellow to do in this particular case?" He frowned. "Of course you remember Mexico, but do you remember what happened?"

She sat staring at the floor, not answering at once. "I know what you mean," she said finally, "and I'll try to explain. I remember everything but I've found out that being far away from a thing like that doesn't help you to forget—it makes it into a picture on the wall. Then there's something else. Places go by contrasts, don't they? I won't say anything about Elsinboro; all I can tell you is that when I've been unhappy, when I'm most miserable, I look back and dream of happiness and La Barranca." She swept her eyes to his face. "My mother isn't here, Mr. Bradley. I mean she couldn't possibly come to Elsinboro—not even in my thoughts. Does that sound foolish to you?"

"Not foolish, my dear," he murmured, "not at all foolish."

Touched by his understanding, she reached out one hand impulsively and laid it on his arm. "Oh, Mr. Bradley, please be my friend. You can help me so much! My passport, a letter of credit, but that's not all. You know my stepmother. Father used to keep telling me she's a good woman. Well, she is, but if she finds out what I'm doing or where I am I'll have two fights on my hands instead of one. Oh, I know she means well, but so does a bulldog or a bloodhound."

"Ha!" he exploded, his eyes crinkling at the corners.

"Please, Mr. Bradley," she begged, still in deadly earnest, "please!"

"How are you going to work it? How will you get away?"

"I've thought it all out. I can say I'm going to Frances Holder's for a visit."

"H'm. But they'll trace you. Nowadays a deliberate disappearance is one of the hardest things on earth to stage."

"I've thought of that too." She gave him a look so composed it set his blood to tingling. "If I go by air, where will I be by the time they begin their tracing?"

He blinked at her admiringly. "Joyce, I've made up my mind. I'll do everything I can to help you and I promise I'll keep my mouth tight shut till you say the word. You realize, of course, there'll be a howl that may echo half around the world?"

"No. Why? On account of me?"

"Never mind; even without it I say you're a general. You're not only aware of the importance of protecting your flank but you know what your father never learned—that the place to fight a battle is where the battle is."

On the same impulse they rose to their feet and stood with right hands half extended, not quite touching. "You're awfully young, Joyce, and most people would say I ought to be jailed for letting you go. But you've got heart as well as head, and as for youth—what's it for? To spend while it's strong." Suddenly he seized both her arms above the elbows and gave her an affectionate little shake preparatory to turning her around. "I'm for you with all I've got. Step out and raise hob!"

HE PROVED as good as his word and better, for he could see a lot farther ahead than Joyce. Within ten days not only did he arrange for her visa card from the Mexican Consulate, but he coached her on her deportment in the meantime toward her stepmother, provided her with a certified copy of her father's will, warned her about excessive baggage and bought her tickets by air in a fictitious name.

"But Mr. Bradley," exclaimed Joyce on the appointed day, "this says Elsinboro to Newark!"

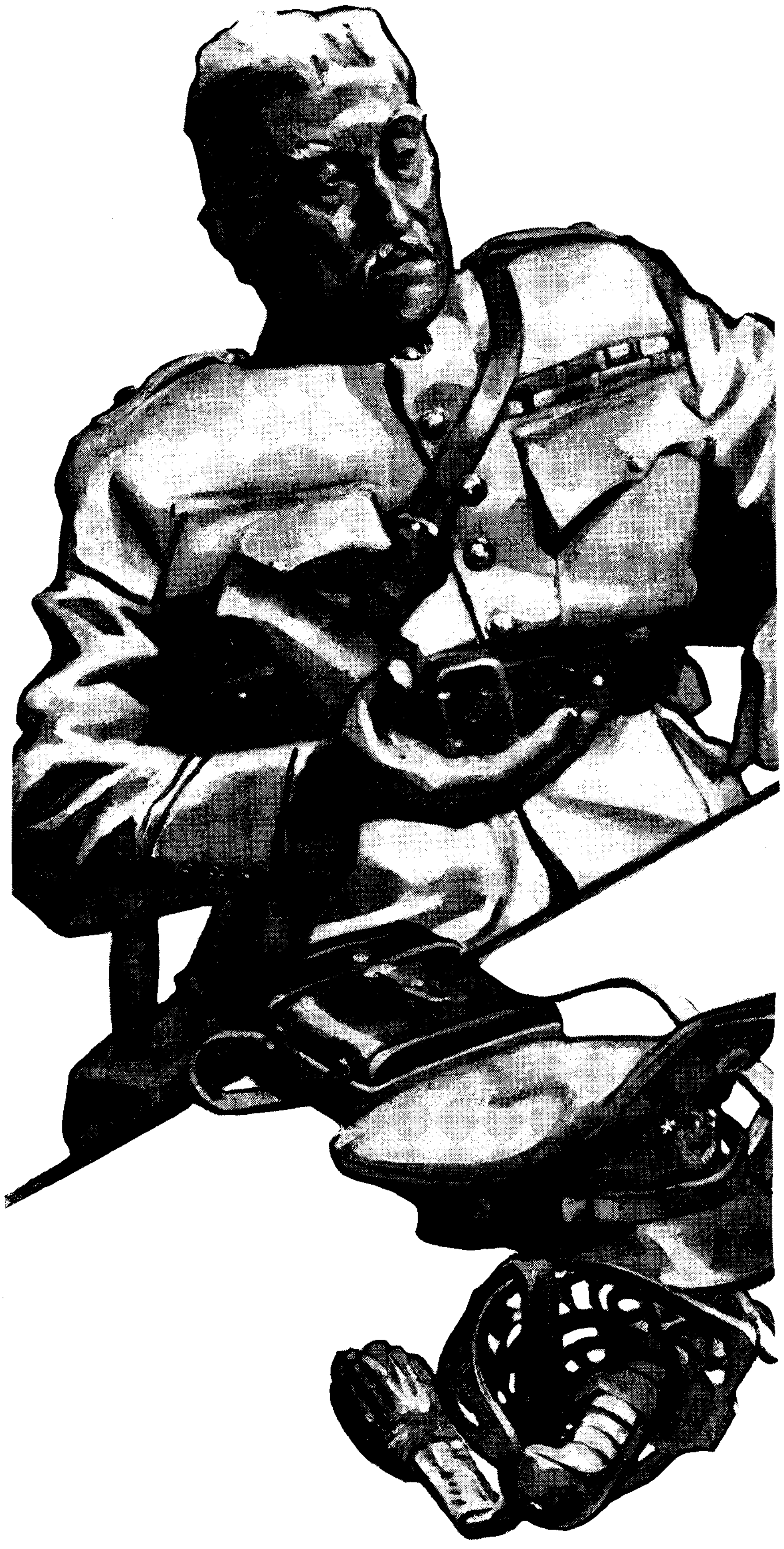
"Haven't you visited our airport?"

"I didn't know there was one!"

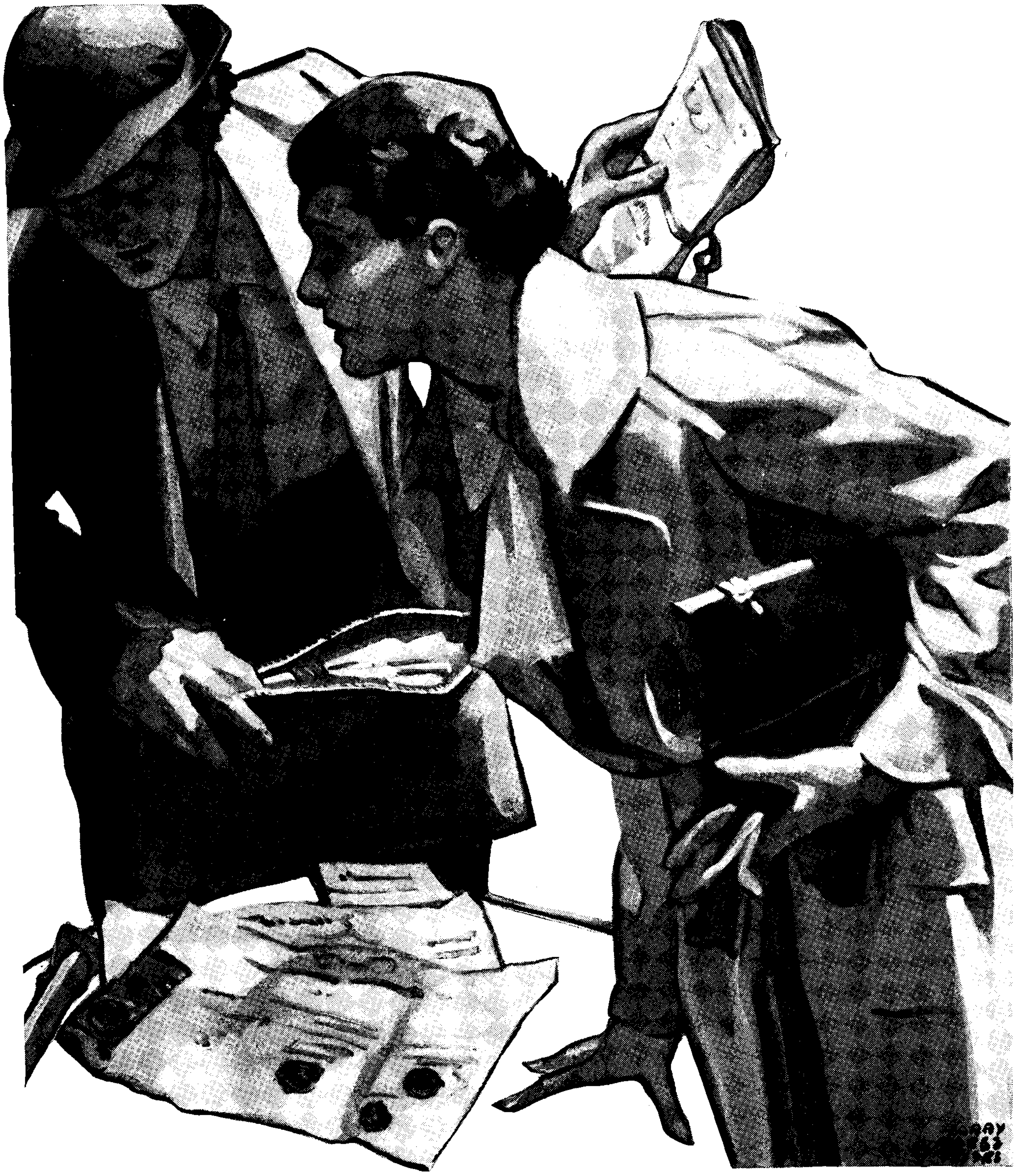
"Exactly, and everybody else seems to pretend it isn't there, perhaps because it is run by outsiders. Anyway, a plane stops on signal to pick up passengers every afternoon and connects at Newark with the night plane south. I'll have my car at the corner of Elm and Hogarth at a quarter to four. Can you manage your bags?"

"I think so. Of course I can. It isn't far."

"What about your stepmother? Any chance she'll cut the meeting of the Ladies' Aid?"



"Lovely," the general announced, "but you've brought her ten years too late"



"Hardly. I helped her write the paper she's going to read. Besides, it's the servants' afternoon off and she hates being alone in the house."

"Fine. I won't drive you in at the airport. I'll drop you at the gate and I'm willing to bet there won't be a soul you know to see you take off."

He was right. The airport, a mere blackened barn, was shrouded in gloom. "Are you sure there'll be a plane?" asked Joyce, a first tremor of doubt in her voice.

"Don't worry; I'll wait down the road a bit until you've gone." He lifted out her baggage, shook his head and glanced toward the improvised hangar. "This bag's awfully heavy."

"No, no," said Joyce. "You mustn't. It might spoil everything."

"I guess you're right, and that reminds me." He held her hands. "Joyce, every man you see will try talking to you, and I can't blame them. But lay off it; look straight ahead and say nothing until you get to Mexico. Don't leave any more of a trail than you can help."

"I won't. I hear the plane. Goodby, Mr. Bradley, and thank you for everything."

He watched her with mixed feelings as she walked away, leaning to the weight of the suitcase, her other arm awkwardly embracing the *petaca*. She had cleaned it out, dusted all the documents, packed them close and made good use of the remaining space. Not for worlds would she have left the funny little trunk behind and soon, with only the morose pilot's back for company, it seemed more than ever her one constant friend. She had never flown before—few people in Elsinboro had—and there had been a moment when her heart leaped into her throat. But it passed and presently she found herself looking out and down, drinking in the glory of the tumbled autumn hills.

MEXICO—she was flying over Mexico. She looked down at the alkali desert and suffered disillusion, but not for long. The low country rose and broke into a jumble of peaks and at last there appeared a vast girdle of mountains with the snow-capped buttresses of Popo and his Sleeping Woman for a resplendent buckle. Wrapped in perpetual innocence they looked down on the most tragic valley in the world.

She drew a quivering breath. She was alone; she had spoken to nobody, looked at nobody. Three thousand miles in less than three days divided her from Elsinboro, yet she hadn't started—not really. Somewhere below her was the great beginning, the test of her courage and her strength. She felt hollow and weak as the plane circled, nosed into the wind and glided to a landing at Balbuena, but ten minutes later she was laughing. At hearing her liquid Spanish the customs inspector had waved her through ahead of all the rest and at sight of her *petaca* the taxi driver had promptly cut in two his price for the trip into town.

The houses they were passing had seemed flat from the air but now they looked flatter—mere stacks of rubble interspersed with dreary empty lots. But quite suddenly came the plunge into the maelstrom of Zocolo, with trolley cars clanging from six directions and jammed motors honking. The din echoed from the façades of presidential palace and cathedral to rush with a rumble down the narrow cañons of streets heavily named "The Sixteenth of September" or "Francisco I. Madero," and she was reminded this was a city—a great city—with a tradition of blood and sudden death exceeded by none.

Mr. Bradley had supplied her with a list of hotels. She went to the first but felt misgivings the moment she entered. There was a vast oblong lobby roofed with green and yellow glass in a series of slanting indentations between which hung pots of trailing vines. But that was the sole exotic note. Furthermore, there was no nook, no comfortable spot to read, no corner of semiprivacy where one might talk or write. Chairs were lined up, as if at a funeral, with their backs to the four walls, and one glance at the people who occupied them gave her an odd feeling she had been transported back to Elsinboro.

ASSIGNED to a drab room, she sat on the edge of the bed and looked around with a sinking heart. All her elation was gone. Stupidly she had failed to buy anything to read—no, not stupidly, since she had had no opportunity and no time, not a minute! There was only one thing to do—eat and go to bed. She felt she could not face the public dining-room but as soon as she had had a hot bath she ordered up a light supper and an hour later was sound asleep. She awoke to the sun streaming into her face from a startling angle. Conscience-stricken, she sprang up and dressed, but before she went downstairs she repacked the few articles she had taken out of her bag. Ten o'clock found her at the chancellery of the American Embassy.

"May I see the ambassador?"

"Card, please," said the reception clerk without looking up.

"I haven't a card."

He pushed a pencil and slip toward her. "Name, address, and the nature of your business."

She wrote her correct name, gave the hotel as her address, and put her business down as personal. He motioned her to a chair and disappeared.

Dirk Van Suttart, second secretary of embassy, would have showed to greater advantage in any other setting. The traditions of an ancient name were behind him; he had more than his share of good looks, a reasonable amount of money and a merry eye. Away from his job he was as clean-cut a young American as ever drew breath, but he was on the way to being spoiled, poisoned by the bite of the diplomatic bee. When at his post, influenced by the attitude of the restricted circle with which he came in contact, he had drifted into regarding all humanity outside the sacrosanct pale as unfortunate mortals, not members of his club. He was engaged in testing the spring of a polo mallet when the reception clerk entered, laid Joyce's slip on the desk and lingered to smoke a cigarette. Dirk read the paper over his shoulder.

"What does she want?"

"Same old thing. She'd like to walk in on the chief."

DIRK finished testing the stick, put it away in a clothes closet, went to his padded chair and rummaged for a dispatch. "All set. You can show her in." Presently Joyce stood before him. He perused the dispatch frowningly for a moment longer, then motioned her to a chair beside the desk.

"Won't you sit down, Miss Sewell?"

Joyce hesitated. "You're not the ambassador, are you?"

"Hardly. I'm the second secretary."

"I wanted to see the ambassador."

"Are you an American?"

"Yes; born of American parents residing abroad. I arrived from the States last night."

"Suppose you state your business. If it's something I can't handle—or if it's important enough—an appointment will be made for you with His Excellency."

Joyce sat down without taking her eyes off him. She was puzzled. Here was a young man, the very antithesis of Mike Kirkpatrick in looks, manner and breeding, yet all she felt was bitter disappointment. Why? She liked his gray eyes and the way his dark hair rose off a broad forehead. She liked the set of his shoulders and his jaw, the hang of his

(Continued on page 80)

Hit and Run Drivers

By Quentin Reynolds

Take two baseball clubs of equal playing ability; give one of them a better manager than the other and what do you get? A potential pennant winner. Here is the story of the managers who do the big-league players' thinking for them

Left: John McGraw. Below, top: Joe McCarthy, of the Yankees, with Connie Mack, of the Athletics. Lower: Rogers Hornsby, of the Browns

McGRAW stalked into the clubhouse just before the game and his players looked up apathetically. It was early September, 1921, and the season was almost over. It was over as far as the Giants were concerned. The Pirates were leading them by seven and a half games and no one thought that McGraw's team could catch them—not even McGraw's team. They were weary, disgruntled, a bit bored with baseball and utterly beaten by the August drive of the Pirates, which had brought that team from nowhere to what seemed to be a sure pennant.

McGraw said, "We're meeting the Pirates today in the first of a five-game series. Now listen to me, you bush-league players. If you men hadn't been lying down all season this team of semi-pros wouldn't be leading you by seven and a half games! They're not a good team; you're just bad. Each one of you has been taking it without hitting back. You're a bunch of yellow . . ."

The walls of the clubhouse trembled as McGraw lashed at them. He took up the case of each individual player, telling each how little respect he had for him. He applied every derogatory epithet he knew—and McGraw was always the master of verbal abuse. He had learned in a hard school—the Baltimore Orioles. On he roared and never a word about how to play the Pirates that afternoon; never a mention of what to pitch to them. Finally he screamed, "Now go out and take your licking!"

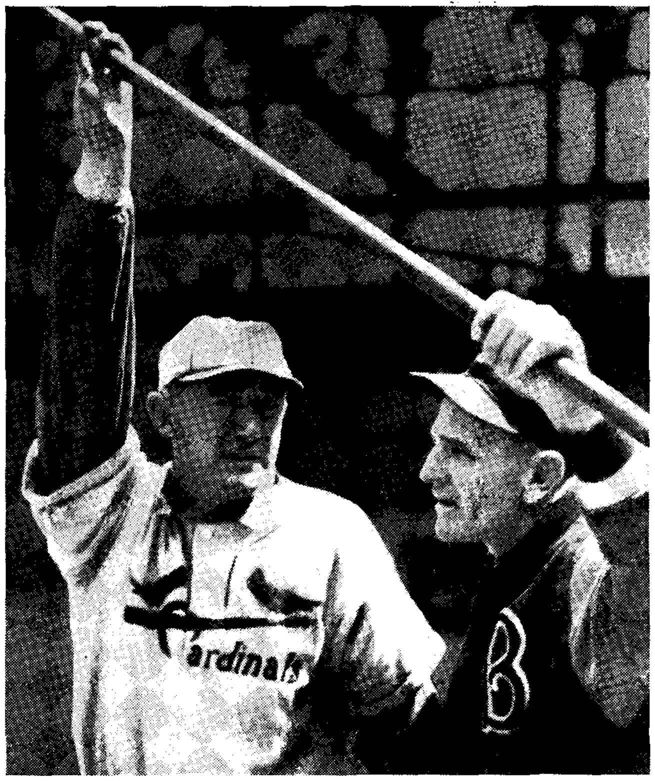
The Giants walked out on the diamond mad enough to murder anyone. The Pirates were nearest to them so they went out and murdered them. They were playing a double-header that day. After winning the first game easily, they bumped up against Babe Adams, a good pitcher, who was really great when he was hot. Well, he was hot that afternoon and going into the last half of the eighth he was in front of them two to one. Then someone in the Pittsburgh infield booted one; the next man hit safely and a walk filled the bases. George Kelly, the Giant first baseman, went up to bat. Kelly could always murder fast-ball pitching but he wasn't too good when they started throwing hooks. Babe Adams knew this and he tried to cut the corners with curves. Kelly stood there with his bat on his shoulder and the umpire called the first three balls.

A Nice Job of Master-Minding

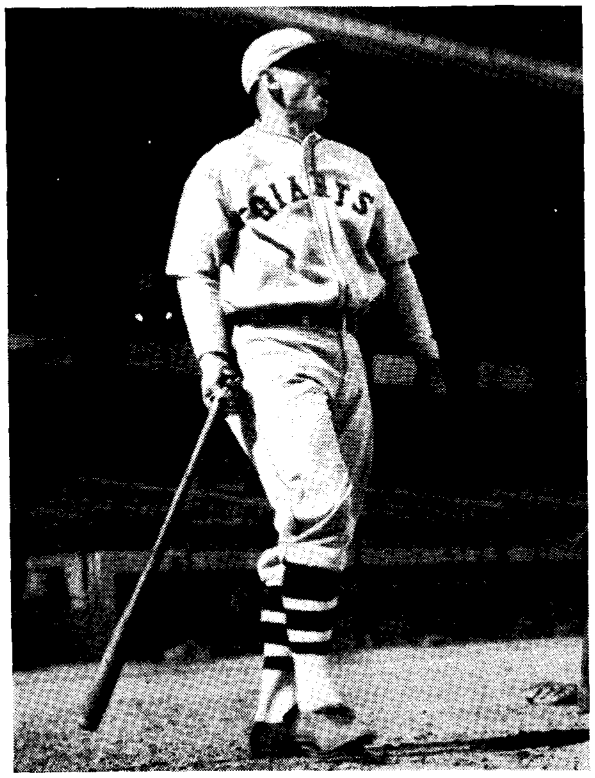
It was three and nothing now, the bases loaded and another ball would force in the tying run. Kelly looked toward McGraw, who was signaling every play. McGraw never allowed players to think for themselves. Kelly looked toward the bench and almost dropped his bat. McGraw had given him the signal to hit the next pitch. Thinking he had missed the signal he shook his head and again McGraw grimly gave him the sign to hit at the next ball.

Casey Stengel, sitting next to McGraw, caught the signal and shouted, "What?"

"Shut up," McGraw growled.



Right, above: Frank Frisch, of the St. Louis Cardinals, with Casey Stengel, of the Brooklyn Dodgers. Below: Charley Grimm, of the Chicago Cubs



Bill Terry, Manager of the New York Giants

Jimmie Wilson, of the Philadelphia Nationals

Mickey Cochrane, Manager of the Detroit Tigers

Kelly shrugged his shoulders and strode back to the plate. Adams was thinking, "Kelly will let this one go by. I'll give him a straight, fast one right across the plate. Then I'll feed him curve balls after that and get him. He can't hit my hook."

Even before Adams had thought that out McGraw had known that Adams would figure it that way and would pitch accordingly. Adams threw a hard one right across the rubber and Kelly swung. The ball is still going somewhere. A moment later four Giant runs were across the plate, the game was won, and the Pirates got a shock from which they never recovered.

The Giants crowded around George Kelly, laughing, exultant, not the discouraged, disheartened team they'd been in the clubhouse two hours before.

McGraw looked at them with contempt in his eyes. Then he walked down to the water cooler and took a drink.

"You fellows have a chance yet," he snarled at them, "if my brains hold out."

Well, McGraw's brains did hold out, the Giants swept the series and went on to win the pennant. The pennant was won because McGraw had an absolute contempt for ball players as thinkers. He knew that he could figure out what ball Babe Adams would throw. He knew that Kelly could murder a fast ball. He knew that if Kelly let that one go by undoubtedly Adams would get him with curve balls.

Well, that was McGraw. Tyrannical, absolute despot, a man who seldom fraternized with his players and who was usually Mr. McGraw to them—a man they hated but respected and held in awe. Every now and then one reads a story in which some baseball manager is called "a second McGraw." Those of us who knew McGraw, who traveled with his teams, who drank beer with his players and saw them weep tears of impotent anger and snarl their hatred of McGraw, only afterwards to affirm stoutly that he was the only baseball manager living worthy of the name—we laugh when people say of this one or that, "He's another McGraw."

There never will be another McGraw. Rogers Hornsby? Frank Frisch? Bill Terry? They use many of McGraw's methods, but each one of them would be the first angrily to deny any claim made that he was "another McGraw." I've heard each one of them talk of the Old Man, as they usually call him. He's still the Head Man—even to such individualists as Hornsby, Terry and Frisch.

Let's look over some of today's baseball managers. A manager is much more interesting than a player. The best players are men who play ball instinctively and who do the right thing as a matter of course. There are others equally good who are great because they can obey orders. They can be great as long as someone else is thinking for them. A good manager does a lot of thinking for his players. So consider a few of them.

Hornsby, the Disciplinarian

There's Rogers Hornsby. When he came out of Texas to play for St. Louis many a long year ago he had straw in his hair and he thought that St. Louis was the biggest city in the world. He didn't know many questions—and he didn't know any answers. Today he's the best manager in baseball. You can get an argument on that but that's what nine out of ten baseball writers and players will bet you. And John McGraw went to his grave believing that Hornsby was the only other great baseball manager.

Hornsby was a great baseball player because he worked hard at it. When he first came up he knew enough to realize that he didn't know all the tricks. He spent every morning at the ball park practicing those little subtleties of play so necessary to a second baseman. When he became great and finally was brought to the Giants by McGraw, he was one of baseball's biggest figures. In 1927 McGraw became ill during the latter part of the pennant race and he put Hornsby in charge. Hornsby did even better with the Giants than McGraw had been doing, but he didn't make himself popular.

Young Freddy Lindstrom was a high-spirited lad and he didn't take easily to Hornsby's verbal castigations.

"Stop popping off so much," Lindy told Hornsby. "Once you drop that bat of yours you're through."

"Don't you wish you could carry that bat?" Hornsby snarled at him.

"Would you like to know that every player on this club hates you?" the aroused Lindy shouted at him.

"So what?" Hornsby said calmly. "You guys aren't paid to like me. You're being paid to play ball and while I'm running things you'll play ball."

And they played ball, I tell you. His discipline was even stricter than that of McGraw. The players weren't allowed to read newspapers in the clubhouse. "Bad for the batting eye," Hornsby told them. They couldn't drink even beer. "Slows you up," Hornsby said. They couldn't smoke or eat lunch, and heaven help any player working for Hornsby who was found out after midnight. Hornsby was and is an autocrat and that's why he isn't manager of the New York Giants today.

McGraw had publicly announced that he wanted Hornsby to be his successor. The great job that Hornsby did in 1927 when he filled in for the Old Man clinched the job for him. Then one night Charles Stoneham, owner of the Giants, came into Hornsby's room. It was in Pittsburgh and the Giants had lost one that day. Stoneham criticized some of Hornsby's moves that day.

"Get out of here," Hornsby told him. "You own the team but I'm running it."

So Stoneham traded Hornsby to Boston. They started a whispering campaign in Boston against Roge. They said he was a Ku Kluxer. Hornsby wouldn't dignify the accusation with a denial. He was too busy running the ball club. But it beat him and a fine broth of a lad named Jack Slattery succeeded him. The fortunes of baseball war sent him to Chicago but he was a bit too rough and ready and his insistence that he run the club was not to the liking of the Wrigley family. Then he had a habit of betting on the horses. Big bets, too. It was nobody's business but his own, Hornsby said bluntly.

One day he made a very big bet on a horse and when the nag lost Roge refused to pay. The bookmakers screamed, "Welsher!" and the odium of this stuck to Hornsby for a long time. He gave no reason for his refusal to pay. It was nobody's business but his own, he thought.

Then the bookmakers sued him in open court. Hornsby said to the judge: "I don't know anything about law but I know this: The race I bet on was fixed and it was fixed by the fellows with whom I bet. They framed me to lose that money—that's why I won't pay it."

"Can you prove that it was a dishonest race?" the judge asked.

"Of course I can," Hornsby said calmly, and he did.

Anyhow, it looked as though his baseball requiem was about to be sung when surprisingly enough the late Phillip De Catesby Ball offered him the management of the St. Louis Browns. Roge signed the contract and then turned to Ball.

"Now, Mr. Ball, I want to tell you something," he said. "You've got the lousiest ball club ever to represent a big-league city."

"What do you suggest?" the amazed club owner said.

"Get rid of the whole bunch of them," Hornsby said. "I can buy a better club in the minors than you have now."

Last year Hornsby started the season with the worst-looking club ever to draw major-league pay checks. Because of lack of funds St. Louis had to sell every high-priced player on the team and Hornsby had a lot of cast-offs that no one else would feed, let alone pay. They played according to form until late in June and then they began to play ball. From June on they played nearly .500 baseball and they wound up making money for the club.

Here's how Hornsby handles his players: Last year the team was playing Washington. The starting pitcher got into trouble and Roge told a relief hurler to warm up.

"Golly, Roge," the pitcher pleaded, "my arm is sore. It's almost dead."

"Well," Roge said calmly, "don't let that buzzard up at the plate know it. Go on and warm up."

The Education of a Ball Player

Hard? Sure he's hard, but he doesn't spare himself any more than he spares his players. He obeys the rules—they must obey them too. Rollicking Rollie Hemsley was potentially a great catcher but it would take a Frank Buck to handle him. Hornsby took hold of him and last season made him the best catcher in the American League.

Here's a story Hemsley will tell you himself. He's thoroughly reformed now so the story is no knock at him. He's a grand guy and a grand ball player—now.

Pittsburgh, Cincinnati and Chicago all had Hemsley and let him go. He just couldn't be handled. Waived out of the National League, he came to the Browns. Hornsby said to him, "Behave yourself or I'll break your neck."

Now Hornsby meant that. Hornsby

(*Continued on page* 40)

Sole Heir

When Henry Morehead fell in love he decided not to tell the girl too much too soon. See what happened to him

By Paul Jones

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL OLIVER HURST

TWO years after graduation, Henry Morehead (the best tackle that ever played for Conestoga College, if that means anything to you), being then twenty-four years of age, was working for a small jobber in the wholesale drug trade, down near the Manhattan end of the Brooklyn Bridge. Like a Mussolini of commerce, he held the combined portfolios of bookkeeper, order clerk and private secretary to Mr. Perch, the president. He was also office manager, but as Henry was the sole employee, apart from three salesmen on commission, this post was more in the nature of an honorable sinecure, like being Groom of the Posset, or Master of the Royal Buckhounds.

Henry's stipend, for all these activities, was twenty-five dollars a week, to which he always referred in terms which suggested a primitive state of civilization—"I drag down twenty-five bucks a week," as if every Friday, he tore his salary from Mr. Perch's grasp, with bared wolf-teeth. Or, "I knock out twenty-five smackers a week," as though, every seven days, he pummeled the president's fat round body until he was bought off with blood money. There was no truth in this picturesque rhetoric.

The day the letter came, Henry was sitting at his high bookkeeper's desk, waiting for the daily bout of dictation with Mr. Perch. His meditations were more morose than otherwise. When he had joined the Perch organization, the boss had painted a rosy picture of the future in it for a young college man with no nonsense about him who would be willing to learn stenography and typing, and make himself generally useful. Since then the painting had cracked, and the colors had faded. It was evident to Henry that Mr. Perch had been having him on.

HIS gloomy reflections were interrupted by the mailman, who entered, handed Henry a registered envelope, and requested a receipt. This was by no means an extraordinary procedure, and he signed automatically. It was not until he was alone again that he scrutinized the address, and saw: Henry Morehead, Esq., The Perch Drug Company, William Street, New York.

He opened the letter and read it.

The broad, crackling sheet was spread on his blotter, and he was reading it for the second time when Mr. Perch swept from the inner office like a small seersucker gale. "Now what?" he roared. "What next? I ring for you twice and you don't even answer."

"This letter just came," Henry explained.

"Give it here."

"It's a personal letter."

"On my time? Do I pay you twenty-five dollars a week to sit around reading your personal letters? Say, young feller, I hired you to write letters, not read 'em."

With a preoccupied air, Henry slid from his stool, folded the letter, and put it in his trousers pocket. "Keep your shirt on," he advised Mr. Perch. "I'm quitting, Perch."

"You're what?"

By this time, Henry had taken off his office coat, rolled it into a ball and tossed it into the wastebasket. He took his blue serge from the hanger and put it on. "I'm resigning, Perch," he said casually. "Never mind about the three days' pay you owe me. Keep it. Buy yourself a box of cigars."

"Hey!" Mr. Perch howled, "what was in that letter, anyhow?"

To this Henry, with the refined sadism of a Nero or a Borgia, made no answer whatsoever. He placed his straw hat firmly on his head, opened the outer door, and disappeared forever from the Perch Drug Company.

ALL the way down the street, en route to the subway, Henry kept repeating to himself: "This calls for a drink; this calls for a drink." A new life was opening before him, and he felt the need of a splendid monument to mark the turning point in his fortunes.

The memorial he chose was a half-bottle of domestic champagne, and over it he reread his letter:

LEONARD ADAMS
BABYLON BUILDING
NEW YORK

June 27, 1935.

Henry Morehead, Esq.,
c/o The Perch Drug Co.,
William Street,
New York.

Dear Sir:

Your grandfather's first cousin, Mr. Schuyler Morehead, passed away on the 15th ult.

Under the terms of his will, you are, as the only surviving member of his family, sole heir to his estate, valued at one million dollars ($1,000,000) and upwards, consisting of an equity in the Morehead Arms, Morehead Avenue, the Bronx, and other real property.

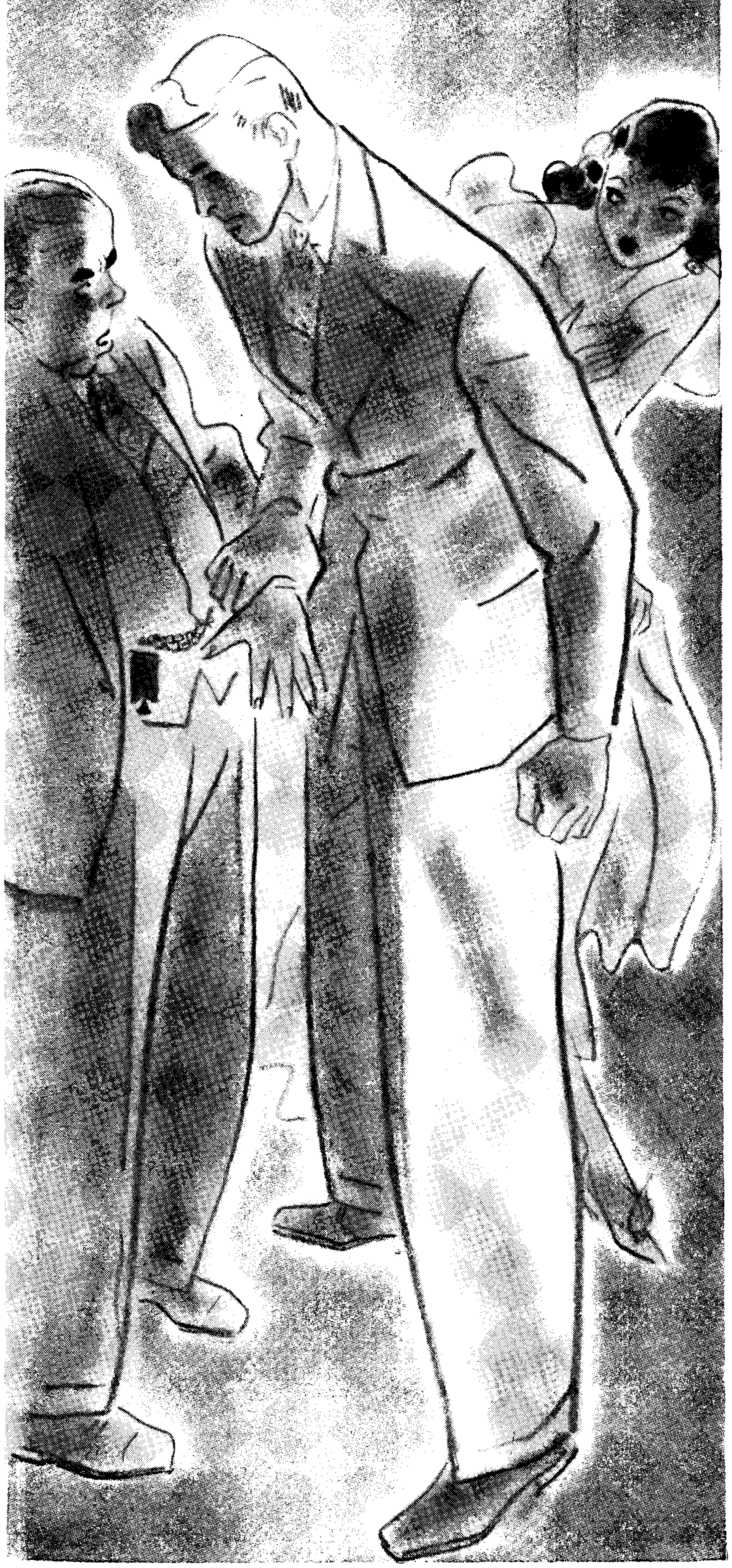
We should appreciate the favor of an early interview, at which time the details of the settlement can be discussed. Kindly bring proofs that you are the son of Vernon Morehead of Conestoga, Pa.

Very truly yours,
LEONARD ADAMS.

Henry put his hand furtively inside his coat and pinched his left intercostal region. The pain was authentic and guaranteed the authenticity of the letter. As to the proof, nothing easier. He had a birth certificate at home.

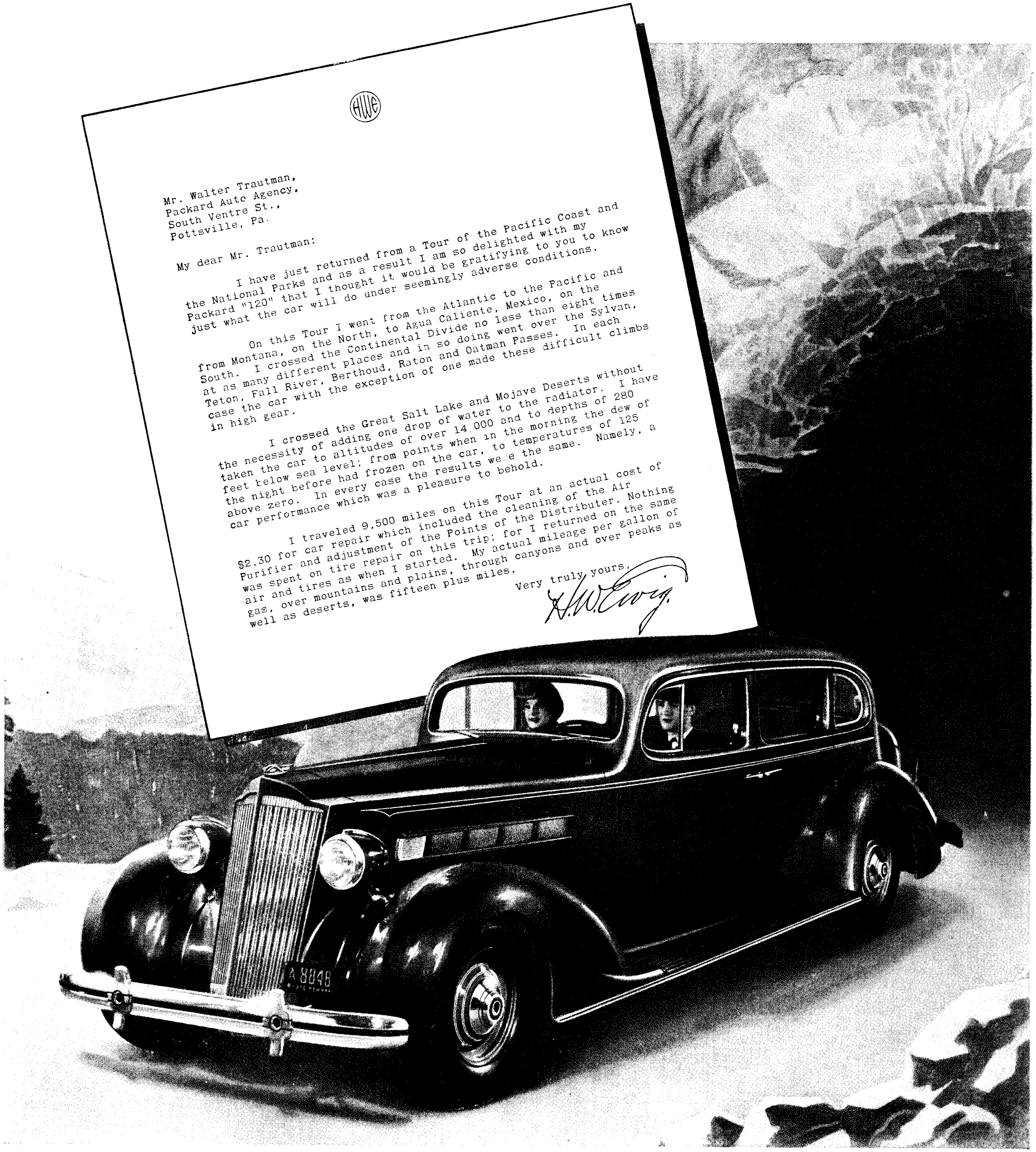
The waiter came, removed the champagne bottle from its nest of ice, and shook it gloomily. It was empty. "No more," said Henry. "I have a very pressing engagement."

Even before going home for his birth certificate, even before going to the lawyer's office, before anything else, he



While Mary ran down the hall, Henry inspected the short, rotund Branker

A letter from Pottsville, Pa.



HWE

Mr. Walter Trautman,
Packard Auto Agency,
South Ventre St.,
Pottsville, Pa.

My dear Mr. Trautman:

I have just returned from a Tour of the Pacific Coast and the National Parks and as a result I am so delighted with my Packard "120" that I thought it would be gratifying to you to know just what the car will do under seemingly adverse conditions.

On this Tour I went from the Atlantic to the Pacific and from Montana, on the North, to Agua Caliente, Mexico, on the South. I crossed the Continental Divide no less than eight times at as many different places and in so doing went over the Sylvan, Teton, Fall River, Berthoud, Raton and Oatman Passes. In each case the car with the exception of one made these difficult climbs in high gear.

I crossed the Great Salt Lake and Mojave Deserts without the necessity of adding one drop of water to the radiator. I have taken the car to altitudes of over 14,000 and to depths of 280 feet below sea level; from points when in the morning the dew of the night before had frozen on the car, to temperatures of 125 above zero. In every case the results were the same. Namely, a car performance which was a pleasure to behold.

I traveled 9,500 miles on this Tour at an actual cost of $2.30 for car repair which included the cleaning of the Air Purifier and adjustment of the Points of the Distributer. Nothing was spent on tire repair on this trip; for I returned on the same air and tires as when I started. My actual mileage per gallon of gas, over mountains and plains, through canyons and over peaks as well as deserts, was fifteen plus miles.

Very truly yours,
H.W. Ewig

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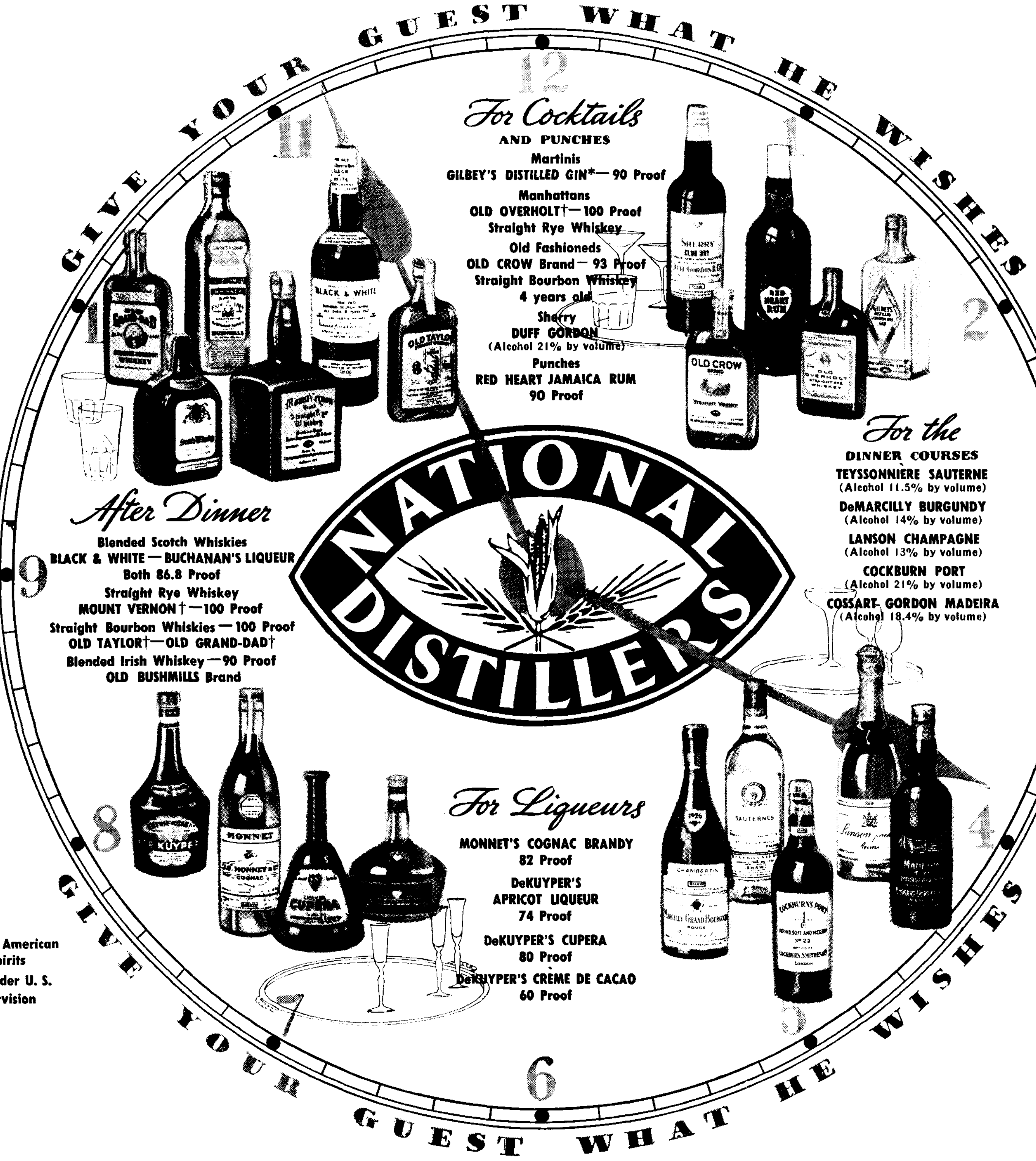
AROUND THE CLOCK WITH NATIONAL DISTILLERS

Your Guide to Good Living

IF YOU want a safe and sound guide to good liquors you can rely upon the one presented here and made up exclusively of some of National Distillers brands. From it you can choose the ryes, bourbons and gins to mix into delicious cocktails . . . the wines suited precisely to each dinner course and your individual taste . . . the liqueurs, brandies and cordials invite friendliness and well-being after the coffee. From this one source you can make the widest selection in variety, age and price — and always be sure of quality and value. Experience will prove it is to your advantage and enjoyment to serve National Distillers brands upon every occasion.


GIVE YOUR GUEST WHAT HE WISHES
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NATIONAL DISTILLERS
BLACK & WHITE
OLD TAYLOR
SHERRY
RED HEART RUM
OLD CROW
OLD OVERHOLT
MONNET
CUPERA
KUYPER
SAUTERNES
COCKBURN'S PORT
GIVE YOUR GUEST WHAT HE WISHES

For Cocktails
AND PUNCHES

Martinis
GILBEY'S DISTILLED GIN*—90 Proof

Manhattans
OLD OVERHOLT†—100 Proof
Straight Rye Whiskey

Old Fashioneds
OLD CROW Brand—93 Proof
Straight Bourbon Whiskey
4 years old

Sherry
DUFF GORDON
(Alcohol 21% by volume)

Punches
RED HEART JAMAICA RUM
90 Proof

For the
DINNER COURSES

TEYSSONNIERE SAUTERNE
(Alcohol 11.5% by volume)

DeMARCILLY BURGUNDY
(Alcohol 14% by volume)

LANSON CHAMPAGNE
(Alcohol 13% by volume)

COCKBURN PORT
(Alcohol 21% by volume)

COSSART GORDON MADEIRA
(Alcohol 18.4% by volume)

After Dinner

Blended Scotch Whiskies
BLACK & WHITE — BUCHANAN'S LIQUEUR
Both 86.8 Proof

Straight Rye Whiskey
MOUNT VERNON† — 100 Proof

Straight Bourbon Whiskies — 100 Proof
OLD TAYLOR†—OLD GRAND-DAD†

Blended Irish Whiskey — 90 Proof
OLD BUSHMILLS Brand

For Liqueurs

MONNET'S COGNAC BRANDY
82 Proof

DeKUYPER'S APRICOT LIQUEUR
74 Proof

DeKUYPER'S CUPERA
80 Proof

DeKUYPER'S CREME DE CACAO
60 Proof

*Distilled from 100% American Grain Neutral Spirits
†Bottled in Bond under U. S. Government supervision

NATIONAL DISTILLERS PRODUCTS CORPORATION, 120 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

wanted to see the Morehead Arms, henceforth his.

An hour later, he stood on Morehead Avenue, somewhere in the middle 200's, and looked at his inheritance. It was a solemn moment.

The Morehead Arms, new, neat as a tidy pin, rose in majestic isolation in a neighborhood of vacant lots, only recently converted from farm lands. Henry gloated. All that solid apartment house, all that stretch of cement areaway where mothers were sunning their babies in competitive perambulators, all those green shrubs, all those eight wide stories of brick and limestone, all those gay window-boxes, all those striped awnings—all his! A million dollars! It was staggering.

THE marmorean coolness of the lobby invited him to enter. A pretty, dark-eyed girl in a sleeveless, flowered dress and a wide straw hat was exploring the contents of a letter box with one white-gloved hand. An envelope slipped from her fingers and Henry stooped to pick it up.

"Thank you so much."

"Not at all." Henry lifted his hat, and was encouraged to continue. (*Lord Henry Morehead speaks kindly to a fair young tenant.*) "Do you live here?"

She smiled brilliantly. "No, I just go around rifling mailboxes. Do you mind?"

"I hope you make out well at it," said Henry.

"Only so-so." She was fitting her key into the hall door. Say something else quick, before she goes, thought Henry. Tell her I own the place? No, sounds silly to say that now.

"I'm thinking of moving here myself," he told her.

"That's wonderful," she remarked. "We'll probably see each other in the hall now and then. Goodby."

The door clicked behind her. Henry, oddly exhilarated, inspected the letter box she had emptied. The name on it was Mary Wood, 4-B.

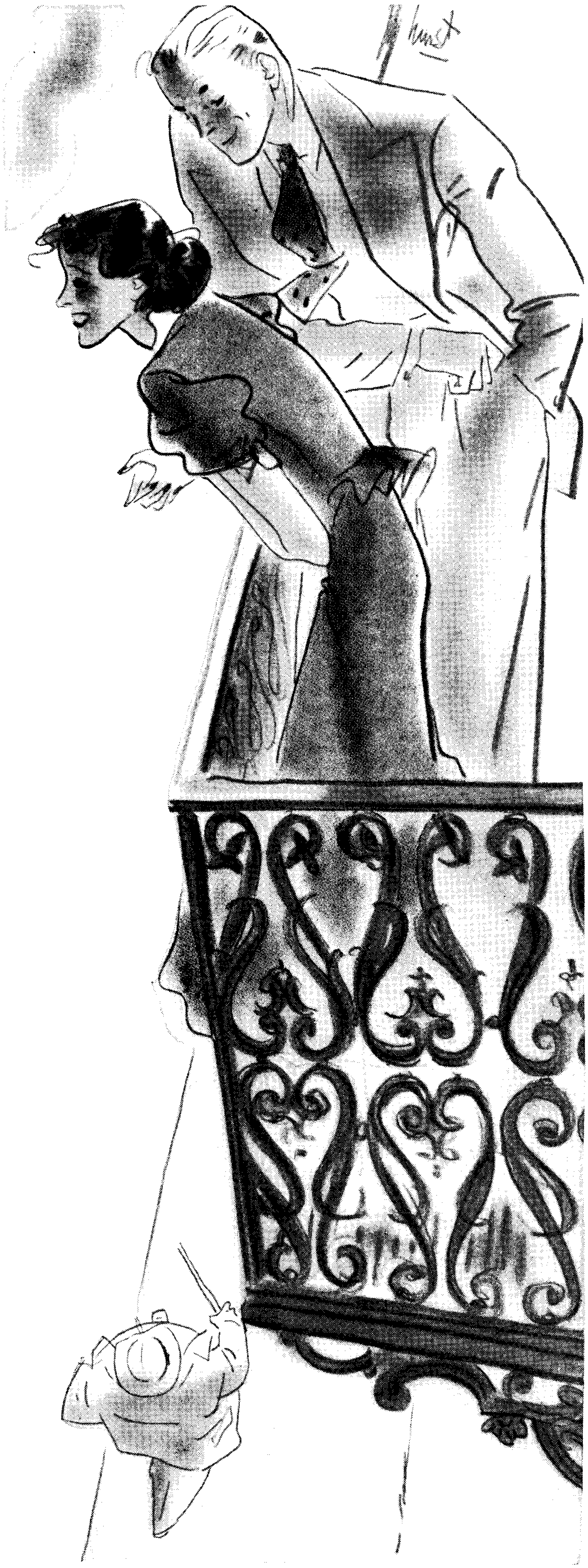
There were two long columns of brass-framed cards with push-buttons opposite each. Not one slot was blank. At the bottom, a telephone and a button marked Janitor. A typewritten sign was hooked over the receiver: "Superintendent Wanted."

"Fine, fine," Henry murmured. He had inherited a going concern. His next step was perfectly clear. He should see Mr. Adams, the lawyer, and enter into possession of his legacy. But first he took the subway to his bank and drew out his entire savings, two hundred and sixteen dollars.

WHEN, therefore, on the following day, he entered the private office of Mr. Adams and sat down, he made a sensational effect. Two hundred and sixteen dollars' worth of suit, shoes, hat, shirt, tie, gloves and walking-stick had achieved a minor miracle. That Henry had in his pocket precisely forty cents did not disturb him. It is well known that millionaires very often carry no money at all. Later, toward the end of the interview, he planned to say casually: "By the way, I'm a little short of cash. Let me have a couple of grand, will you?"

Mr. Adams was a leathery, lean man in his middle fifties. When the preliminaries were over and Henry's identity was fully established, the lawyer cleared his throat. "Perhaps the best thing to do," he supposed, "would be to go up and see the property."

"I know it very well," said Henry, tapping one twenty-dollar shoe with the ferrule of his stick. *Marble lobby. A dark-eyed girl smiling brilliantly.*



"He's invited me to a party he's giving tonight," Mary said dreamily

"You understand," said Adams, rubbing his chin with a skinny forefinger. "It's not only the apartment house. All that land goes with it, back as far as the next avenue, and to the streets on either side. Your cousin built the apartment himself, and bought the surrounding land to protect his investment."

"I see all the apartments are rented."

"Every one," Adams nodded. "Of course, some of them are behind in their rent. Your cousin failed a lot in his last year, Mr. Morehead. Kind of lost his grip." He looked rapacious, his jaws working. "There must be a dozen tenants in there that ought to be out in the street."

"Oh, well," Henry said. "If they can't pay, they can't pay, I suppose. What's the value of all that property?"

"I'd say about one, five."

"One, five?"

"Say a million four hundred thousand and be on the safe side."

HENRY nodded shrewdly. "That's about what I'd have said. A million four hundred thousand! To tell you the truth, Mr. Adams, real estate doesn't interest me much."

"Doesn't interest anybody these days," Adams snorted.

"Are there any mortgages against the property?"

"Six hundred thousand."

"Well, look here." Henry shifted his walking-stick to his right hand and bored its point into the rug. "I think I'll sell. That would leave in the neighborhood of eight hundred thousand, more or less. Frankly, I've been thinking of taking a year or so off for a trip around the world, and if I do that, I'd like to have this place off my mind." *He and somebody that looked like Mary Wood leaning on the rail of a liner. Hawaii, probably.*

Adams laughed dryly. "My dear sir, you can't sell it."

"Why not?"

"In today's market? Not a chance. You'd be doing very well if you got six hundred and fifty thousand for it. And there's fifty-odd thousand owing in delinquent taxes, mortgage interest, and so on."

"You mean I wouldn't get a cent for it?" Henry asked, startled.

"Not a sou marquee," Adams said cheerfully. "You'd be sure to wind up owing money."

Henry felt a dull, spreading pain under his heart, as if he had walked into a stiff punch. "How about the rest of the estate?"

"That's all there is. Isn't it enough? Your cousin stripped himself to keep this property intact. Even sold his house and all his personal possessions. He believed in it."

HENRY slid his walking-stick under his chair. A quarter, a dime, and a nickel jingled in his right trousers pocket as he crossed his legs and drew a deep breath. "The fact is, Mr. Adams, I'll have to raise some cash somewhere. I've just got to."

"I guess we'd all like to, ha, ha."

"I don't suppose," said Henry, laying one word next to the other with the fine care of a tile-setter, "I don't suppose you could advance me a couple of thou' for present needs, could you?"

Adams looked at him keenly, his jaw muscles working. "Have you any security?"

"Well, this property—"

"Nobody's lending anything on real estate these days. Too risky."

Henry gulped and fingered his six-dollar necktie. "The fact is, I gave up my position, and—"

"Dear, dear, that was very foolish of you. You surely don't mean—?"

"That's just what I do mean. I'm absolutely broke."

(*Continued on page 85*)

The Weak Spot

Brilliant proof by Detective O'Malley that modesty is a virtue—especially in murderers

By William MacHarg

AN OLD guy got bumped off in his office," O'Malley said. "It's on the West Side. His name was Quarran. He was eighty-some years old and owned real estate and the report is that he had a lot of dough and had plenty trouble with his tenants. The case might turn out anything, or us dumb cops might turn it into nothing. Some of the boys are over there."

We were on our way to see it. A small crowd was in the street in front of a dingy brownstone building which once had been a residence; it now was offices and, in a part, a rooming-house. Quarran's office consisted of two rooms in the basement. About a dozen cops were present. Half as many other persons, two thirds of whom were women, were gathered in the hallway.

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY L. TIMMINS

"You got an audience," O'Malley told one of the cops.

"They're all related to the guy."

"They got here quick."

We went into the dusky office. The place seemed not to have been cleaned in several years. Dust arose when we touched anything. In each room was a desk, and cabinets were filled with sooty business papers. The murder had happened in the inner room. Quarran was a slovenly old man in a Prince Albert coat. The electric light wire with which he had been strangled was still about his neck, and the lamp to which it had led upon his desk was broken.

"What do you know about the guy?" O'Malley asked the cop.

"He owned this building and some others like it. All he done was collect his rents. He was a tight old bird and whoever didn't pay their rent got put out quick. That made him a lot of enemies. His nearest relatives are them people outside. He didn't have much to do with them. He didn't get on with nobody very well. Today his clerk was out and somebody came here and knocked the old boy off."

There was a small safe in the inner office.

"Was that can opened?" O'Malley asked.

"If it was, they shut it up again. We found something—"

ONE of the officers produced a small scrap of paper which had been torn from a larger piece. There were a couple of figures and the letters R and L on it.

"Whose writing?" O'Malley asked.

"We don't know that yet."

"Any fingerprints anywhere?"

"We're trying to find out."

They brought in the clerk. He was a smug, sleek young man, rather carefully dressed. He seemed out of place in the musty office. His name was Garril.

"You tell us how this was," O'Malley invited him.

"I don't know much," the clerk informed us smoothly. "This morning Mr. Wellet, who owes Mr. Quarran about fifteen hundred dollars, called up and said he was ready to pay the money if Mr. Quarran would meet him at the bank. Mr. Quarran sent me instead. I waited, but Mr. Wellet didn't keep the appointment. When I was sure he wasn't coming, I came back here and found Mr. Quarran had been murdered. I called the police and then notified his relatives."

"Okay. And they come here to look after their interests. Well, open up the safe."

"I can't," the clerk replied promptly. "Mr. Quarran was the only one who knew the combination."

"You got any idea why Quarran was knocked off?"

"No—unless someone whom he had evicted did it."

We talked with the relatives. The two men were named Quarran. The women had different names. They couldn't supply us with any reason why the old man had been killed.

"Well," O'Malley remarked, "we got nothing to start from, so we might as well just watch the boys work."

We watched them. The only fingerprints they found in the place were Quarran's and the clerk's. There were no prints on the safe. The figures on the scrap of paper they decided had been made by Quarran. They found unimportant papers, a small amount of money, some keys and a gold watch in Quarran's pockets. The body was taken away and the women relatives left soon after. The Quarran men stayed. A couple of plain-clothes men and a uniformed officer remained, but the other cops went away.

"Send someone to open this box," O'Malley instructed them as they left.

He examined the safe.

"You know what's in this?" he asked the clerk.

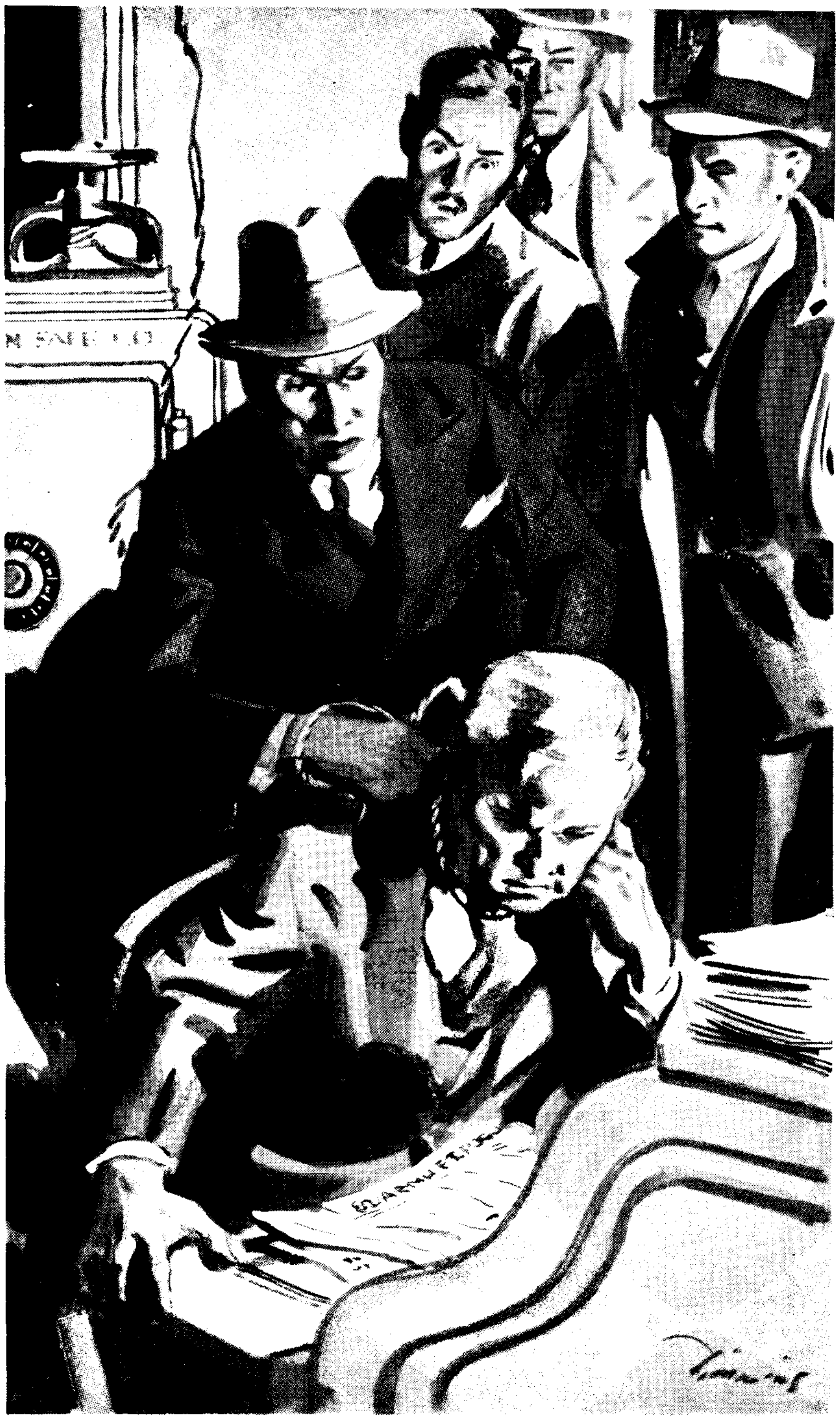
"There's probably money," Garril replied, "but I don't know how much. I thought he sometimes kept too much money here."

"It's an old-timer and we'd ought to be able to open it," O'Malley declared. "My idea is we got the first two figures of the combination on that little piece of paper. There might be three more figures and it might happen we can guess 'em."

He manipulated the dial of the safe, setting it on the figures on the paper and then trying other figures. He worked at it quite a while. It wouldn't open.

"No luck," he said. "You try it."

(Continued on page 29)



They acted their parts well. It wasn't a pleasant thing to watch

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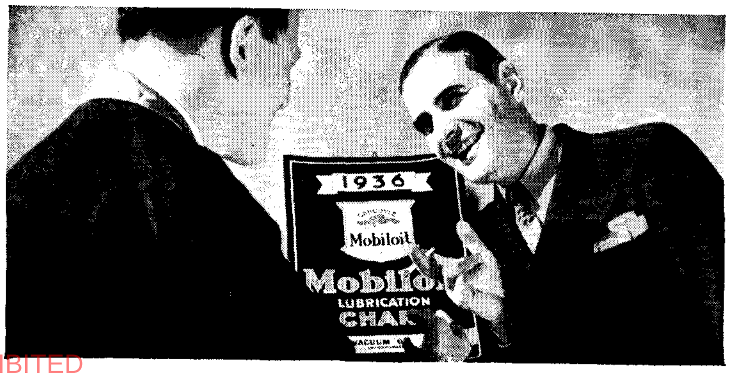

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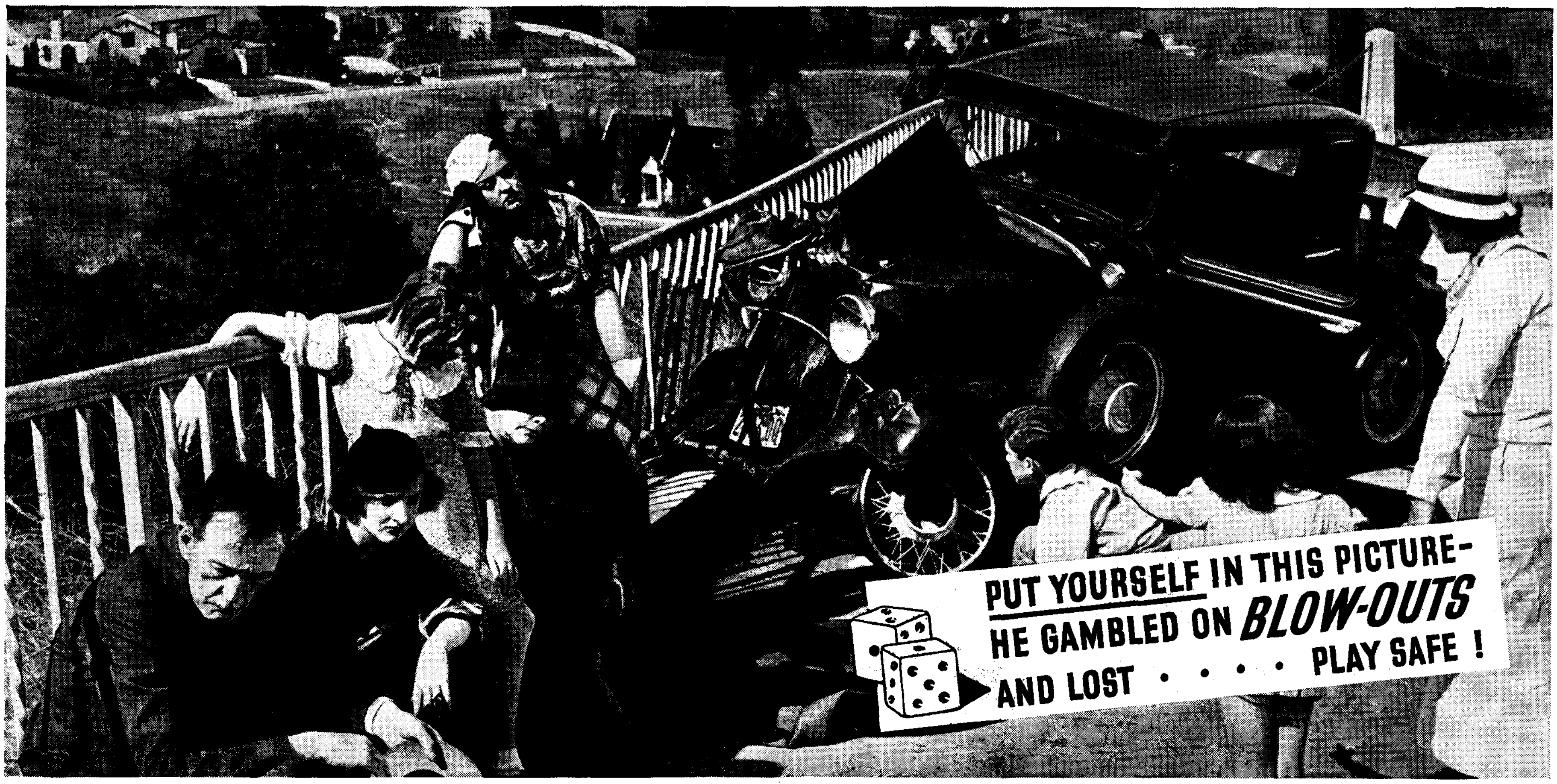
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AND LOST . . . . PLAY SAFE !

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Mother: "Yes, but with a blow-out like that they were lucky they didn't go right through the railing."

* * *

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At speeds of 40, 50, 60 miles an hour terrific heat is generated *inside* the tire. Rubber and fabric begin to separate. A tiny blister forms. You don't know it—you can't see it—you drive on. Bigger and BIGGER this invisible blister grows. It may burst quickly or the blow-out may not happen for months. Just the same, that blister, as long as it *is* in the tire is a real driving hazard and a menace to your life.

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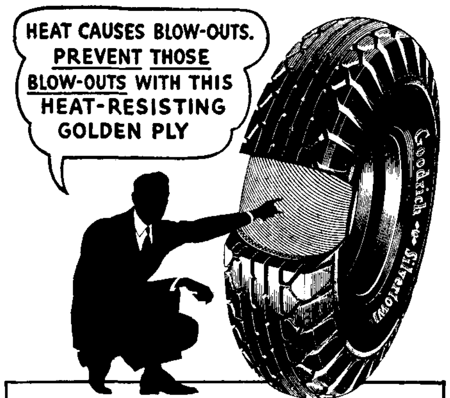

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The new Goodrich SAFETY Silvertown

With Life-Saver Golden Ply Blow-Out Protection

The Weak Spot

Continued from page 26

I tried it, but I couldn't open it. Then he had Garril try; the clerk couldn't get it open. Then one of the Quarran men, named Everett Quarran, tried it, and afterward one of the plain-clothes men and then the uniformed cop and then the youngest of the Quarran men, named Jerome Quarran. He opened it. He was plainly proud of having done so.

"How did you get it?" O'Malley asked.

"I just kept trying different numbers until I guessed the right ones."

THERE was about five hundred dollars in the safe. There were a lot of business papers and we found Quarran's will among them. It divided his property in equal shares among his relatives.

"That gets us nothing," O'Malley remarked.

He reclosed the safe and we left the uniformed officer to guard the place and went back to headquarters. The Quarran men walked along the street with us.

"You think one of his tenants done it?" O'Malley asked them.

"It's hard to imagine anyone else," Everett Quarran said.

"Yeah? How about that clerk? We only got his word there was a phone call. We'll check on that."

"But what would be his motive?"

"Yeah, that's the hooker."

I watched developments in the newspapers for the next couple of days. I saw that Wellet declared that he had made no phone call. The police were checking many tenants who had had trouble with Quarran. They found one named Borling who had threatened Quarran's life. He had no alibi and they held him for questioning and then released him. They hadn't arrested Garril. I ran across O'Malley several times.

"We're getting nowhere," he informed me. "Us cops have a tough time!"

"In my opinion," I declared, "you had it right when you said it was the clerk."

"Yeah? You tell me how to prove that. The chief thinks it was that Borling, but we can't put him on the scene. I been thinking we might do that murder over and find out that way if it was one of 'em."

"Do it over?" I inquired, puzzled.

"Sure. Act it out and have Garril and Borling there and see how they behave when we pretend to do the murder."

He phoned me the next day to come over.

I met him. A big man was with him, whom I learned was Borling. A little later Garril joined us. The clerk seemed uneasy and uncertain and I wondered what excuse O'Malley had made to him to bring him with us. The two Quarran men were waiting for us when we got to Quarran's office. A uniformed cop was on guard there and a small plain-clothes man appeared carrying a bundle.

"I got this guy to help," O'Malley informed us, "because he is the right size to wear the old guy's clothes. I figure this killing was done this way: The killer come in from the front room that was Garril's office. The old boy was sitting at his desk. The killer stood behind him. The light cord come out from the wall and across the old man's shoulder to the lamp on his desk, and the killer grabbed it and put it around the old boy's neck and twisted it. The old man fell out of his chair, and the cord came loose from the wall and the lamp fell off the desk, and the killer kneeled and kept twisting the cord till the old man was dead. Then the killer turned him over and got the paper out of his pocket that had on it the combination of the safe. I got to pick one of you people to act the murderer."

He chose Jerome Quarran and Jerome nodded. The plain-clothes man opened the bundle and changed into the old man's clothes and sat at the desk, and Jerome came in from the front room and pretended to do the murder. They acted their parts well. It wasn't a pleasant thing to watch. I kept my eye on Garril and Borling. The clerk shook nervously and his skin was chalky, but I felt that I was pale myself. Borling appeared indifferent. Jerome turned the pretended dead man over and seemed to take the paper out of his pocket.

"You want me to try to open the safe?" he asked O'Malley.

"No; forget the safe. We don't even know if it was opened."

The plain-clothes man, looking uncomfortable, untwisted the wire from around his neck and changed back to his own clothes.

"How was it?" O'Malley asked me, inaudibly to the others.

"I couldn't tell a thing," I admitted.

I walked beside Garril to the station.

"Let's see them things out of the old man's pockets," O'Malley told the property clerk.

The clerk produced them—the papers, the keys, the money and the watch. O'Malley opened the back of the watch and studied it.

"Are you going to make an arrest?" I whispered to him.

"Why, sure," he answered.

Then they arrested Jerome Quarran.

"How was this, O'Malley?" I demanded, when he came out from the captain's office after the police had been questioning Jerome.

"Why, we got it all now," he informed me. "Jerome done it, just like I figured. This Jerome is one of them guys that don't live according to their reputation. He had a good name and a good job with a sand and gravel company, but he was a playboy on the side, and spent and gambled away a lot of money, and he took money from his company that they don't know about yet. Old Quarran wouldn't help him out of the jam, and he knocked him off."

"It was a crime of impulse, then."

"Oh, no. Jerome didn't figure the old boy would give him that much money and he went there prepared to get it anyway. There was over fifteen thousand in that safe. Jerome took most of it but left five hundred in hopes maybe nobody would know there'd been a robbery. He's told us where he's got the money hid."

"I STILL don't see through it," I insisted. "Did you suspect Jerome from the first?"

"Why, no. At first I thought it might be Garril. Listen. This homicide shaped up this way: Either some dumb guy done it, maybe a tenant, or some pretty smart guy done it. If it was a dumb guy, then all them circumstances was just accident. The dumb guy just happened to come there when the clerk was out; he maybe quarreled with the old guy and knocked him off, and there maybe hadn't been no robbery. But the phone call and the paper with the figures made it look not like that; they made it look like none of it was accident. In that case there probably had been robbery and a smart guy done it, and had it all figured out. Yeah. But look how much he had to know about the old boy in order to figure it. He knew old Quarran had a lot of money in the safe. He knew Quarran kept changing the combination and, being over eighty, he couldn't trust his memory and so he wrote the combination down and carried it in his pocket. He knew Wellet owed the old man money. Well, Garril probably knew all them things."

"All right," I said. "Then what?"

"I done that monkey business about trying to open the safe, thinking it might show if Garril knew the combination. I thought I might tell by watching him work the dial if he really knew the combination and was just pretending not to. So I and you tried to guess the unknown numbers of the combination; of course we couldn't do it. Then I had Garril try it. I watched him but I couldn't tell nothing. Then them other people tried it. I was surprised when Jerome opened it. He said he'd guessed it. Well, no guy ever lived that could guess three figures of one of them combinations. I've heard tell of guys could open one of them old-time cans by turning the dial and feeling when the tumblers dropped, but I never met no such guy as that. Quarran wouldn't never have told Jerome the combination, so if Jerome knew it he'd got it by murder."

"BUT how foolish of him!" I objected. "No one suspected him. Why should he point himself out to you that way?"

"Why, at first I couldn't see that neither, but then I seen it was his vanity. The guy had done what looked to be a perfect murder. He called old Quarran up and pretended to be Wellet, because he knew Quarran would send his clerk to meet Wellet and not go himself. He come there while the old man was alone and bumped the old boy off and robbed the safe, and we didn't suspect him and wasn't even sure there'd been a robbery. A guy like this Jerome that does a perfect crime like that would like to boast of it. Well, he couldn't boast, but he could show us how much smarter he was than us by pretending to guess the combination of the safe."

"I see."

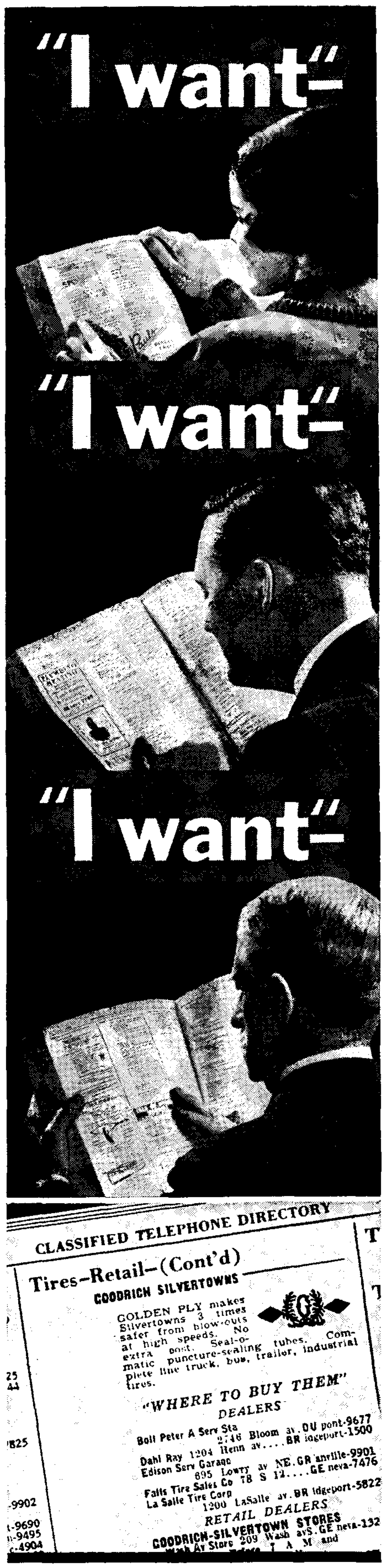
"Sure. Well, some cops didn't believe that showed that Jerome done the murder. We checked up on him but got nothing because he was too well covered up. So then I figured I'd have him do the murder over. He didn't know he was suspected; he thought Garril and Borling was, and I figured he wouldn't refuse because he'd think that might look suspicious. A guy that thinks he's as smart as Jerome does cracks when you get enough on him and tells you the rest, and I wanted to make him crack. I told him part of how the murder got done, and left out part of it, to see when he done it if he didn't give himself away."

"Did he betray himself?"

"Sure. You seen him do it but you didn't know it. He pretended to take the paper that had the figures of the combination out of the pocket that old Quarran carried his watch in. I hadn't told him what pocket. A guy don't usually carry nothing else in the pocket he carries his watch, and the old man wouldn't have carried the paper there because he'd been likely to lose it when he took out his watch. So then I seen what that meant. Jerome took the paper out of that pocket because that's where he'd found it. The paper had been in the watch. I come to the station house and looked at the watch and found the proof of it. The paper had got caught under the cover of the watch at the hinge and come into several pieces when Jerome jerked it out and a bit was still in the watch. Jerome cracked when I told him how he showed us that."

"It was remarkable," I said, "how you picked his vanity as his weak spot."

"Why, he done the picking. Guys like that Jerome pick their own weak spots for us. Us cops just wait around and grab the credit."



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Tires–Retail–(Cont'd)

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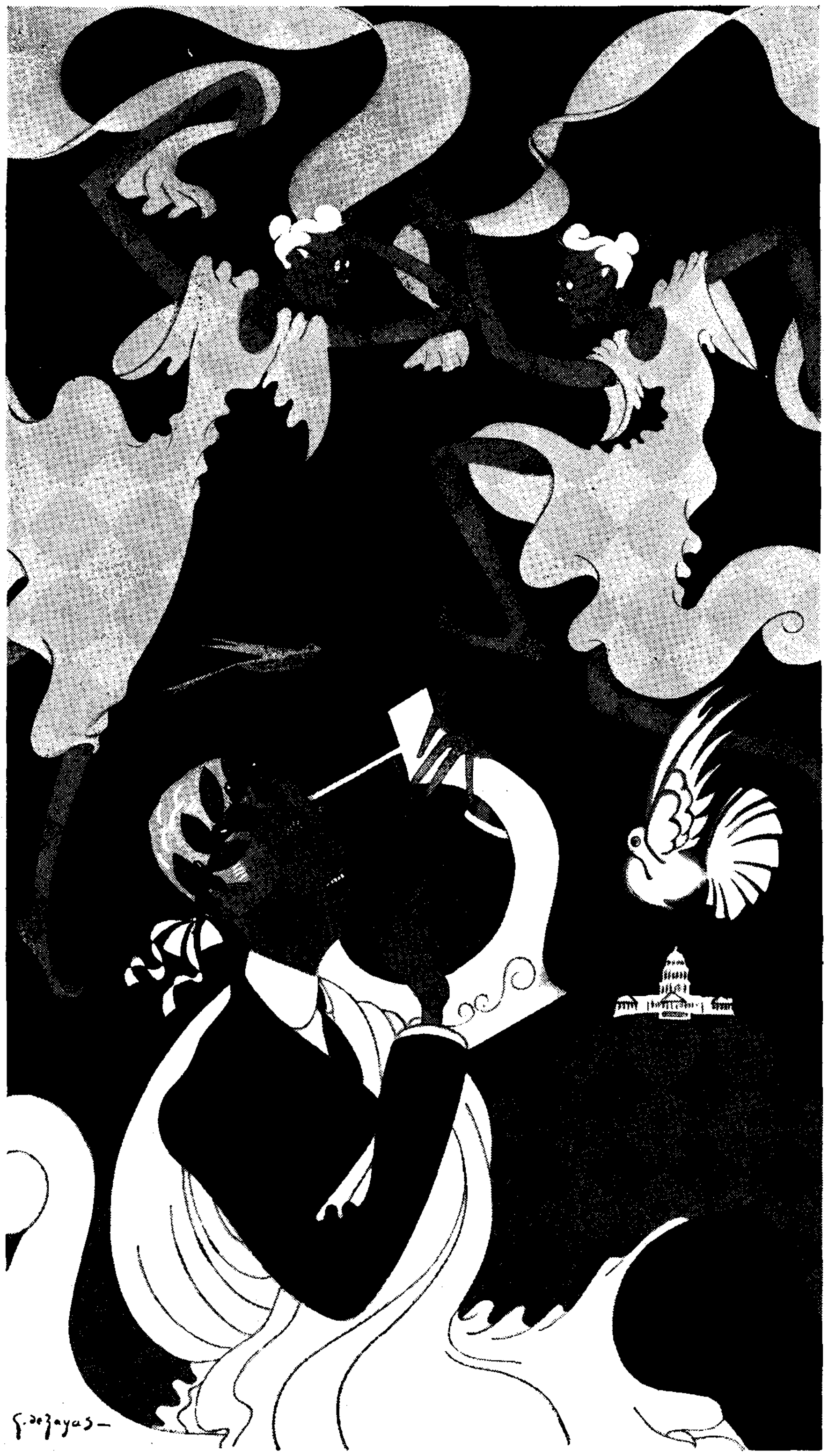
The Poet's Bill

By George Creel

Collier's Washington Staff Writer

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE DE ZAYAS



John Steven McGroarty abandoned the leprechauns to sing of Dr. Townsend

COME all ye now and meet John Steven McGroarty of California, him that's behind the Townsend bill in Congress, and pushing so hard, poor man, that the sweat of him has the sound of rain. A grand fine bill, giving two hundred dollars a month to every human being in the country over sixty, and them to sit in the parlor, idle and elegant, with nothing harder to do than spend down to the last cent before the good government man comes by with another check. And why wouldn't Doctor Townsend be able to claim thirty million votes, and have a thought in the back of his mind that he could be President?

Do not ever be thinking, however, that John Steven McGroarty is one with a head for figures, working away on things like taxes, budgets and deficits. Devil a bit! Sure, and didn't his father and mother come from the Ould Sod? It was as a ladeen that he learned of the Good People, the little fairy folk that come out of the trees and flowers at night, making all manner of miracles for them that have kindness in their hearts. Wouldn't John Steven be the silly one to bother with figures when he's got the Good People on his side?

And here's something else for the ear of you. Back in Donegal the McGroartys were all fine ballad singers, and it was John Steven's great-great-grandfather, or maybe an uncle, that shared the wine cup with no less than Hugh O'Neill, for not in all Ulster was there his match when it came to the harp. With singing in his blood, is it a wonder that John Steven took to poetry almost before he was weaned, and has kept it up ever since, dreaming up grand pieces that would make you think a thrush was in the thicket? A fine life, that of a poet. Never a fact nor figure to stop the soul in its flight.

The Minstrel Finds His Soul

Maybe you've heard that there was a time when John Steven turned away from his singing for a while? Sure, and 'twas not the fault of the lad. In Luzerne County, Pennsylvania, where he was born and grew up, they had only seven Democrats all told, and the poor dears had to take turns running for office. When it came time for John's pa to endure a nomination, the old man pleaded advancing years, and the son had to step forward. And, sorry the day, he was elected county treasurer! Maybe it was the charm of him, for even today at seventy-four he's got a way with him, and maybe the rooster and eagle got mixed on the ballot. Or perhaps it was the Good People.

Four years he had of it, with a law course thrown in, and all the while his fingers itching for pen and paper. And then there were more sad years away off in Montana on the pay roll of Marcus Daly, him that was the big Copper King, working away at his law, and earning money until he stood in danger of having the wealth of Omar. A weaker man would have yielded, but there was that in the heart of John Steven that gave him strength to throw off the bonds of reality, letting him go back to the poetry that was his life and love.

'Twas in Los Angeles that he pitched his tent and began the search for wild honey. Back in 1901 there was no better town for a bit of resting and writing. Small and sunny and sleepy, and John Steven turned out poetry so fast that often his neighbors couldn't see him for the flying leaves. And did you never read his Mission play? All about Father Junipero Serra—God rest his soul—who went up and down from the City of the Angels to the Golden Gate, planting trees and vines and preaching the Word, the bells of his churches carrying sweet messages to every Indian in the land?

Do I have to tell you how Los Angeles grew? Almost overnight what was a village became a roaring city that spread out for twenty-five square miles, with people pouring in from every quarter, and all full of fun. Before you could say whisht, there were some two hundred religions going full blast, and on the heels of them followed as many political cults. Platonians, Bellamyites, Utopians and Epics came and went before the dazed eyes of John Steven as he sat in his little arbor, but devil a one stirred the blood of him until long, lean Doctor Townsend ambled up from Long Beach with his Old Age Revolving Pension plan.

Sure, and it was like the clarion that called Peter the Hermit and Walter the Penniless to the rescue of Jerusalem from the Turks. All the dreams of happy, noble living that had gone into his Junipero Serra swept John Steven again as he stared into a shining future where the elders of the nation would know peace, dignity and security. What if a lot of cold-nosed economists kept asking where the money was coming from? John Steven felt sure that the Good People could be counted on.

And is he sincere? He let them elect him to Congress, didn't he? And if you know John Steven, you'd know that it was death to him to leave his little house and garden, and go to Washington where he bumps shoulders day after day with men who never read a Shelley sonnet and think that an ode has something to do with a promise to pay. He believes in the Townsend Plan as devoutly as he believes in the Apostles' Creed.

The Man with Never a Doubt

To be sure, his bill only received fifty-three votes, but that doesn't worry John Steven. Hasn't Doctor Townsend told him that they have thirty million signatures on their petitions, and that the movement will elect three hundred congressmen this coming November?

A federal tax on all transactions is fixed at two per cent in the bill, and the kitty will be divided pro rata among the eligible. What if it doesn't bring in enough to pay $200 a month? Sure, and there are plenty of other fine ideas to take its place. For instance, a bond issue could be floated, say for ten billions or so, to take care of the first year. What's ten billions? No more than the black of your fingernail. And after things get going, maybe we won't need a sales tax at all, at all.

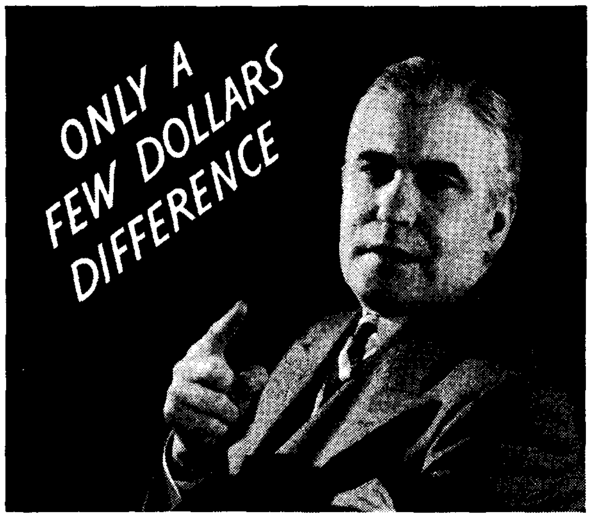
The Doc has worked it out as simple as you please. With the old people spending twenty billions, business will boom, and there'll be jobs for everybody at grand pay. And general employment, as any but a Wall Street rascal well knows, will yield twenty billions more than the big year of 1929. All to be done is take it over for social dividends. As Doc says, the tax mechanism is unimportant. Social dividends! Aha, and did you get that? Pensions is a word that's been dropped. It smacks too much of charity.

What's that you're saying? Of course it will take slathers of people to find out just what men and women are eligible, to check up on their incomes, to see that none of them engage in gainful occupations, to distribute the money and to make sure that all of it is spent within thirty days. And there are the commissioners who will have to be appointed to handle the money for the incompetent and improvident, and the Lord only knows what will happen when we get down to saying what is competence and what is providence. But what of it? We're ending unemployment, aren't we? Anyway, they're just a lot of petty details that mean nothing to John Steven.

Up in his office there's the grandest picture that ever yet was seen. It's a photograph showing the people of his district gathered to do him honor when he went back to California last August. More than 120,000 of them, packed and jammed until you couldn't get so much as a fingernail bechune 'em. The faces turned up as to heaven, and the shine of a great hope in every eye. With that picture ever before him, John Steven McGroarty should be worrying where the money's coming from!

LET'S TALK TRUCK PRICES!

Yes, you just bet it pays to look first at the *price* when you start comparing America's three lowest-priced trucks. Many truck buyers are literally amazed when they see how close together the delivered prices are!

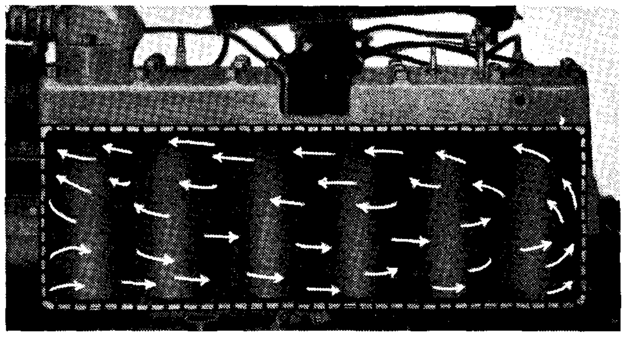

ONLY A FEW DOLLARS DIFFERENCE

One way or the other, there is only a few dollars difference today between any corresponding models of the three lowest-priced trucks. This is especially true when such factors as wheelbase and extra features are considered.

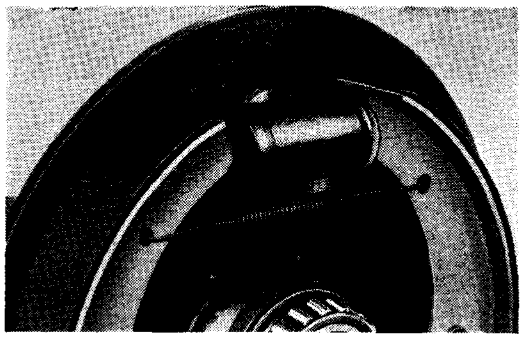
SO PRICE MEANS NOTHING

This means one thing sure! You don't need to consider price at all today when you compare lowest-priced trucks. The thing to do is to get a "show-down" on features. Figure what you *get* for your money. That's what really counts!

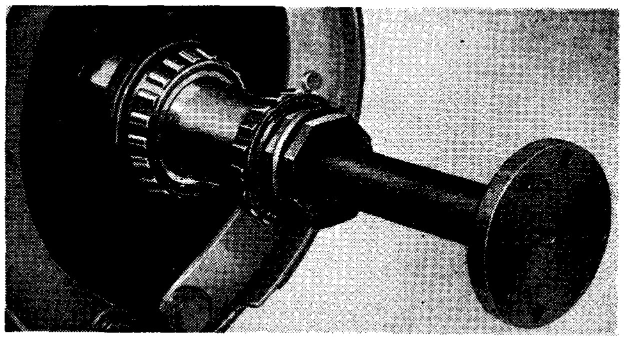
NOW COMPARE VALUES



Only one low-priced truck gives you a 6-cylinder, economical L-head engine with exhaust valve seat inserts, full-length water jackets, aluminum alloy pistons, 4 piston rings, spray-cooled exhaust valve seats, oil cooling. That truck is DODGE!

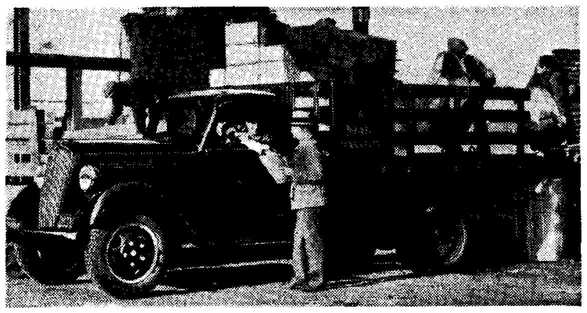


Only one truck of the lowest-priced three gives you hydraulic brakes proved and perfected in many years of actual truck operation. DODGE pioneered this great feature to save tires, brake lining, adjustment expense.

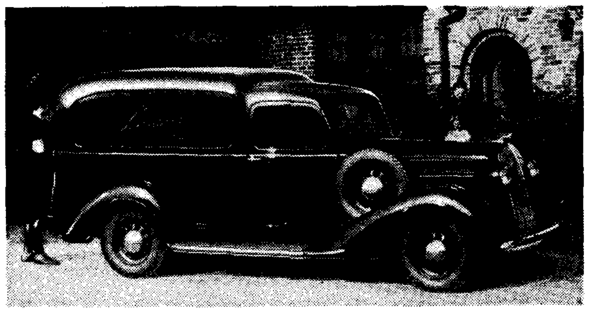


Full-floating rear axle is another of the many quality features pioneered by DODGE in low-priced trucks. DODGE introduced the full-floating rear axle to save upkeep expense for you, make your truck more serviceable and dependable.

SAVE UP TO $95 A YEAR ON GAS ALONE



NEW DODGE 1½-TON STAKE—136' W. B.—6-cyl.—Gives you 6 special oil and gas saving features, genuine hydraulic brakes, many engineering advancements... yet priced down with the lowest. **$690***



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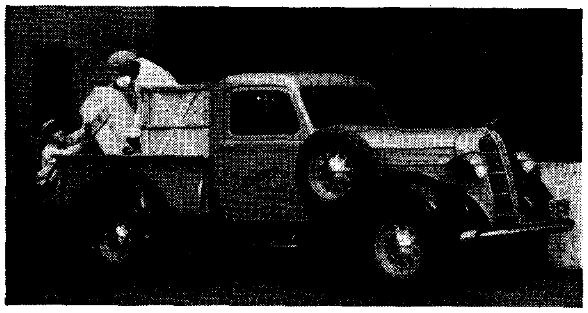

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Many consider Patsy Kelly the greatest comedienne in the world, but Patsy worries very little about it

Haphazard Patsy

By Kyle Crichton

Miss Patsy Kelly began by wandering aimlessly around a stage; subsequently she wandered aimlessly into fame and fortune. She is still wandering, but there are now those who believe, despite appearances, she may know what she's doing

THE police first took an interest in the Patsy Kelly case when she was hit by a taxi at the age of nine. The lesson was continued six months later when she tried to annihilate a truck with her bicycle, ending up in the station house with various contusions and a desire to get out of the place before they started questioning her about the Greek who had been missing apples from his stand at the corner of 61st and Third Avenue. The climax came two months later when she was run down by a hook and ladder wagon.

"Mrs. Kelly," said the police, coming to the house, "it's a fair question we're asking you. Do you either take the kid off the streets or do we take off the cabs?"

Which, obviously, is how fate works because Patsy left parochial school and started going to Jack Blue's dancing school, getting the notion that she was somebody pretty important and being careful to walk sedately from school to home lest she ruin her beautiful feet and thus her career. It was only gradually that she realized that since Mr. Blue was a hoofer, it would be possible to attend his classes until you were blue all over without being Pavlowa.

Out of the whole thing came Broadway and Hollywood instead of death. It wasn't within reason that she could have continued indefinitely her quixotic career of bucking New York traffic. Instead she was soon teaching the younger kids in the Blue classes and getting her tuition free. The days with Jack Blue were fine. With Patsy and her brother Willie were Ruby Keeler and her brother Bill. They all danced and they all lived on Third Avenue, New York City, with the elevated trains running past the third-floor windows and Patsy combing her hair gracefully every morning, confident that somebody out of all the passing millions who looked interestedly into her bedroom would see what an extraordinary child she was.

The Kelly family had come from Ireland, where the father was a member of the Royal Irish Constabulary and very proud of it.

"Had a picture of the King in the house," says Patsy, "and had to walk down the middle of the street for fear somebody in the neighborhood would crown him."

Reunion in America

But pride or no pride, he got hot feet and struck out for America. After a few letters the family heard no more from him. Two years went by, five years, ten years. Then Mrs. Kelly and the elder children came over and she worked as midwife in a doctor's office. When they carried a man in one day from an automobile accident, it naturally had to be the missing Kelly.

"He says, 'How d'ye do?' and she says, 'How d'ye do?'" says Patsy, "and they go back to living together as if he'd just been away for the week end."

Patsy was born in Brooklyn and the family later moved to the Third Avenue place in Manhattan, where the old man washed cars in a garage and later was foreman of the place.

During the days at Jack Blue's, Bill Keeler went down to Washington on a two-day excursion and came back with a Southern accent. Willie Kelly called him on the phone about going to a movie.

"I ain't got no money no-how," says Bill.

"Two days," says Patsy disgustedly. "What do you-all know about that?"

The first member of the triumvirate to get a break was Willie Kelly, who went over to try out for Frank Fay's vaudeville act. Patsy went along to help him with his routine. So Fay compromised. He hired Patsy to dance and Willie to drive his car. She was then sixteen and pretty fresh and also very bright. After a year dancing in the Fay act, she became his stooge and vaudeville history was made. Fay broke all records by an eight weeks' run at the Palace in New York, then the heaven of all vaudevillians. The act had no sense and Patsy was a very senseless part of it. With the exception of two or three bits which they always included, the act was just what Fay happened to be thinking at the moment. Patsy had to hold up her end with the fastest-thinking performer in show business. At her first performance with Fay, she went on unrehearsed.

"After the first two minutes," says Patsy, "I went dumb."

Some nights Patsy would come on, say a few words and stroll nonchalantly off. Fay never turned a hair.

What would she do when she couldn't think of anything to say?

"I'd say, 'Well, that stumps me; from this point you're on your own, Fay.'"

Frank would be entirely unabashed in a situation like that.

"I will now sing thirty or forty songs," he would say.

It was great training for a girl who was to become the quickest-tongued comedienne on the American stage. But she couldn't think fast enough to cover things when Willie, who was acting as chauffeur for Fay, took out the Rolls-Royce when the act was on and tore off one of the doors against a telegraph post.

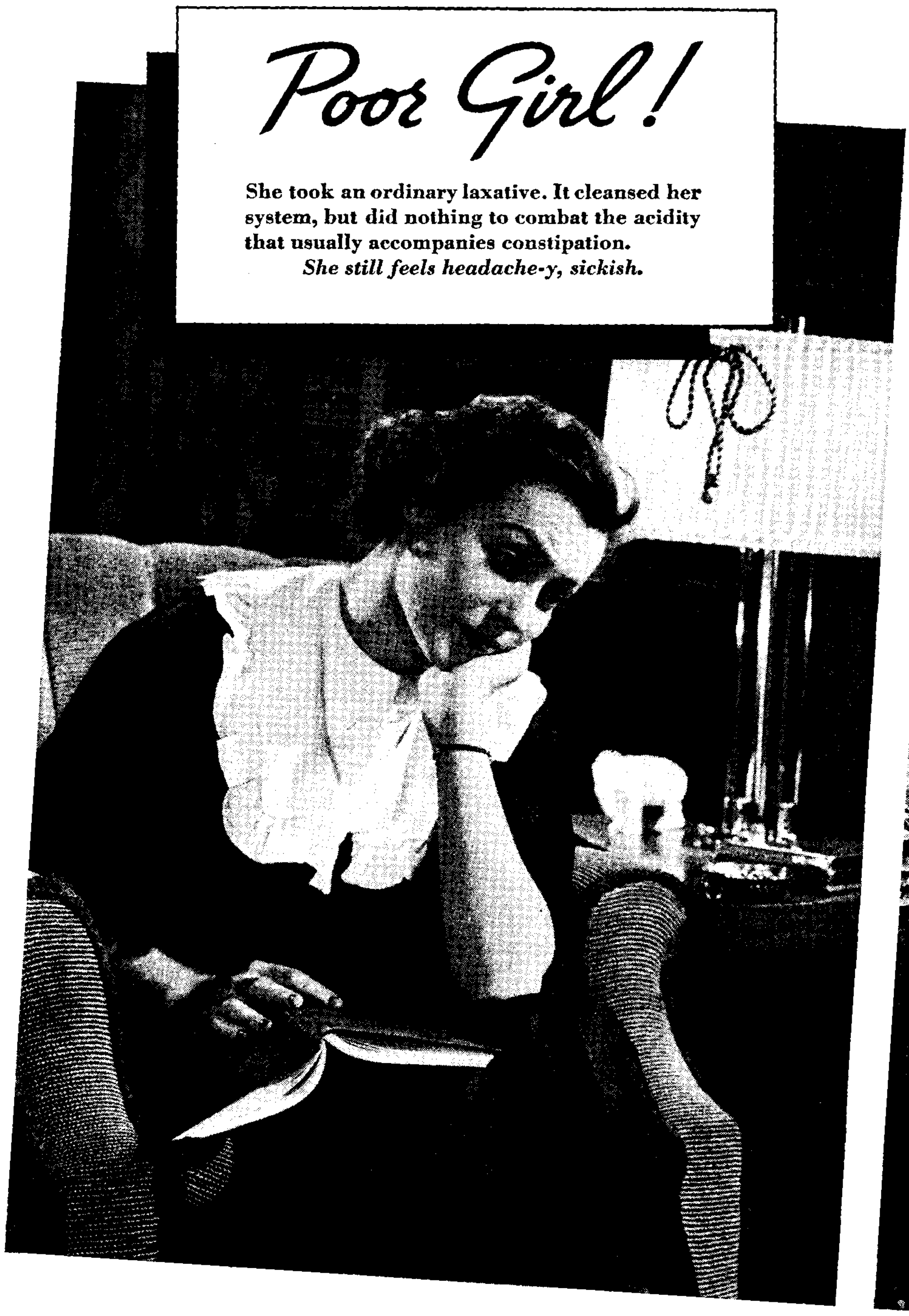
"Was he sore at Willie?" asks Patsy. "Like anything; he gave *me* hell."

Pandemonium at the Vanities

After six years with Fay, she went into Earl Carroll's Vanities. The tryout was held in Atlantic City and is still remembered in show business. It was the first show job for Herb Williams and when he looked at the list of acts on the call board, he decided he wouldn't be on for hours. In vaudeville each act ran for at least ten minutes and Herb didn't realize that revue sketches last only a minute or two. When the time came for his first appearance, Herb was out in the alley smoking a cigarette. In the midst of the pandemonium over Herb, Patsy, who had been sick and was entirely worn-out from rehearsals, selected this moment to faint. While they were dragging her off to her hotel, the stage was empty and there were wild cries for Williams. Herb was found and came dashing in by the wrong entrance. He got caught in the gauze netting which had been used in the Faith Bacon act previously, was lifted up by stagehands who had got tangled in the ropes, was elevated about ten feet, turned around and dropped.

It was one long nightmare of curtains arising on stagehands, curtains going down in the middle of scenes, actors wandering into the wrong scenes, stage waits, two actors realizing halfway through a sketch that they were not talking about the same thing at all, and Jack Benny. Benny saved what was left of the evening. When a lady wandered in where she didn't belong, Jack said to

(*Continued on page 84*)



Poor Girl!

She took an ordinary laxative. It cleansed her system, but did nothing to combat the acidity that usually accompanies constipation.
She still feels headache-y, sickish.

Wise Lady!

***She* took the laxative that cleanses the system and *also combats acidity.* Just two teaspoons of Sal Hepatica in a glass of water, and . . .**
She feels great!

Why you must use a laxative that COMBATS ACIDITY, too . . .

Did you know this?

When you are constipated, you usually increase the acidity in your system. And unless you counteract that acidity as well as eliminate the wastes that are clogging your intestines, that logy, constipated feeling . . . headaches . . . are apt to hang on.

You're apt to have a constipation hang-over.

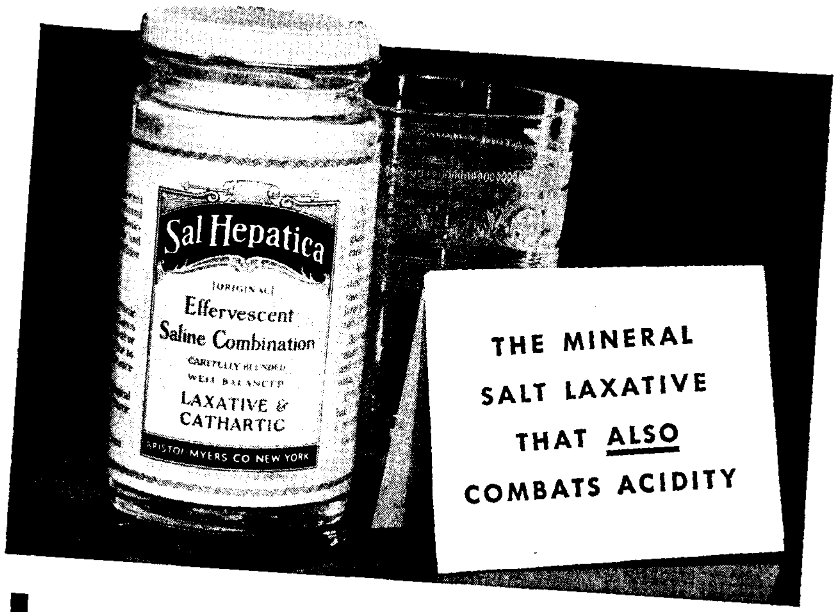
Here's what you do.

Take Sal Hepatica—the mineral salt laxative that both cleanses the system *and* combats acidity. No ordinary laxative is designed to do this double job.

But Sal Hepatica—while it quickly, gently, thoroughly cleanses the intestinal tract—is also producing a definite alkaline (anti-acid) reaction, to help your system return to its normal alkaline reserve.

No wonder you soon feel more alive, more like your old self! No wonder millions of people are turning to Sal Hepatica for *"the smile of health"!* Get Sal Hepatica today.

TO COMBAT A COLD take 2 teaspoons of Sal Hepatica in a glass of water. This not only cleanses the intestines (and that's important in fighting a cold) but it combats the acidity that encourages a cold. Act now—block that cold!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LAXATIVE & CATHARTIC
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THE MINERAL SALT LAXATIVE THAT ALSO COMBATS ACIDITY

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Sal Hepatica does BOTH!

OL' JUDGE ROBBINS
FINDS A WONDERFUL PIPE IN A BURIED CITY
THAT'S A QUEER LOOKING PIPE, JUDGE – INDIAN, I SHOULD SAY
YES, BUT OF A LONG LOST RACE. I DISCOVERED IT BELOW THE MEXICAN BORDER MANY YEARS AGO
WHILE HUNTING STRAY CATTLE FROM OUR RANCH IN THE NORTH, I MET WITH AN ACCIDENT –
GOOD HEAVENS, THE WHOLE SIDE OF THE CLIFF IS CAVING IN!
MY STARS, PONY, I'VE STUMBLED ON TO A HALF-BURIED CLIFF-DWELLERS' CITY
THE ONE SOUVENIR I PICKED UP WAS THIS POTTERY PIPE
THIS PLACE IS SPOOKY. LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!
I GUESS THEY HAD PRIMITIVE IDEAS ON SMOKIN' TOBACCO IN THOSE DAYS
YES, YES, FOLKS THAT ARE USED TO PRINCE ALBERT DON'T REALIZE THEIR BLESSINGS. WITH P.A. BEING SO MILD, IT NEVER BITES THE TONGUE!

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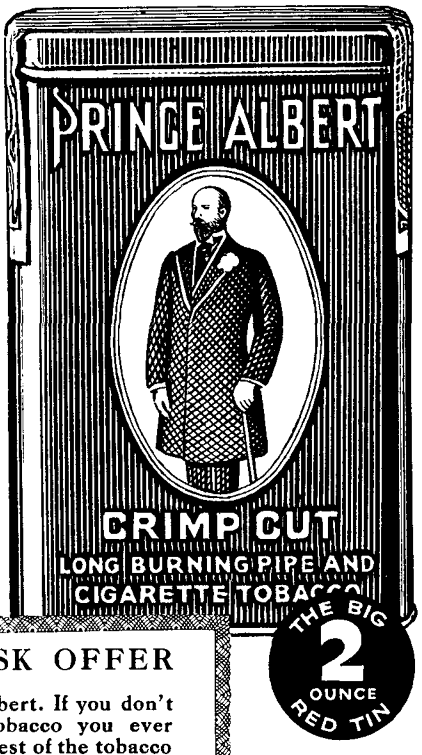

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"You must be pleased"
Smoke 20 fragrant pipefuls of Prince Albert. If you don't find it the mellowest, tastiest pipe tobacco you ever smoked, return the pocket tin with the rest of the tobacco in it to us at any time within a month from this date, and we will refund full purchase price, plus postage. (Signed)
R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.

PRINCE ALBERT THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE!

50 pipefuls of fragrant tobacco in every 2-oz. tin of Prince Albert

Strange Return

Continued from page 16

His fingers felt the guns under their encasing fabric. His lips tightened, relaxed in a smile, and tightened forever. He strode up the dim runway past piles of resinous lumber; he could smell the gum soaking out of wood. Coils of chicken wire were stacked on a framework.

He walked out into the sunlight, into the breath of Jove City, and already the lumber yard was ten miles behind him.

Two empty milk cans and a box of beer bottles lay on the sidewalk in front of Brandimier's pool hall. Ed Brandimier was standing in the door, looking up and down the street.

Stony called, "Ed!" and when he said it there was a guttural pride in his throat.

Ed looked at him; one pink arm slid slowly off the doorjamb. Ed became a fat pink-and-white dummy.

STONY HORN walked out into the street. It was his street, he admitted to himself. Nobody else had ever written a signature among those wheel ruts.

On his left someone kept gaping, "*Look at that*" and "*Look-a-there*" . . . It was the voice of a half-wit, of tumbled brains trying to orient themselves to this new and unequivocal order of things. Stony's hands swayed easily before him as he went; his fingers arched toward his body. The flaps of his vest were solid before his belt. There was no bulge.

Once he had been an orphan in Colorado; once he had been an invalid in New York; but now he was a giant towering over any building in Jove City. Once he had even gone to school, and there he had learned a poem by John Greenleaf Whittier. He had recited it, too, no matter how frightened he was, and it sat in his brain always. *Under his slouched hat left and right he glanced.*

Stony Horn's pounding boots said, "Stonewall Jackson. Ha." All around him people were yelling, or tumbling silently into covered doorways. For a fleeting second Horn winked his eyes shut. Already he was passing the first corner, and that was the street where Minnie Woodford used to live, and he was trying to ward off the eternal pain in her eyes. *Under his slouched hat left and—*

Carney Robinson's face kept growing and swelling closer, pushing into Stony's consciousness like a specter which would not be put down. Stony's fingers began to curve; he felt the squeeze of muscles along his taut forearms. Behind Robinson were other faces. Abernathy's saloon.

Horn said, "Oh, Carney."

Robinson's puffy eyes had brown lids that were made of wrinkled tin, and couldn't open any wider.

"Don't pull those guns," said Stony Horn.

The big yellow hands congealed in mid-air.

"Look down, Carney," Horn said, "down at my shoe." And he didn't look down himself, but his right leg twisted forward to expose that hole in the upper rim of the laced boot. "That was the lowest one; it went into the calf of my leg. It didn't bother me, but the other ones were higher."

The crowd was a dead mass of solid bodies and wax faces, none of them alive.

"I guess everybody's here," said Stony. "I see Jud Jennaway and Charlie Munster and the Shelky boys. It don't take news long to travel here, not even all the way from the lumber yard." He said, "I clumb out of my grave before sunup. Come here, Carney."

The image moved, and stopped, and moved once more.

"Keep coming, Carney." He held his palms pressed against his groins as if a pain were chewing him there. He took the black guns out of Robinson's holsters, and the hands of One-Way Freeman reached from somewhere to accept this first offering.

Stony grasped Robinson's big shoulders and spun him around and looked intently into his face. "Before tonight, Carney! Unless you're married; then you've got till tomorrow. I don't care who you take with you, but if your friends stay they won't like it here any more."

He pushed past Robinson and walked directly toward the curb. The crowd scattered, stumbling and blundering. Someone gave vent to a faint cheer. People were trying to reach out and grasp Stony's hand. He disregarded them, because he thought that shaking hands was dangerous and a waste of time. Then he was inside the Morgan House.

The proprietor had a Scandinavian mouth and eyes of no particular nationality, and sleeve holders of soiled lavender elastic. . . . Stony's voice was saying casually, through the smoky, thrice-breathed air, "Give me my old rooms at the side."

The Scandinavian mouth wriggled and did funny things, and a drop of water fell from the man's jaw.

"Oh, what ails you?" cried One-Way Freeman in the distance. "This ain't no ghost. It's Stony Horn, and he's come back to town."

IT WAS eight o'clock that night when the city fathers trooped home from their final conference with Stony. On the stair landing, Osage Tilden left off whittling matches. He came up to Stony's door, where Freeman sat on a tilted chair. "The Shelky boys lit out for Mexico," he said.

"Jud Jennaway lit out for further than that," announced One-Way. "I seen him at the depot this afternoon, and he had a satchel with him. He figured maybe he'd join the army and go help civilize the Filipinos."

Osage grinned slyly. "Filipinos are like Apaches, I reckon. They might make a meal off him."

Freeman said, "Probably they wouldn't like ptomaine poison any better than we would," and then Stony Horn came out of his bedroom with Biscuit Flinch and Johnny Coffin.

"*Come in to the setting-room*," he ordered. "The office of mayor has been declared vacant. I always thought Coffin was the best name for a furniture-and-undertaking man that I ever heard, and I reckon it might do for a mayor too. Anyway, Johnny's father is going to saddle up and try it. Cooper Clagg has resigned as sheriff, and Abbott Bolesby says he'll make a satisfactory one."

"Is that all?" asked Osage.

"There was some talk about a police force," Biscuit Flinch told him. "Do you think you're eligible? There was talk, too, about the voters going to the polls —to make all this kind of legal—and I hope you boys give them an honest election."

Stony said, "Let's eat."

"Didn't you eat?" asked One-Way. "I saw enough grub carried in there to feed a round-up."

"Not much. I was too busy being a politician. I don't like politics, but I

(Continued on page 36)

TUNE UP YOUR CAR
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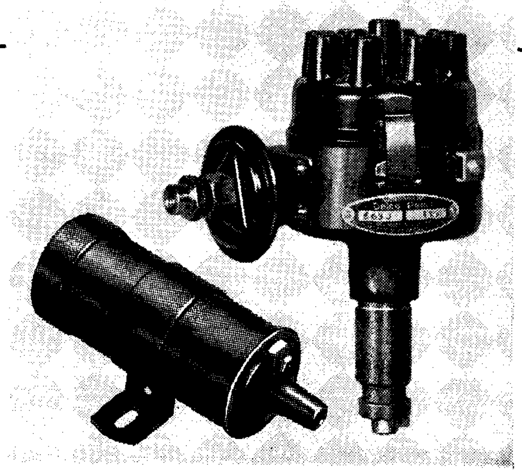

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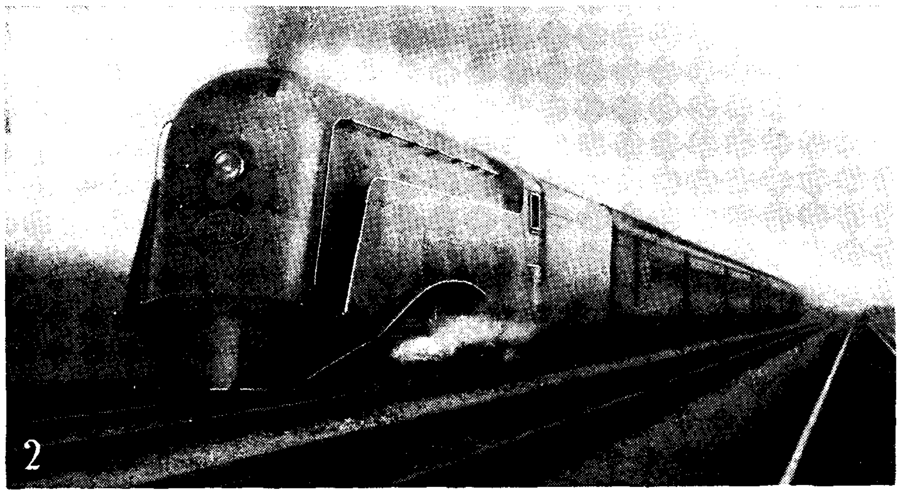

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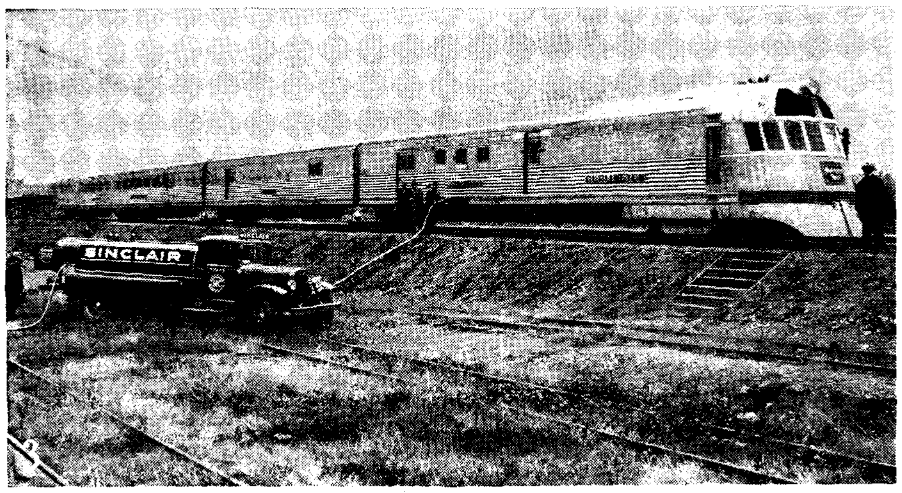

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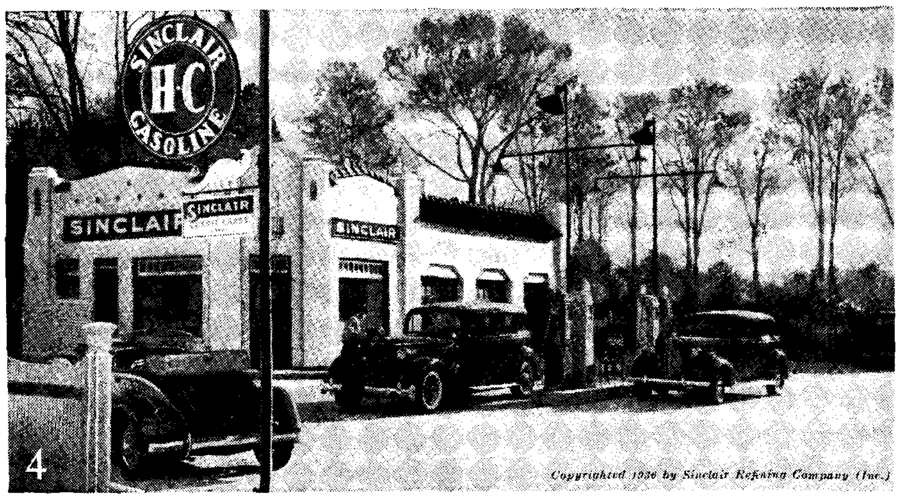

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Strange Return

Continued from page 34

reckon that sometimes it's necessary."

They called for a Chinese boy and sat down to wait. "Real estate will take a tumble," Johnny Coffin predicted.

"Why is that?" asked Stony.

"Well, there'll be a lot on the market when Carney Robinson's stuff is turned loose. That alone ought to take down the price a peg or two. They say he owns twelve new business properties, let alone the hotel at Juanita Crossing."

One-Way Freeman gulped, and his thin lip drew down over his front teeth.

Stony Horn was on his feet, hands twitching, his gaze turned on Freeman, his face as expressionless as a pie tin. "You didn't tell me that," he said.

The other men knew that some ugly force had leaped within that room, and still they didn't know what it was about.

"Stony," said One-Way, "we never did talk about real estate."

Stony's hands pushed against the front of his vest. "I want to be correct on this, boys. Are you dead certain Carney Robinson owns that hotel at Juanita?"

For a moment no one answered. Their silence was assent in itself.

"She's just a widow, Stony," Freeman said. "Just—"

A Chinese waiter grinned in the doorway, but Stony ordered him back downstairs. "I don't give a damn if she's five widows," he said. "So she runs the hotel that Carney Robinson owns! And do you reckon he owns her, along with it? I know one piece of real estate that'll never go on the market. I wasn't good enough for her when I was here before: I made my living by killing! But I never made it by murder like Carney did. Get the horses, somebody."

"We haven't eaten," said a voice.

"We're riding to Juanita Crossing," said Stony. "If anybody thinks he's hungry he can take along a sausage and roast it when we get there, on the end of a stick. A long stick, too."

His glance lashed them out of the room and down the hall and through the lobby. He came close behind, whipping them into their saddles without another word. Even the black-chinned Osage Tilden, who knew little enough about justice, would have admitted that there might be a horrid justice in what Stony was about to do. But every man shivered and marveled at the thought of visiting such justice on the girl who had been Minnie Woodford.

THEY took the road due north toward the dark flats of desert land, and the speckled stars tried to build shadows under their horses' feet, but failed. They rode with dry wind on their faces; no one dared remark that it was good to be riding together again.

Flinch said, after they had passed the dry bottom, "Did Carney go?"

Twenty hoofs clicked softly among the stones.

"I didn't see him again," said Stony Horn.

"Nobody seen him," Johnny Coffin declared.

"Well," Flinch offered humbly, "he'll go, pronto. But in the hotel lobby I heard someone say he had holed in all afternoon up at his mother's place, absorbing liquor."

A pale meteor left Arizona and fell somewhere in Mexico. "If he's drunk," said Stony, "I wouldn't touch him—not unless I had to. I never dropped a drunk man yet. When we get back to town we'll do some asking."

The hotel had been built when the railroad was first laid across those rocks, and a branch line wound away into the Aveiro Mountains. But the Aveiro silver had been spread too thin, and now the hotel waited under the stars for guests who, mainly, did not come.

It had one kerosene light swinging opposite the blistered sign that still boasted of rooms and chicken dinners. There was a sad row of piñons near the driveway, and the five men swung to the ground at the edge of a thicket beyond the trees.

Stony dusted his hands on his trouser legs. "Reckon I'll be going in."

"Alone?" growled Osage.

"Yes."

"She's got a hand. Some monkey Carney Robinson had there to keep an eye on the hotel."

Stony didn't answer. They watched his dark shape move through the mesquite toward the cleared ground.

A MAN opened the side door of the building. They could see his fat shoulders framed against the light inside. "Hey. Who's out there?" Suddenly it seemed very black in that driveway, even with the kerosene lamp winking bravely above.

Horn went forward, rapidly, across the hard sand. He said, "Outside, Mister!"

The man tried to close the door. Stony's bullet plowed the wooden step in front of him.

"Outside!"

The guard came slowly, cringingly, hands shoved above his head. The lights of the dining-room were beyond, and the watching men could see Stony whirl him around, seize his gun, and push him toward the road. "Walk toward those trees. You're being watched. Anybody else inside?"

"She's there," whispered the man. "Just her and—"

One-Way Freeman drew a long breath, as Horn stepped inside and closed the door behind him. The others went forward to seize the disarmed guard, who was shuffling uncertainly in the roadway.

This is a story about Stony Horn and a doll with a broken leg.

Minnie Woodford had blue eyes, but now they were eyes that measured deeper than any mine shaft in the world . . . clouded with the turgid hopelessness of old water, standing there in darkness for so long.

People had warned Stony that some day the hammer of a gun would catch, for one split second, against his clothing. The hammer had never caught, yet. He had put his guns back as soon as he had fired at the doorstep, and he did not draw them again as he walked into the hotel.

He said, "Howdy."

She was standing at the kitchen door with a revolver in her hand. She looked at him, and her face was dry as a bone.

He laughed and spoke again. "Howdy, baby." It wasn't exactly caressing, the way he said it.

But the baby heard him, and she thought he was talking to her. She was quite a young lady—twenty-three months old. Her mother had named her Grace, but probably she called her "Baby" most of the time. . . .

Grace ran out into the big room where Stony was standing. Ordinarily she wasn't allowed there. People sat at tables in that room, occasionally, and drank things out of pretty bottles. But still Grace's mother was unreasonable, and kept her in the kitchen.

She ran past Minnie and held up her doll for Stony Horn to see. A capable

(Continued on page 38)

—Sending this snapshot because I just want you to see how wonderful they are together. She's her daddy's girl all right. Every morning now she comes peeping in to see if he has 'fallen awake' yet

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Strange Return

Continued from page 36

surgeon, examining the pulverized celluloid where someone had stepped upon the doll, would have placed the injury at nothing less than a compound fracture of the left tibia, and possibly the fibia as well.

Minnie's gun clattered to the floor, but it didn't go off.

The baby looked at Stony very soberly. "Dolly hurt," she said.

One-Way Freeman had told him about a kid. . . . Somehow he had expected to find Minnie alone. . . .

"Dolly bust," Grace told him sadly.

His lithe hand was awkward and fumbling as he reached down and took the doll. He asked, "What's she trying to say?"

Minnie whispered, "You were dead."

"Dolly bust!" wailed Grace.

"Oh, I see!" exclaimed Stony. "The dolly busted her leg, huh? Say, busted legs are right in my line." The dirty doll shook in his hand as if, suddenly, it were alive. "Right in my line," he repeated.

Grace put one finger upon the battered crust of celluloid. "Hurt," she told him.

"I'll say!" said Stony. "It's plumb busted. But we can fix it. Splints and bandages—they're just the things for a busted leg."

He felt in his pocket for a handkerchief which wasn't there. He did find a pencil, and snapped it into two pieces. Then he reached under his belt beside the heavy revolvers, and drew out the front tail of his blue shirt. . . . Grace watched him with interest. He bit into the hem of the shirt and tore off a long strip of the pale blue cotton.

"It spoils shirts to do that, but I reckon we've got to have bandages."

UNDOUBTEDLY the celluloid bones would knit, splinted so neatly with broken pencil and knotted blue rags.

"There," Stony said, "that's what I call a major operation." He rose to his feet and carefully tucked the shirt around his waist. "I came here to burn this place," he remarked to no one in particular. And then he took three other steps forward and put his arms around Minnie.

She turned her face away, but too many things had happened to her to let her cry.

"Minnie," he said, over and over. "Minnie. . . ."

She gasped:

"You were dead and buried! I didn't care much whether I—"

"Is Carney Robinson a friend of yours?" he asked dully.

"He foreclosed on this hotel and took it over. He did his best to freeze me out because I—I wouldn't— All I've had lately was a job here—a job that gave us something to eat. There wasn't anything else to do. You were dead, Stony; so was my father and so was Owen. Everybody was dead."

Grace was talking a lot of gibberish to her doll. She was only a blur as Horn looked at her.

"This little colt ought to be in bed," he muttered.

"They told me you'd come back, Stony. But I couldn't believe it. I was there when they buried you."

His arms came away from her suddenly, and now he was fumbling inside his vest.

"Here."

She looked at the bills in her red hand. "What is it?"

"You take this little colt, and go away from here. You used to have a sister back in Missouri, didn't you? I reckon you and the kid could be mighty contented back there."

She whispered, "One time I wouldn't have you. Now I guess it's the other way around."

Stony's words came like blunted bullets. "I won't ask you to stand it. Some day somebody will drop me. It can't miss. It'll come. I don't want you to be in on it. . . ."

His voice was softer: "Right away we'll take you to the depot to catch the eleven-thirty train. There'll just be time, if you work fast and round up whatever little stuff of yours and the kid's you want to keep."

He went to the door to call his boys, but his eyes told her nothing more when he glanced back over his shoulder. "I said that I was going to burn this shack, and I'm sure going to do it. You better hustle up, Minnie."

THE isolated facts were jumbled very loosely that night, and no one has ever been able to figure just why they fell the way they did. The Supreme Juggler of Facts must accept the entire responsibility.

He juggled Minnie and Grace into the barren little station to await the eastbound train, and juggled Stony Horn back to the Morgan House with only One-Way Freeman to attend him. They were at the desk, and Stony was buying cigarettes, when Carney Robinson—drunker and crazier than he had ever been in his life—came plunging through the door.

Stony Horn told him, "If you've got hold of any new guns, Carney, don't pull them." But Carney Robinson was drunk and—

When One-Way Freeman and the hotel clerk stepped out from behind the desk, Carney was dead. At first they thought that Stony Horn was dead, too, but he twisted himself on one elbow and tried to get up, and fell back again.

It was a clear night. The sound of gunfire could carry a long way, even though a departing train had set the canyon echoes to wailing. The doctor was just tacking a wad of gauze against Stony's chest when the hotel door flew open for the fiftieth time in five minutes, and Minnie dropped on her knees beside the new marshal.

His eyes were closed. "Didn't the train stop?" he wanted to know.

"Yes," she cried. "It stopped . . . something stopped inside of me, too. I wasn't sure you'd need me, but now I am."

He asked, his eyes squeezing shut, "Where's the baby, and the doll with the busted leg?"

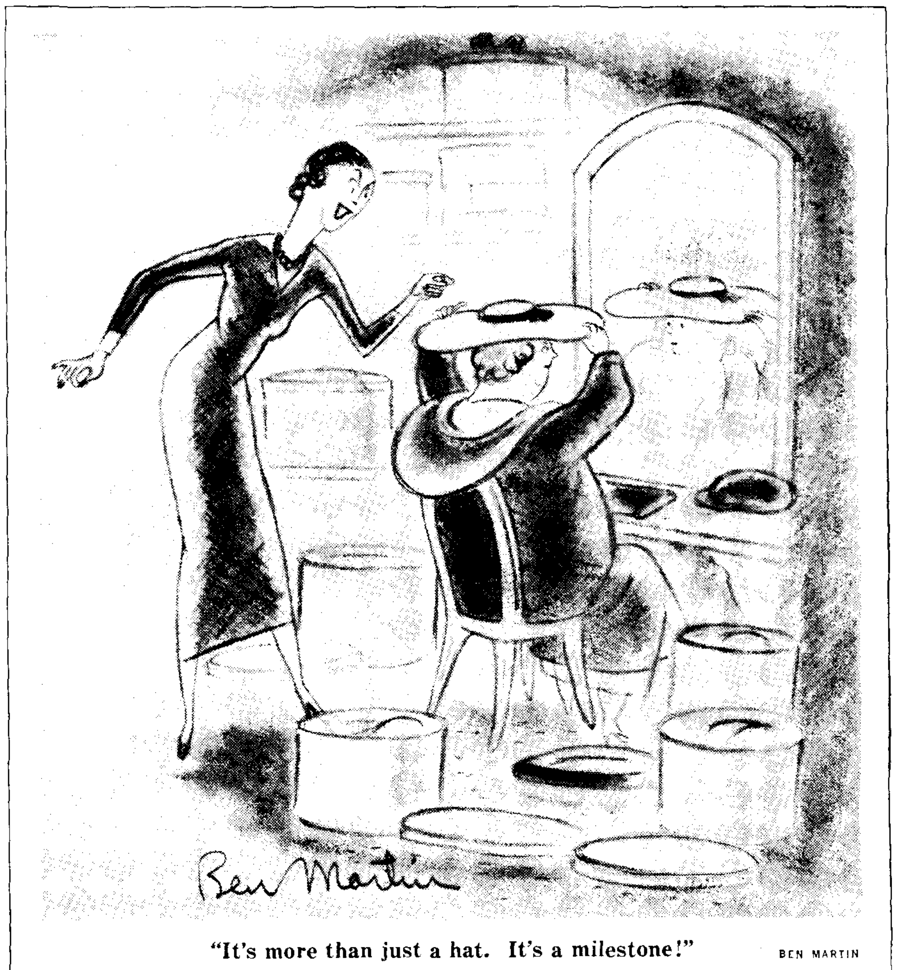
"Old Gramp Tilden is taking care of them down at the depot. I—I'll bring them up here the first moment you'll let me." Her eyes left Stony's face and found the doctor's in the crowd above.

The doctor jerked at his little beard. "Two inches lower, Minnie, and— But it looks high and safe to me. If he doesn't get pneumonia."

Minnie whispered, "No, he won't get pneumonia. He won't get—anything. I'll be with him—" And then One-Way Freeman lifted her up.

People carried Stony to his room; the doctor followed, and so did Minnie. Downstairs, men nudged Carney Robinson with their boot toes and tried to solve this mystery. The guns had talked so simultaneously that it was hard to understand matters. Carney Robinson, drunk, matching Stony Horn on the draw! No one thought that such a thing could be; and Stony's reputation bore a tiny blemish from that day forth.

Osage Tilden picked up one of Stony's guns from the floor, and they all noticed the torn threads of blue cloth caught on the hammer. Even then, nobody knew quite what it meant. And upstairs, when they removed Stony's shirt, no one except Minnie knew why that ragged seam was there.



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Hit and Run Drivers

Continued from page 21

never in his life said anything he didn't mean. Hemsley started off fine. He was playing great ball but finally he slipped. Just a big playboy he was, and he thought he'd do a bit of celebrating because of his good behavior. He picked Philadelphia, a rather dull gray town, and decided to paint it, if not red, at least a maroon. So off he went and the first thing you know a cop told him to be quiet and Hemsley said, "Who—me?" and the panic was on.

Hemsley landed in durance vile and Willis Johnson, traveling secretary of the club, hurried to his rescue the next morning.

"I've seen the judge," he soothed. "He understands that you were only having some fun and didn't mean any harm. So don't worry about the judge, kid."

"The judge!" Hemsley exploded. "Who's worrying about him? I'm safe in here but who'll protect me when Hornsby gets his hands on me?"

But Hornsby only said, "Don't do it again or this time I will break your neck."

Hemsley didn't repeat and today he's a great ball player. Laughing Lyn Lary was just another infielder, kicking all over the American League, until he went to the Browns last season. A week after he joined the club he was just about the best shortstop in the American League.

A Real Boss

Hornsby can lick any man on his club. He showed that last year. This story got in the papers so we're not telling tales out of school. Dick Coffman, the pitcher, got on the train at St. Louis last year to start the eastern trip with the Browns. He was what is technically known as "out of training." Hornsby took one look at him and snapped, "Get off the train!"

Coffman refused and the train pulled out of the station. "You'll get off at the first stop and return to St. Louis," Hornsby said.

"I will not," the exuberant Coffman said.

Hornsby swung his right arm. Coffman fell. He was carried off the train at the next station. Frankie Graham, the baseball writer, said to Hornsby, "I suppose you'll trade Coffman now."

"No," Hornsby said in surprise. "I have nothing against him. If he still wants to play ball for me and obeys the rules he can still pitch for me. I don't hold any grudges."

A blunt, monosyllabic, two-fisted fire-eater—that's Hornsby. But when you know him you know a sincere, honest, shrewd baseball manager. When he was a player someone asked him whether he had any interests outside of baseball.

"Sleep and steaks," he answered laconically.

A second McGraw? He's probably the nearest thing to it. Bill Terry, too, uses many of McGraw's methods. He's cold as ice and he doesn't allow friendship to interfere with his managerial judgment. Stonewall Jackson is probably Terry's best friend, but he'd trade him tomorrow if he thought it would help the club. Terry is cold where McGraw was hot-tempered. Terry is stubbornly firm where McGraw was aggressively insistent. Terry in many ways is smarter than McGraw. Terry is a fine businessman. McGraw wasn't. Today Terry dominates the Giants just as McGraw did. Young Horace Stoneham, who now owns the Giants, is a thorough believer in his manager and Terry can make trades, can cut or raise salaries and be the real boss of the club.

Next time you see the Giants play watch Terry through a pair of field glasses. He is grim and his face is set in hard lines. He plays the game every minute. He never lets up and he expects his players not to let up. He is harsh on a player who doesn't follow orders but no one has ever accused him of being unfair or allowing personal likes and dislikes to influence his judgment.

One day last summer the Chicago Cubs were playing at the Polo Grounds. The Giants led until the last half of the ninth when the Cubs got a man on base. Parmelee had been pitching. Terry yanked him and put Leon Chagnon in to stem the Cubs rally. The situation didn't seem really serious, the Giants led by two runs and two were out. Chuck Klein came to the plate to bat for the Cubs.

If he hit a home run it would mean two runs in and the ball game tied. Terry told Chagnon to pitch nothing but outside balls to Klein. This would keep Klein, a right-handed batter, from "pulling" the ball into the right field bleachers.

"I don't care if you walk him," Terry told Chagnon. "I don't care if he hits a three-bagger, but I don't want him to hit a home run. Keep that ball outside."

Well, of course Chagnon tried to throw one past Klein, threw it right down the alley, and Klein kissed it into the right field bleachers, tying up the ball game. The Cubs won in extra innings.

Terry, white with anger, stalked into the clubhouse. He turned to Chagnon. "You'll never pitch another ball for me as long as you're with the club," he said. And Chagnon didn't. Terry further humiliated him by commanding him to take charge of the infield practice balls, a bat boy's duty. This was rough on Chagnon but it was a lesson to the other pitchers. Mind you, had Chagnon obeyed orders, pitched only outside balls, and Klein had hit that home run, Terry would have taken the blame himself.

He did that in 1934 when the Giants went into a late September tailspin and lost a pennant which they seemed to have had all sewed up. The Giants lost the last game of the season and they trooped dejectedly into the clubhouse. The news came that St. Louis had just won again in the West—clinching the pennant for them.

"I lost that pennant for us," Hal Schumacher said bitterly, throwing his glove on the floor. "I haven't pitched a good game in three weeks."

"I lost it," Mel Ott said sorrowfully. "Haven't hit at all these past two weeks."

Gus Mancuso sighed: "I let a passed ball get away from me in Philly last week and that lost the game. If I'd held that ball we'd have won the game and the pennant."

Fulfilling a Promise

Terry hadn't said anything up to now. Now he said sharply: "Stop that kind of talk. If we'd won the pennant they would have given me credit for it. All right, we lost—so I'll take the blame. You all did the best you could. Nobody laid down. No one has anything to be ashamed of but me."

Terry is essentially an honest man. His outspokenness has occasionally made him enemies—enemies who later became his friends. I doubt if Terry ever made a promise that he didn't keep, or didn't try hard to keep. Terry may be cold but . . .

In the winter of 1932 Sam Leslie invited Terry out to Moss Point, Mississippi, for some fishing. Their boat capsized and Terry, who couldn't swim, was in a bad spot. Leslie saved him from drowning.

Terry probably said, "Thanks, Sam," and let it go at that.

Later Terry traded Leslie, Len Koenecke and $15,000 to the Brooklyn team for Frank O'Doul and Lefty Clark. When the trade was made Terry said casually to Leslie, "Sam, the first chance I get I'll bring you back to the Polo Grounds."

A few months ago Terry bought Leslie from Brooklyn for $25,000. If you'd ask Terry about it he'd say calmly, "I can't go on forever. I need a hard-hitting first baseman to fill in for me. I got Leslie cheap."

Maybe he did—but, too, he fulfilled a promise he'd made some years before, a promise which perhaps even Leslie had forgotten.

The Greatest Fighter

His players like Terry immensely and resent any outside criticism of him. One more story about the manager of the Giants—a story which shows his kinship to McGraw.

Two years ago the Giants were training at Miami Beach. The next week they were to play an exhibition game with the Browns at Palm Beach. Sid Mercer, Rud Rennie, Ken Smith, Dick Vidmer and a couple of other baseball writers were sitting on the bench watching infield practice. Terry came over and asked, "What's the best hotel in Palm Beach?"

Someone told him. "It's the best hotel," he added, "but it's awfully expensive."

"What of it?" Terry exploded. "We're a big-league team from a big-league city and we'll travel only first class—no matter what it costs."

That's Terry—a real big-league guy and my guess is that he's going to grow in importance each year.

What about Mickey Cochrane? Cochrane is a good manager but he is more emotional than McGraw ever was. His men think that Mike is the greatest boss and the greatest guy in the world—and as far as I'm concerned they're right. Mike is getting to be quite a student of psychology and it seems to me that each season he grows in his ability to handle men.

Last year Schoolboy Rowe, his pitching mainstay, got off to a bad start. He lost game after game and finally, after the Yankees had flattened him at the Stadium one day, Mike lost patience. He felt that the Schoolboy was just going through the motions and not giving that little extra something which marks the difference between a pitcher and a great pitcher. Cochrane called all of the Tigers to a meeting but he barred Rowe. Mike told them to ignore Rowe henceforth—told them not to speak to him or even to answer his questions.

For two days Rowe walked around in a state of dismayed bewilderment. A big, likable, good-natured kid, this silent treatment cut him to the bone. He couldn't stand it another day. He went to Cochrane and pleaded for a chance to pitch. Mike stuck him in and he pitched a shut-out. Then he went on to help Detroit win the pennant.

Cochrane, like all great managers—and he is a great manager—is as hard on himself as he is on his players. Gerald Walker last year had a lamentable habit of getting caught off first base. Time after time he was slow getting back when the pitcher snapped the ball to the first baseman, and time after time he re-

(Continued on page 44)

TREASURE WITHOUT END

INSURED BY SEAGRAM'S ACTIVITY IN AMERICA

Millions of Gallons Ready Now—Millions of Gallons Aging Millions of Gallons in the Making

WITH most treasures—the more that is taken away—the less you have left. But this is not true with Seagram's. The reason is Seagram's great American building program. Seven million dollars has been expended by Seagram for plants in America. Two huge distilleries—at Lawrenceburg, Indiana, and at Baltimore, Maryland—have been in operation since Repeal. A third large modern distillery is nearing completion at Louisville, Kentucky. Over 23 thermostatically controlled and air-conditioned maturing warehouses have been erected.

This program is the key point in assuring for Seagram's a supply of rare whiskies that is literally *treasure without end.*

A Treasure Ready

As you know, the House of Seagram holds millions of gallons of rare whiskies—aged and ready for use. These stocks were distilled in Canada before Repeal, according to the best American tradition, to suit American taste, supervised by American experts. Today they have reached full maturity—ready for you *now without waiting.*

A Treasure Aging

In addition every week and every year—more and more Seagram Whiskies are "Coming of Age." Millions of gallons are now maturing in charred oak casks in both Canadian and American warehouses. Millions of gallons have been produced in Seagram's American Plants.

A Treasure in the Making

In modern distilleries at Lawrenceburg, Indiana, at Baltimore, Maryland and now at Louisville, Kentucky, Seagram is making fine rye and Bourbon whiskey—and storing it away for *"Time to Work its Wonders."* Thus Seagram's supply of fine whiskies remains . . . steady, continuous, unchanging. Thus the Seagram treasure is actually *treasure without end.*

Now, and in years to come, when you "Say Seagram's" you can be sure of whiskies that are *finer*—whiskies that *taste better.*

Say **Seagram's** and be Sure

PRODUCTS OF LAWRENCEBURG, INDIANA:

Seagram's Five and Seven Crown Blended Whiskies **Seagram's Gins**

BOTTLED IN BOND UNDER CANADIAN GOVERNMENT SUPERVISION:

Seagram's "V.O." **Seagram's "Ancient Bottle" Rye** **Seagram's Straight Bourbon**

Seagram's "83" **Seagram's Pedigree Straight Rye or Bourbon**

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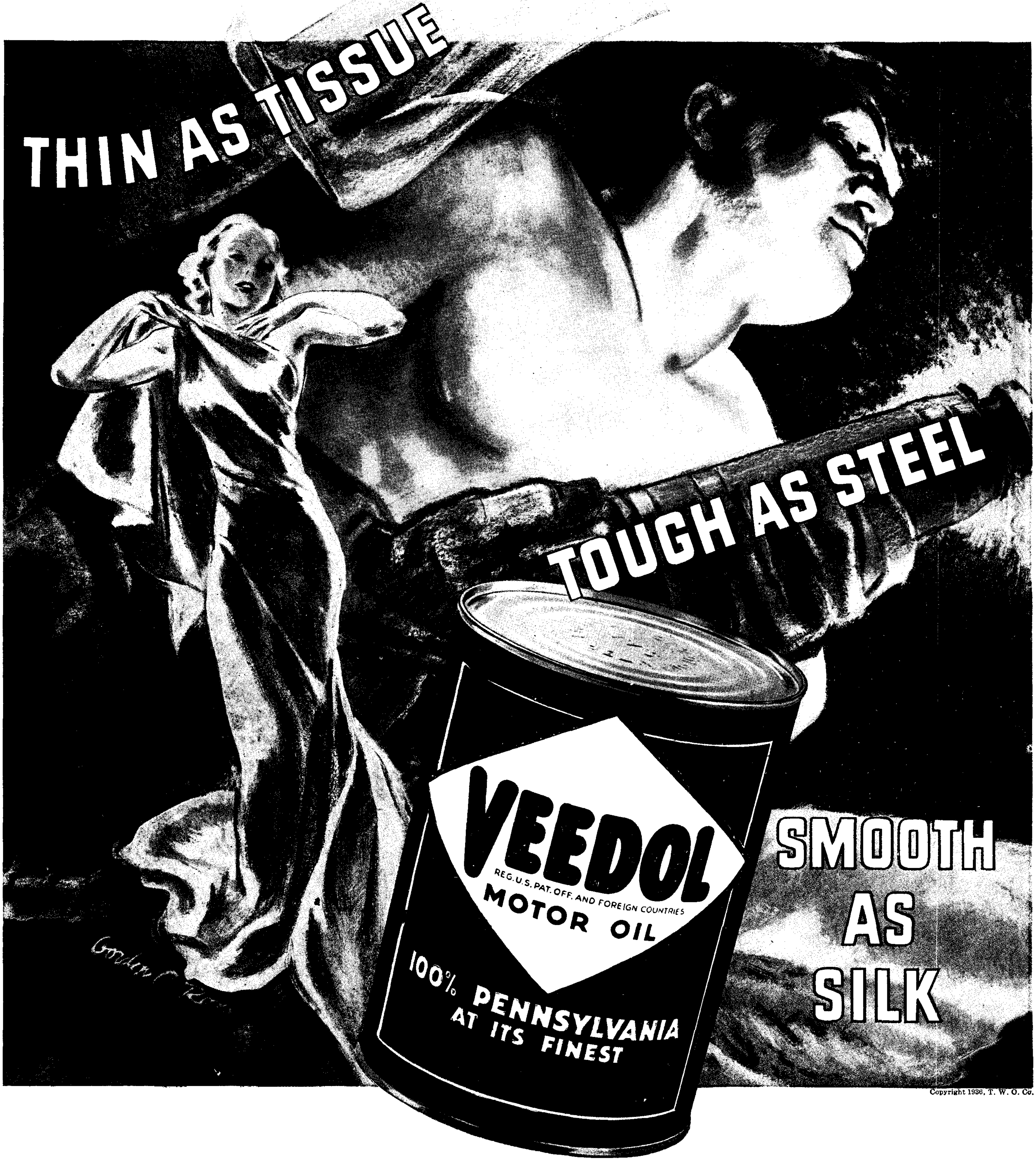
THE FILM OF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TOUGH AS STEEL
SMOOTH AS SILK
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100% PENNSYLVANIA AT ITS FINEST

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PROTECTION

Your motor's greatest safeguard against wear and tear

PICK up any financial daily and in two seconds you can learn the truth about motor oils. Every day those papers list the relative prices of the crude oils from which motor oils are made. And at the top you'll always find Bradford Pennsylvania crude.

That crude is the most costly in all the world, because science has found that it surpasses all other crudes in lubricating qualities. And it is from that crude *exclusively*, that Tide Water, world's largest refiner of Pennsylvania lubricants, produces Veedol Motor Oil.

Only this blue ribbon crude oil possesses the rich body and the unique "oiliness" which make possible Veedol's famous "Film of Protection". . . an oil-film thin as tissue, smooth as silk, tough as steel. This film never breaks or burns in the face of the blinding heat and deadly friction ever threatening your modern, high-speed motor. With bull dog stamina the film stays on the job to keep vital motor parts cool, smooth-running and free from repairs.

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MOTOR OIL

MADE 100% FROM PENNSYLVANIA'S COSTLIEST CRUDE

STRAINED BACK
SPADING HIS GARDEN

But good old Absorbine Jr.
Soon brought relief

WHILE turning over the top soil for a spring vegetable garden, Grandpa K* put too much enthusiasm into the task for his elderly years.

Result: a strained and very sore back that probably would have stopped his gardening for the season (and disturbed his sleep for many nights) had "mother" not promptly, vigorously and frequently applied Absorbine Jr.

This marvelous old liniment, Grandpa K reports, stopped the pain so rapidly that, as usual, he got his seed in ahead of the neighbors.

For sore muscles, strained ligaments, aches, bruises, cuts and the like, you simply can't beat soothing and swift-acting Absorbine Jr. And, of course, it's a marvel for killing the fungi that cause Athlete's Foot. Economical, too, because a bit goes so far. Get a bottle today at your druggist's—$1.25. For free sample, fill out and mail coupon below.

*Based on actual letter from our files

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357 Lyman St., Springfield, Mass.

Gentlemen: I should like personally to test Absorbine Jr. Kindly send a free sample to

Name____________________________
Address__________________________
City____________________________
(Print name and address)

ABSORBINE JR.

Relieves sore muscles, bruises, muscular aches, sprains, Athlete's Foot

Hit and Run Drivers

Continued from page 40

turned disconsolate to the dugout to get a verbal lashing from Manager Cochrane. One day Mike came to the end of his patience. After Walker had been caught again Mike fined him fifty dollars.

An inning later, still fuming with rage, Cochrane himself got caught off first base, something very rare for such an old campaigner. He returned to the bench and Walker gibed, "All right, Manager. For that I fine you just one hundred dollars."

"Yeah?" Mike exploded. "And I add another hundred to it."

He was just as furious at himself as he had been with Walker. Later in the season, after Walker had committed some particularly awful baseball atrocity, Cochrane threatened to send him home and suspend him for the season. One of the other players interceded for Walker.

"We'll leave it to the boys," Mike said, and he called them together. He told them the situation and they voted on whether Walker should be suspended. They voted to keep him and Mike let their verdict stand. Walker played good ball the rest of the season.

Cochrane is the greatest fighter in baseball. He's intelligent, knows how to handle players and all in all is the highest type of modern baseball man. He can fight as well as Hornsby if he has to, but he'd rather kid his men along, coax them along and rule them by loyalty rather than by fear.

Handlers of Men

Frankie Frisch? They used to call Frank "John McGraw, Junior," when he first became manager of the Cardinals. He is sarcastic, hard-boiled, intolerant of baseball stupidity and he'll fine his players for everything from missing a signal to missing a train. He's a gambler too. He suspended Dizzy Dean once when the absence of Dean for even a week might have meant the loss of the pennant, but Frank stuck by his guns and today the Dean boys obey orders.

Like McGraw, Frisch, who was raised by him, runs the game himself. He'll fly into a rage if anyone misses a signal or disobeys one. Frisch and Jimmy Wilson, now manager of the Phillies, were once great friends. Many suspected that Wilson got a raw deal when Frisch was given the manager's job in St. Louis. But their friendship was proof against even this situation and Jimmy Wilson continued to be the same brilliant catcher under Frisch that he had been under Gabby Street. One day the Cards were playing Pittsburgh. Watkins of the Cards was on third and Wilson was coaching on the third-base line. The Cardinal batter hit a short fly to Lindstrom, who was playing short center field. Wilson held Watkins on third where he eventually died.

"Why didn't you send Watkins in?" Frisch asked.

"He didn't have a chance," Wilson told him.

"I want men on my team to take chances," Frisch snapped.

"He would have been thrown out," Wilson protested.

"That's all right. Make them throw us out. That's the kind of baseball I want."

Wilson never coached at third again and a short time later he was made manager of the Phillies. Incidentally if he ever gets some ball players, he'll go places, for every player I know is for him and they'll do things for Jimmy that they won't do for other managers.

Probably only Frisch and perhaps Cochrane could handle that gas-house gang which plays under the name of the Cardinals. Frisch is tougher than any of them and that's what they respect.

The others? Connie Mack is still the same soft-spoken, gentle soul that he's been for thirty-five years, during which he has won nine pennants. Charley Dressen of the Cincinnati Reds? He's a chatty little fellow and a great kidder. He kidded Babe Herman into hitting .350 during the latter part of last season. He's great at soft-soaping the veterans and giving youngsters confidence by telling them how good they are.

McKechnie of the Boston Braves? Mac says, "Well, there's the bat and there's the ball. Go hit it if you can and if you can't just do your best." Well liked and respected by baseball men as a smart manager, he's never had a chance with the Braves because of their dearth of big-league material.

Bucky Harris used to know the language of the ball players but they say that he's forgotten it. He keeps aloof but he's smart as steel, a cold analyist who studies baseball as a medical student studies anatomy. He seems to be able to get the best out of mediocre talent.

Joe McCarthy of the Yankees is a good handler of pitchers. He's easy on his men and I think the Yanks fear Art Fletcher, his assistant, more than they do McCarthy. Of course Ed Barrow is the real boss of the Yankees. McCarthy is more of a field general than anything else, which is the fault of the Yankee system, not of McCarthy.

Casey Stengel, one of the best-loved men in baseball, hasn't had a real chance to show much yet. The owners draw the purse strings very tight in Brooklyn and those of us who live there are seriously thinking of taking up a collection to have the grandstand seats painted. I don't believe they've been painted since the war.

Joe Cronin of the Boston Red Sox is the old "college try" sort of manager. He's a hustler who makes his men hustle. He has plenty of nerve. A couple of years ago when he was managing Washington Earl Whitehill was pitching for the Senators against the Yanks. For eight and one-third innings Whitehill breezed along without allowing a single hit. The Senators were leading, one to nothing. Then, with one out in the eighth, Ben Chapman of the Yanks singled. Cronin immediately yanked Whitehill and the stands howled. He had allowed one hit in eight innings and they couldn't understand why he was being removed. But Cronin knew that Whitehill had been weakening for three innings. Cronin put in a relief pitcher who held the one-to-nothing lead and Washington won the ball game. Had the Yanks jumped on the relief pitcher and won the game every fan in Washington would have been after Cronin's scalp.

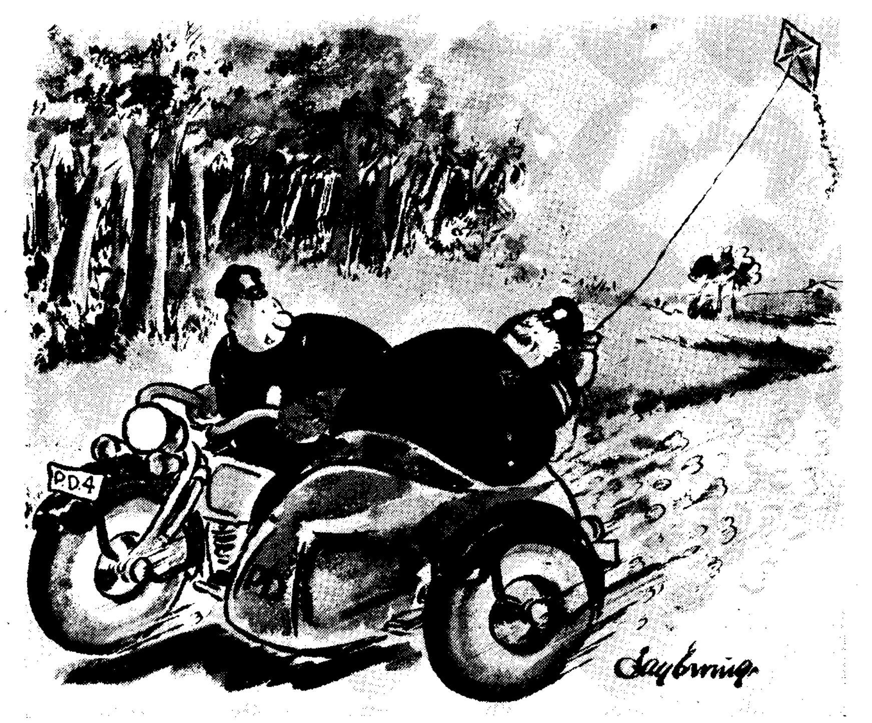
But There's Only One McGraw

Charley Grimm of the Chicago Cubs deserves a better fate than to be dismissed with a paragraph but let's wait until he's been in the managerial ranks two or three years more. He's a back-slapping sort of leader, a good fellow, one of the boys, and he'll fight for any of them at the drop of a hat. He showed that in the last World Series when he spent so much time wrangling with umpires.

We've mentioned Jimmy Wilson of the Phillies. Let's add that he's probably the best strategist in baseball. He's keen and he knows the strength and weakness of every player in the league. However, the Phils are in bad financial straits and when a player gets really hot he's immediately sold. Three days after Wilson was appointed manager of the team the Phils sold his ace, Chuck Klein, to the Cubs for ninety thousand dollars. A year later Dick Bartell went for eighty thousand dollars.

There are others, too, but we've mentioned those who occupy the limelight at present. They're an interesting group of men—the major-league baseball managers. They range from Hornsby, the Lone Wolf, to Mike Cochrane, who knows and likes everybody. Some are smart and others are not so smart but all of them are leaders of men. But is there a John McGraw in the group?

Don't kid me, Mister—I knew John McGraw.



"I think the Captain's gettin' kinda suspicious of us always askin' for duty in the suburbs here . . ."

JAY IRVING

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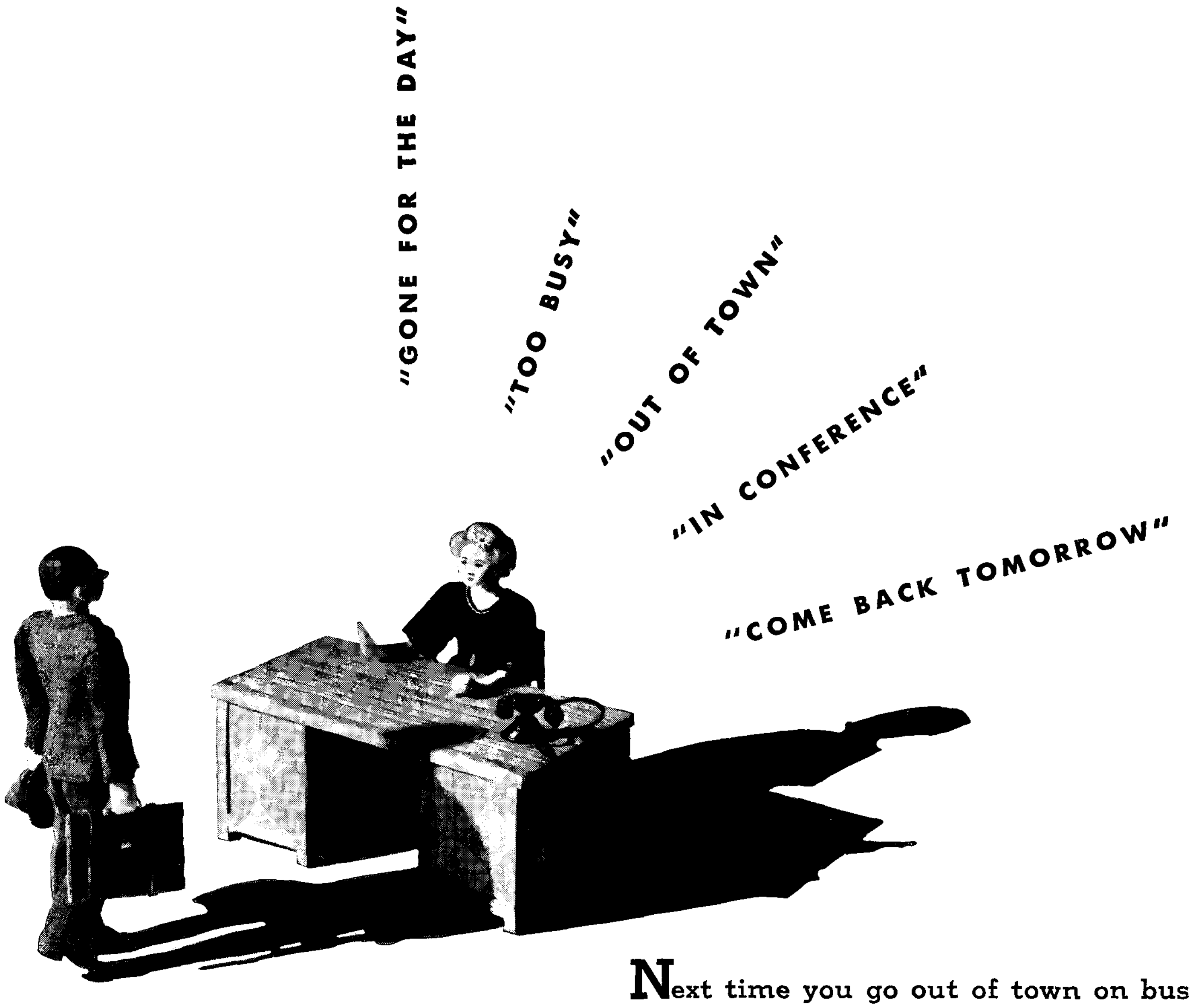
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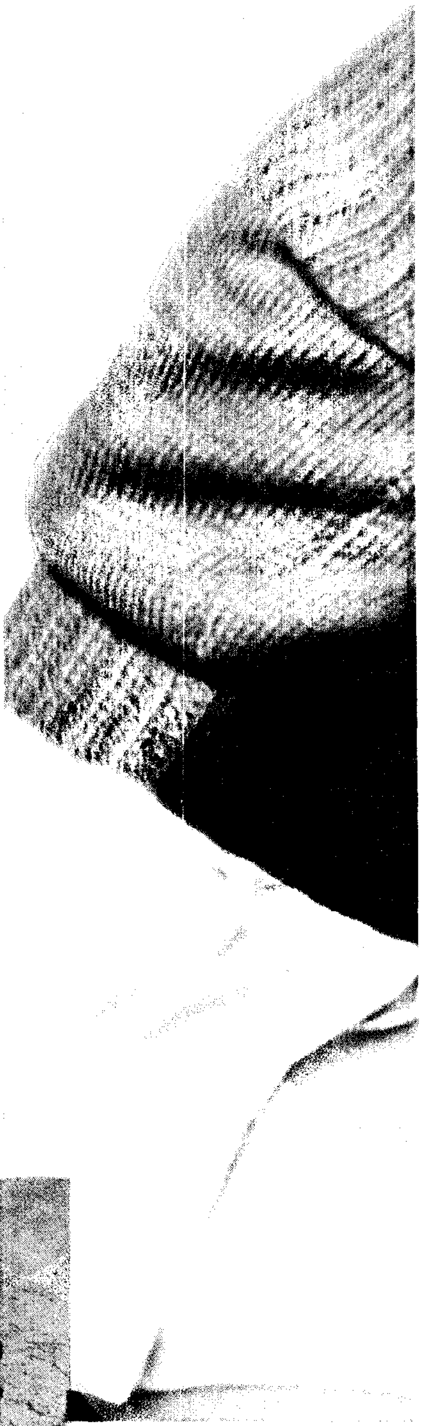

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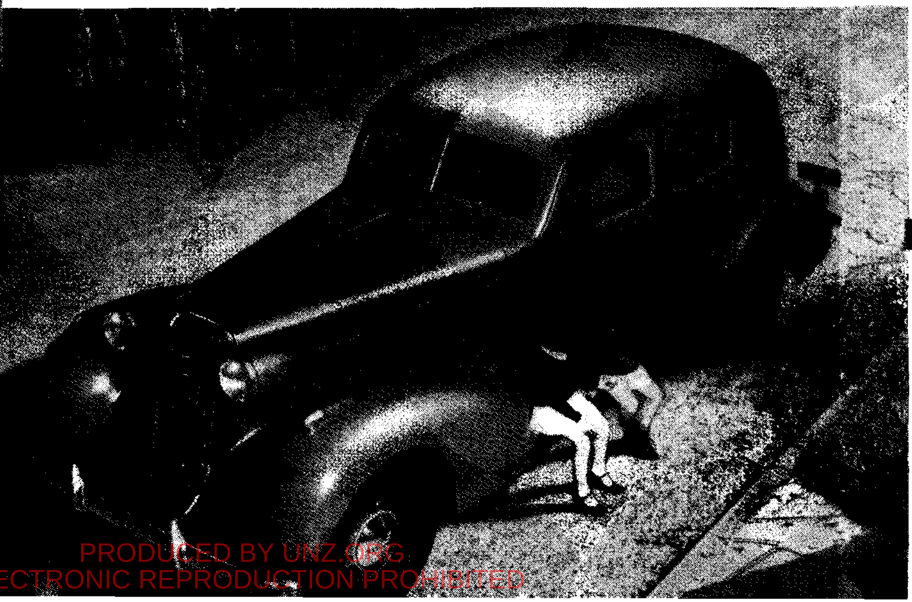
April showers no longer mean that you must take your choice between a tight-shut stuffy interior or the danger of being splashed. These trim Ventipanes draw in ample fresh air, yet allow no rain to drive into the car. Conveniently placed controls permit each passenger to regulate fresh air supply to suit himself.



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Snapshot

A Short Short Story Complete on this Page

By Denver Lindley

ILLUSTRATED BY RALPH E. ENTWISTLE

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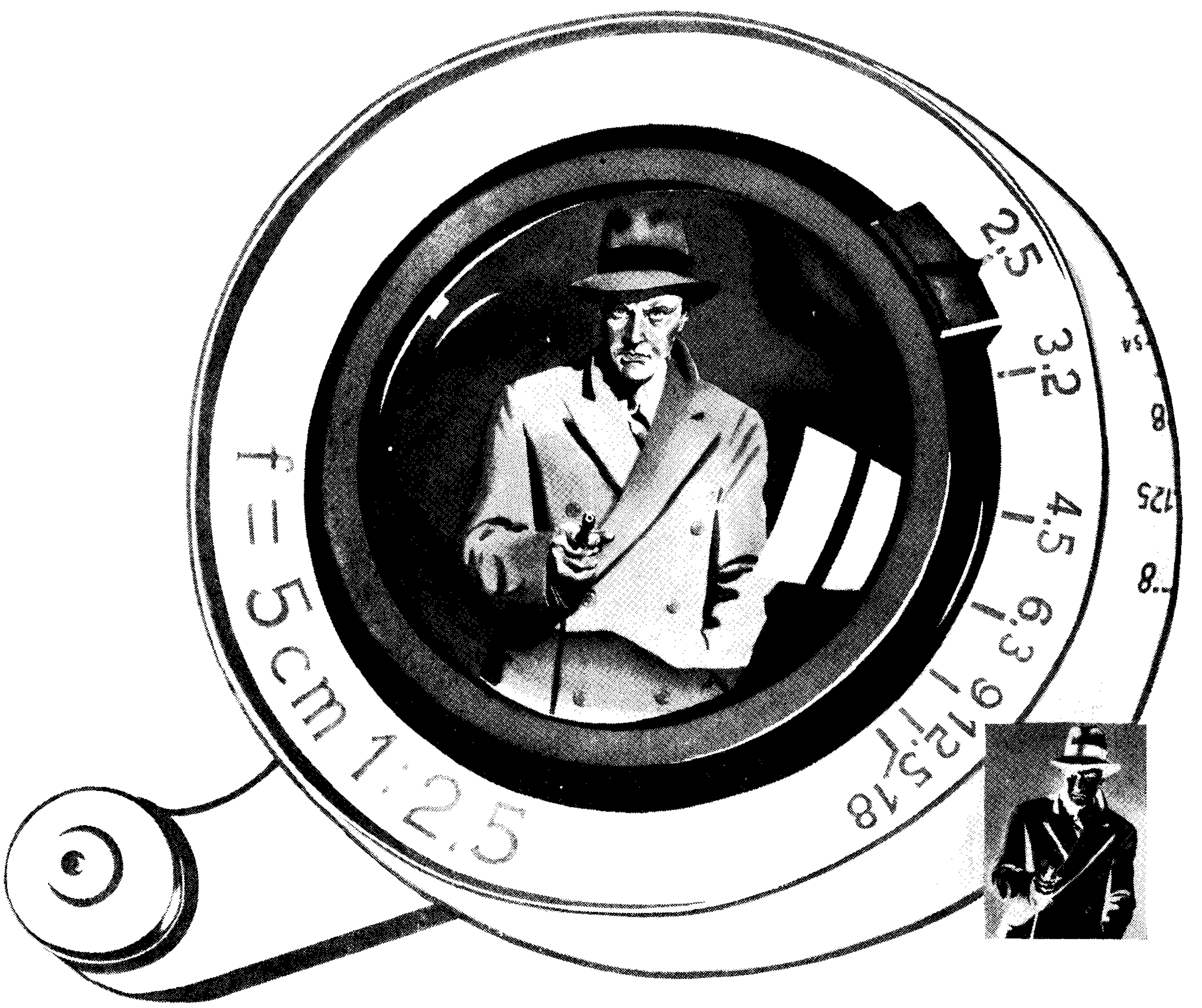

AT SIX-THIRTY on Thursday evening Mitchell Hornsby was found seated in front of the empty grate in his library, a bullet hole drilled neatly through his head. His right arm hung over the chair arm and near it, on the floor, lay a gun, a 32-caliber automatic. The time of death was fixed at about five o'clock.

His wife, summoned from her mother's home, where she had been visiting, was unable to throw any light on the occurrence. He had, she said, no money troubles and his health, though not robust, was moderately good.

Two circumstances were peculiar. Hornsby was wearing a pair of workman's gloves and in his lap was a camera. The latter was one of those miniature devices, mostly lens, that are called "candid" because with them it is possible to take a man's picture without his knowing it. Mr. Hornsby, who had a high reputation as an amateur photographer, carried it with him constantly.

Police Inspector Crampton, who arrived from the city next morning, was the first to call attention to the gloves. "Why should a man put on gloves to commit suicide?" he asked and, answering his own question: "He wouldn't; it's ridiculous. This doesn't look like suicide to me. I suppose there are no fingerprints, Coleman?"

The young detective in charge of the case answered, "Not a sign, sir."

"Gun belong to Hornsby?"

"No. But we've traced it. It belongs to Steven Howe, a friend. Lives near here. Admits ownership but says that Hornsby borrowed the gun. I have him here for you to talk to."

"Good," grunted the inspector. "How about the camera, anything in it?"

"Yes. It was loaded and some exposures taken. I've had the film developed."

The older man was amused. "I suppose Hornsby took a picture of the murderer?"

COLEMAN didn't smile. "He may have, at that. The last picture was taken in this room. There's another man in it. Couldn't make out much from the negative—it's the size of a postage stamp. I'll have an enlargement up in a few minutes."

"Good work," the inspector approved. "Send in Mr. Howe."

Steven Howe, a tall, thin man in the early thirties, was visibly ill at ease. The inspector waved him to a seat on the library couch. "Tell me what you were doing yesterday afternoon."

Howe swallowed painfully and started to tell him. He had motored into the country and had returned for tea.

Coleman came in and handed the inspector an eleven-by-fourteen-inch print. The latter glanced at it casually and tossed it face down on the desk. "Now about this gun of yours, Mr. Howe. When did Hornsby borrow it?"

"We both belong to a pistol club," Howe explained. "Last Monday I went home early. Mitch said he wanted to try my gun. He didn't return it."

"You knew Hornsby well?"

"Yes. I've known him for years and I've seen him often—until recently."

"What do you mean by that, Mr. Howe?"

Once more Howe apeared uncomfortable. "Well, the fact is, Inspector, we had drifted apart in the last few weeks."

"No special reason?"

"No-o-o," Howe said slowly. He hesitated a minute. The inspector looked at him encouragingly. "I might as well tell you," he said, at length. "You'd hear the gossip anyway. Mitch had been acting jealous. He seemed to think I was trying to steal his wife. So I stayed away purposely."

"Had you ever quarreled with Hornsby?"

"You might call it that. He was pretty unpleasant to me once or twice and finally I told him what I thought of him."

The inspector turned to Coleman. "Ask Mrs. Hornsby to come in."

Despite her pallor, Claire Hornsby was a strikingly beautiful woman, apparently ten years or more younger than her husband. She seemed to bring life and glamor into the formal and rather gloomy room. There was noticeable constraint in her manner as she greeted Howe. The inspector directed her to sit beside Howe on the couch. He had dropped his air of easy geniality and was watching the two intently. Suddenly he turned upon the man. "You killed Mitchell Hornsby!" he accused.

Claire Hornsby suppressed a shriek.

Howe shook his head. "No, Inspector, you're mistaken."

"Were you in this house yesterday?"

Again Howe shook his head. "No."

The inspector rose, picked up the photograph from the desk and thrust it in front of the pair.

Claire looked at it and seemed about to faint. Her face was drawn and very white. Howe stared at the print as though paralyzed. "It's not possible," he groaned.

The picture had been taken from the chair where Hornsby's body was found. In the blurred foreground, part of Hornsby's knee could be seen. Beyond that was the gilt mirror hanging over the fireplace, and in the mirror, damningly clear in the enlargement, was the reflection of Steven Howe, gun in hand.

"That completes the case," the inspector said. "Mr. Howe, you are under arrest."

REPORTING to his chief that evening, Coleman exploded a bombshell. "I advise you to let Howe go," he said. "He didn't do it."

The inspector glared at him. "You crazy? We have enough evidence now to hang him. Who do you think did it?"

"I'll get to that in a minute. To begin with, I don't think your evidence is good. I believe the picture is a fake."

"You mean a composite? Can you prove it?"

"Not a composite exactly. That would probably have shown in the negative. I enlarged it up to five-by-seven feet and couldn't find a thing wrong. I think someone got hold of a picture of Howe, enlarged it to fit the oval mirror frame, put it in over the glass and then took a photograph of the fireplace with Hornsby's miniature camera. After that, of course, he destroyed the enlargement."

"I haven't time to listen to nonsense," snapped the inspector. "You say yourself you haven't a shred of proof. If you—"

"I didn't say that," Coleman interrupted. "The way I figured it, if that *was* the way it was done, the murderer had to have a picture of Howe with a pistol in his hand. So I cut out the part of the picture that had Howe in it and took it around to the shooting club. I found a man who saw the picture taken. It's the attendant at the club."

"Who took it?"

"Hornsby. He snapped it last Monday without Howe's knowing it, just before he borrowed Howe's gun."

The inspector snorted. "I suppose you want me to believe that Hornsby made the fake picture too?"

"Just that," Coleman replied. "Hornsby killed himself and tried to make it look as if Howe had done it."

"That's pure guesswork. Why would he want to do anything like that?"

"I'll tell you why. Hornsby was crazy with jealousy. He thought his wife loved Howe and he believed she was going to leave him. When she went to visit her mother (as much to stop his suspicions as anything else, she says) there was a lot of talk among the neighbors here which made Hornsby surer than ever that she was getting ready to run off with Howe. He couldn't stand the idea, so he thought up this way of getting even. He was such a good photographer he very nearly got away with it."

The inspector looked bewildered. Finally he laughed good-naturedly and said: "I had this case all put together nicely, and now you come along and put it together backwards and it fits just as well or maybe a little better. What's your theory about the gloves?"

"You put me on the track of that when you said, 'Why should a man put on gloves to commit suicide?' He might put them on so it wouldn't look like suicide, so no fingerprints would show and people would start looking around. Hornsby wanted to be dead sure the film in the camera would be found and developed."

STEVEN HOWE shook hands with Coleman until the latter's knuckles cracked. "If you hadn't believed I was telling the truth," he said, "no one would ever have found out what happened."

Coleman was embarrassed. "You've got me wrong, Mr. Howe. I didn't believe you or disbelieve you. But there was one thing I was fairly sure about. That is that no one is going to sit still and take a picture when he sees a man walking up behind him with a gun."

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But even though showroom after showroom was thus kept stripped of cars, demonstrations of the great new Buicks were going on just the same.

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$765 *to $1945 are the list prices of the new Buicks at Flint, Mich., subject to change without notice. Standard and special accessories groups on all models at extra cost. All Buick prices include safety glass throughout as standard equipment*

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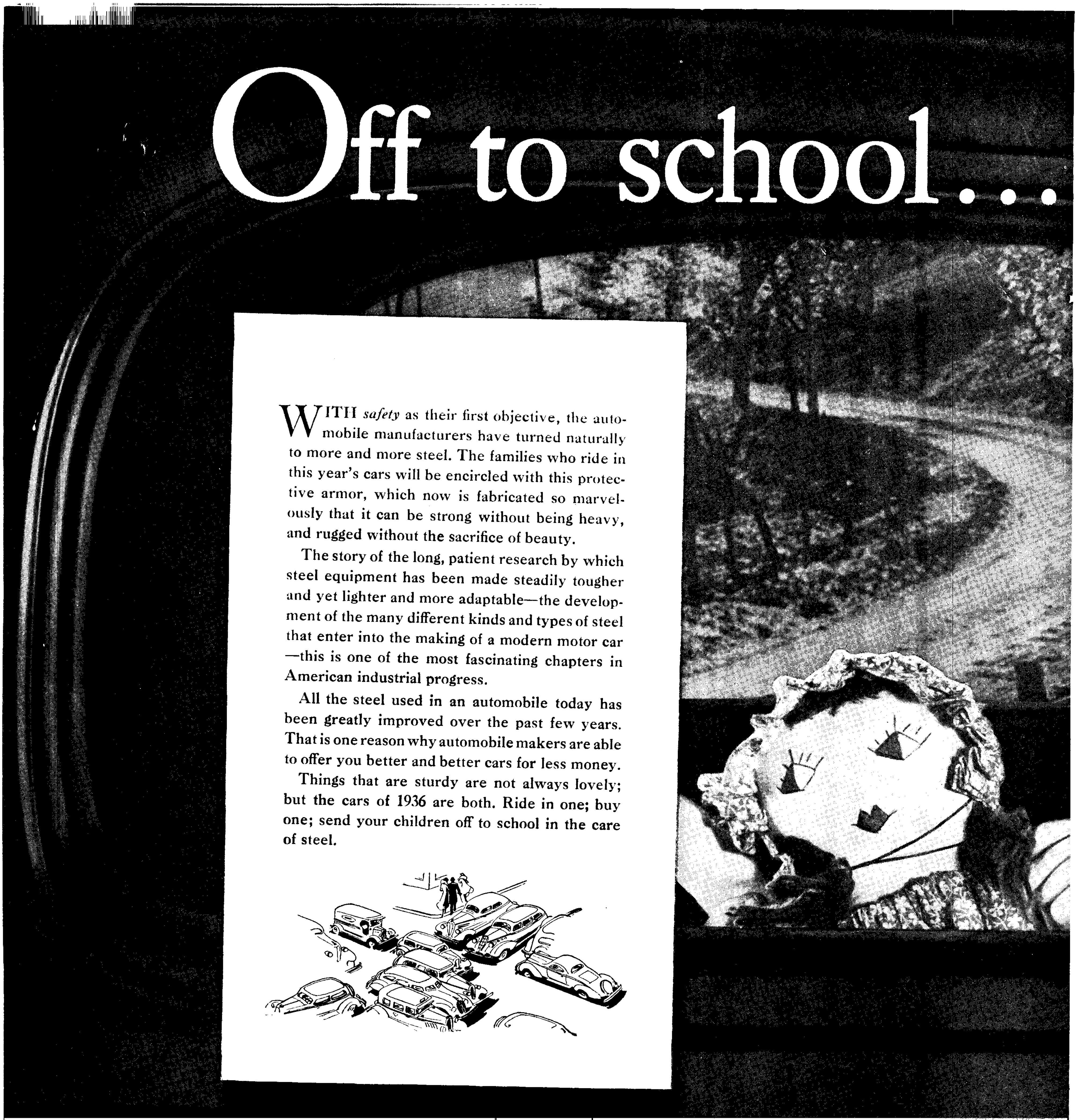

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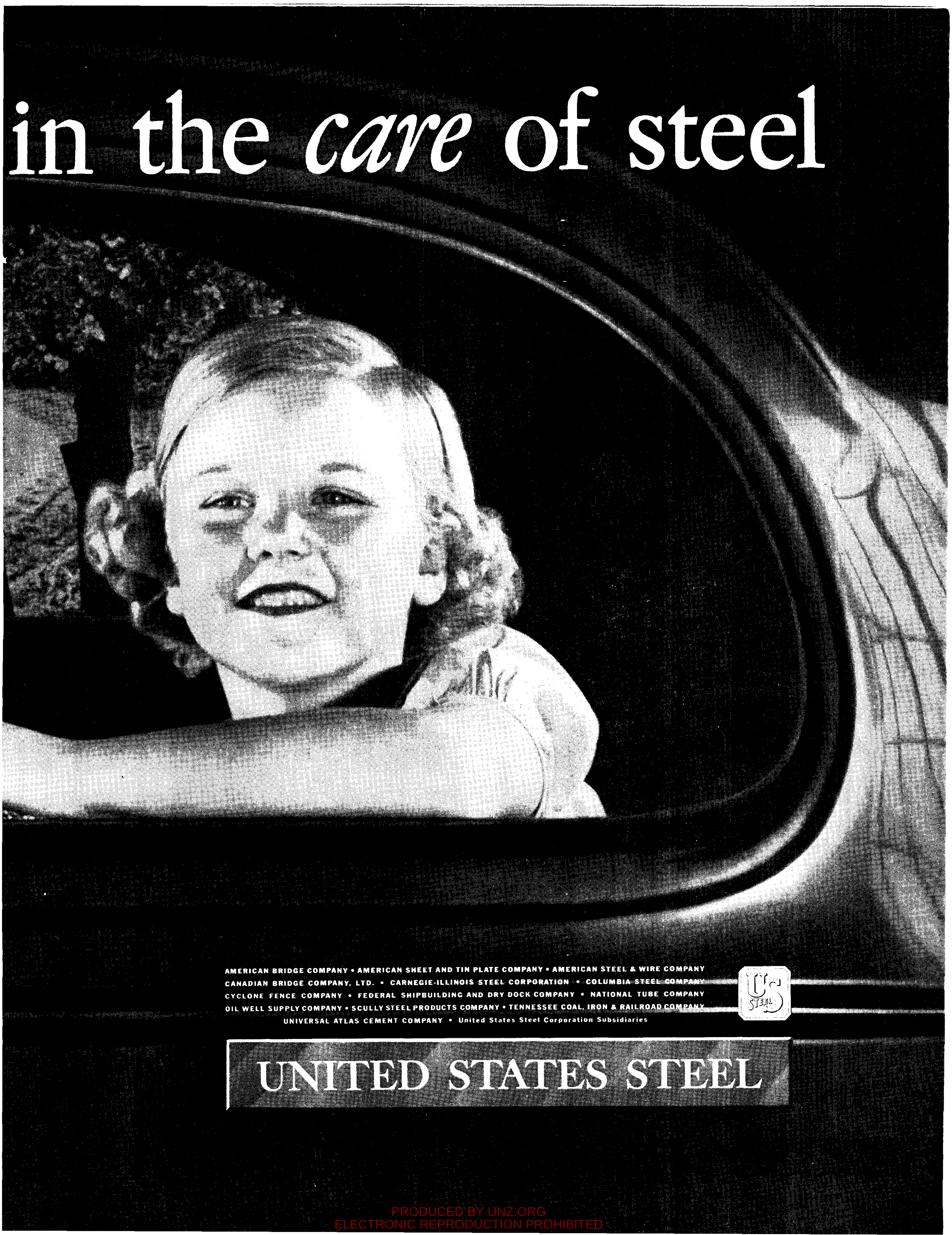
All the steel used in an automobile today has been greatly improved over the past few years. That is one reason why automobile makers are able to offer you better and better cars for less money.

Things that are sturdy are not always lovely; but the cars of 1936 are both. Ride in one; buy one; send your children off to school in the care of steel.



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if GUMS HURT

Photo-Micrograph of
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MAGNIFIED 16 TIMES

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PRO-PHY-LAC-TIC BRUSH COMPANY, *Florence, Mass.*

Pro-phy-lac-tic TOOTH BRUSH

No other has ROUND-END Bristle

The Boy on the Train

Continued from page 13

of simmering. I bought him a wide-brimmed hat, just like ours only small enough to fit him; Cal Nevers, who did rope tricks, gave him a length he'd stopped using. Then we went downstairs to the dressing-room, where Abe Metz said there was someone up in the office looking for me.

The someone was a small man with a very sharp face and sly black eyes. When I gave him my name he stood up and shook my hand.

"Mr. Joyce," he said, clearing his throat delicately once or twice. "A pleasure I've been looking forward to all day, sir. It was a difficult job to locate the right taxi driver. But after that—" he nodded brightly at me—"I had no trouble. The clerk at your hotel was good enough to give me your name. He'd seen you come in with the boy, you know."

I told him how it happened, and how the kid couldn't get in touch with his father. He agreed with everything I said, very pleasant and open. The cab driver told him how the boy had begged to go with us; he could understand that there was no criminal intent on my part. But as Gordon Oneal's legal representative—here he presented me with a card—he must of course take immediate personal custody of the lad until Mr. Oneal got back from New York.

The name on the card was Walter Mitchell, and there was nothing I could do but take him downstairs. When we got back to the dressing-room Johnny and the kid were still there, talking over in one corner.

Walter Mitchell hurried over with his arms extended. "Gordon," he cried. "Your father's worried dreadfully, boy. Why didn't you come to see me?"

The blaze and everything died out of the kid's eyes when he saw who it was.

"Hello, Mr. Mitchell. I was going home now, right away. Is Father back yet?"

"Practically." Mitchell smiled at him and took his hand. "He's due in on the midnight train, and he'll be waiting at my house most anxiously for us. We'd better hurry. But say goodby to your friends first, Gordon."

WELL, we shook hands and I wrapped the rope up for him. At the door he stopped and turned back to us.

"You could come to see me tomorrow, Mr. Joyce," he said. "You and Johnny. I'm sure Father would like to meet you."

"I'm sure he would," Mitchell said. He looked as if he was in a hurry to get away.

"We'll try," I told him, though I knew I wouldn't have time. "So long, Tex Jones."

His face came around again with a stiff grin still on it, and he nodded at me as if to show that we both knew it was a joke all along. Somehow that grin stuck in my mind afterward, so that I felt sorry for him although I didn't know why. Tex Jones! Wasn't it a laugh?

All the next afternoon I was at the armory, getting back to the hotel with Johnny just before supper. Who do you think we found sitting in our bedroom, looking at us solemnly the second we opened the door?

Of course Johnny was pleased and so was I, but it wasn't altogether a question of that. Running away a second time wasn't going to be so easy. They might think we were edging him on to it. So after I said hello, and after Johnny drawled was he back on the old range for a set down, I got serious.

"Listen, Tex," I said. "You can't run away like this again. It might get us in trouble. And you wouldn't want that."

He stared at my belt for a long while, and I'm so dumb I didn't realize that was to make his voice steady and keep his face still.

"No," he whispered. "I'll go, Mr. Joyce. But you see Mr. Mitchell didn't take me to my father. He locked me up in a room in his house and said Father would come today. But he never did. And I—I got afraid. I put a chair on a table and pushed them over to the door and climbed out through the transom.

"Then I walked out to Father's but there wasn't anyone home. I thought there might be something wrong." His lips kind of worked for a second but he got hold of them quickly. "And I didn't know what to do. But I won't stay here, Mr. Joyce, if it will get you in trouble, I'll be all right. I'll—"

HE GOT up, nodded at us, and started for the door, and I went over and kind of wrestled with him, asking what was he talking about. I felt ashamed of myself. He'd come back to us because he didn't know where else to go, I suppose; but, just like last night, when he knew he wasn't wanted he was ready to push off. You had to like that kid. Probably even if we let him go he'd have found excuses for us—thought it was his own fault, maybe, although he wouldn't be able to figure out why. He was the kind of kid that would do that.

Anyway I sat him on the bed, and questioned him until the story came out.

It started day before yesterday, when he'd been at a boarding school down in Virginia, ready to go off to a school friend's home in South Carolina for the Easter holiday. When he got on the train with the other kid the big blond Harold came up to him and gave him a note from his father. The note said he was sick and wanted to see him, and the kid knew it was his father's writing. So he got off at the next stop, his boy friend promising to keep quiet about what happened, and he and Harold had come up again on the night train. He wouldn't say why he had to sneak off like that to see his father, but he didn't have to. When he got to that part of the story the name Gordon Oneal began to mean something to me. After the kid was finished telling us that, I did the only thing that seemed logical, until I found out what this was all about; I told him and Johnny to go down and eat in the restaurant, and I started off to see the lawyer. On the way I fitted Gordon Oneal together in my mind.

Once it had broken, that part just kept right on; it was so plain now that I couldn't understand why I failed to see it at first. It was only about a year ago that his name had been in the papers almost every day. A time before that Mrs. Oneal—the kid's mother—had died, leaving five or ten million dollars, and after her death this Oneal, who had never been much good, had gone entirely to pieces. From what I'd read he was the black-sheep son of an English family, though his wife had been an American girl. Just before her death they'd separated, and all the money had been left to the kid, though somehow or other Oneal had wangled himself in as guardian, and then gone in for drink, high life and lots of fun.

Of course he'd neglected the boy; and in a little while someone had found him in a hunting lodge of Oneal's, sick and uncared for, with Oneal off in New York, and only a dumb caretaker around. There'd been a bitter court battle, and it came out that the kid had the sickness children get when they aren't fed right; so the court had removed him from

Oneal's custody, and appointed some old lawyer as guardian, since Mrs. Oneal had been an only child, and had left no close relatives. Trying to think back, that was as far as I got. It made things slightly clearer, but there was still a good deal that wasn't explained.

Walter Mitchell's office was in an old, rundown building on St. Paul Street. A girl showed me in. As I came in, Mitchell rose from a flat top desk set against the side wall.

"Mr. Joyce!" He shook hands warmly. "You may go, Ida. I won't need you any more tonight. I can close up myself for once."

The girl went out, and he turned to me. "I know Mr. Oneal will suitably reward you just as soon as—"

"It isn't that," I said. "I came to find out why you didn't take the boy to his father. Why you locked him in your house all day. He's in my hotel room now."

"Oh." He looked displeased for a moment; then with that confidential, man-to-man air of his that didn't go with the sharp face and the sly eyes, he put his hands on the desk and leaned forward.

"Ah—I represent Mr. Gordon Oneal, as I think I told you last night. Unfortunately business kept him in New York an extra day, so that he did not get in when we expected. Now we have had a good deal of trouble with young Gordon, Mr. Joyce; this isn't the first time, nor the fifth, that he's run away. You can see that when the responsibility was mine I had to take pains to make him secure. That's plain, isn't it?"

"It might be," I said, "if we were talking about the same thing. There's a little detail of getting him away from school. Mr. Oneal has no legal right to the kid now. All he did was practically starve him."

The door behind me opened and his eyes went to it before he could answer.

"Just a moment," he said hurriedly. "Wait in the outer office, please, Mr. Bonner."

THE door behind me closed, though nobody said anything back there. When Mitchell went on his voice was lowered to a whisper.

"Mr. Oneal does not desire any more publicity. The whole affair is—ah—a little difficult to explain. If—" he stopped for a moment to look at me shrewdly—"if I could see you at your hotel in an hour I could go into greater detail. Any inconvenience you—that is, I am sure Mr. Oneal will pay generously for your discretion."

"I'll be looking for you," I said.

"Fine, fine." But you could tell his smile was false now; and over it his eyes looked worried.

Going out through the other office I had a glimpse of Mr. Bonner—a small, pale, deadly looking potato. very nicely dressed, sitting against the wall with a topcoat over his arm and yellow gloves in one hand.

In the corridor I stopped and lit a cigarette. I didn't like Mitchell; I didn't like Bonner. And judging by the way Mitchell had lowered his voice after he appeared, that stranger had something to do with it. What could they want with the boy? Nothing good, I thought. So I wasted two minutes hesitating; and then, because I wanted to find out the truth and not listen to a story Mitchell would have ready for me, I went back to the outer door, opened it pretty quietly, and stepped inside.

THE door to the private office was closed, but I could hear their voices. When I got on one knee by the door and put an eye to the keyhole I could see them all right, and hear them too.

"It isn't that," Mitchell was saying, so earnestly that there was a little uneasiness in his voice. "It's just—well, you can't blame me for making sure. I want my money before Oneal gets the boy."

Bonner nodded.

"But you have the kid now?"

"I know where he is," Mitchell admitted cautiously. "But I'm not turning him over to you, Artie."

"Sure." The other chuckled faintly, without warmth. "When you get yours the kid's gone and I'm out. But you're all set."

"Listen." Leaning forward, Mitchell's voice almost quivered. "Just listen to me, Artie. I'll be fair with you—the boy's with this Joyce. He's in his room now at the Imperial Hotel. I'm going there to get him tonight."

"Thanks for the tip." I could hear that faint chuckle again. "You and Oneal had it fixed pretty. I grabbed the kid and ran all the risks; if anything broke neither of you would know anything about it. I'd take the rap. You figured I was so dumb I wouldn't know what you wanted him for."

I could see drops of perspiration on Mitchell's face.

"Now, Artie—"

"Show up," Bonner said. "I looked things up. Oneal had an uncle who died in England and left the kid another fortune. So if Oneal gets him over there he's fixed again, because the English courts would appoint him guardian, and he'd have the gravy. But first he has to get the kid out of this country. So he gets in touch with you, and you hire me, and I figure things out pretty. I even picked a time when he'd be visiting, so that the school wouldn't miss him right away. Harold says he told this other kid not to say anything about him coming here, so this other kid's people and the

(*Continued on page* 54)

"Oh boy! Shade!"

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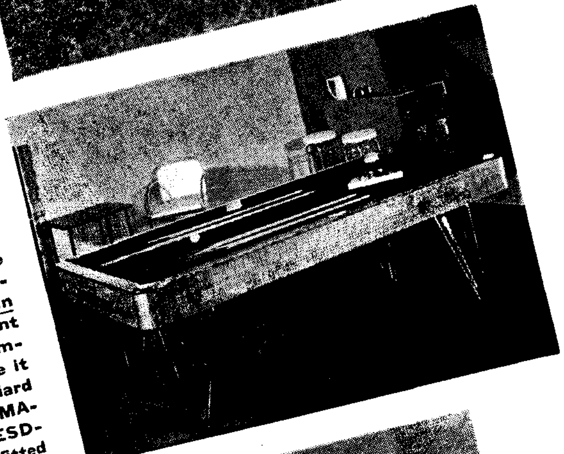

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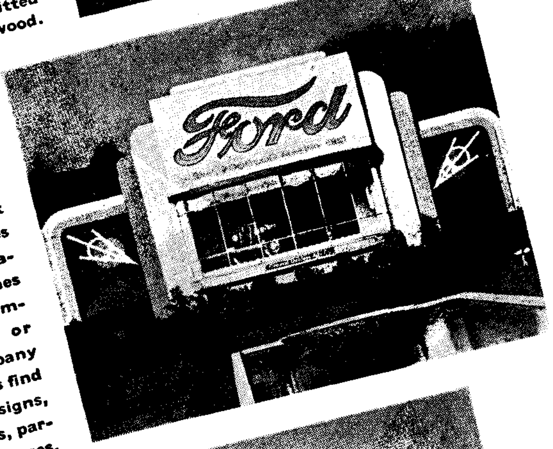

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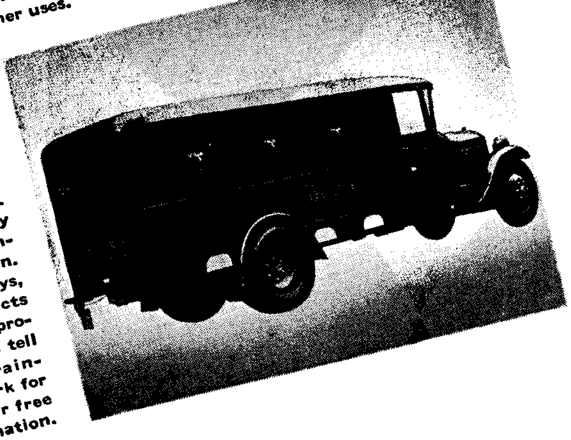

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(Continued from page 53)

school each think he's at the other's place. That gave Oneal time. Maybe Harold spoils it by losing him, but after this no one fumbles. I'm handling it myself."

After he stopped talking it got very quiet. Mitchell's face was glistening.

"Why don't we get the boy together, Artie? That's the way we—"

"No," Bonner said. "You crossed me once and you're out. You weren't even going to give me the two grand you promised."

"Wait a minute," Mitchell said, his breathing heavy. "I see what you want. You're going to England with Oneal and cut in on him over there. That's your plan."

"You're smart," Bonner said.

Mitchell leaned forward, his sharp face twisted with anger and fright. "But I can break the thing before you get out of the country. I can have you and Gordon Oneal thrown in jail, and the boy sent back to school. If you try to fool me that's what I'm going to do. There's no way—"

Bonner didn't answer him; he didn't even appear to move quickly as he took his right hand out of his jacket pocket and put it in between the folds of the topcoat on his left arm.

Muffled like that, a small automatic doesn't make much noise.

When Bonner came out of the inner office I was on my knees behind the stenographer's desk; and I didn't draw any kind of breath until his steps went out to the corridor and faded there.

It was after six; the building was very quiet. I got out of there as fast as I could.

Johnny and the kid weren't in the restaurant, or in the room, so I went on over to the arena. In the dressing-room I found Johnny, alone.

"Where's Tex?" I asked.

"Huh?" Johnny looked surprised; I think I knew just by looking at him what had happened. "Why, he pushed off with that podner of yours. He said you'd sent him."

I DIDN'T wait to hear any more. That Johnny! I should have known. Artie Bonner had the address and my name; in front of me he had practically said he was going for the boy. Cursing Johnny, cursing myself for not seeing that before, I pushed out through the line of early ticket buyers at the entrance and on out to the street.

It was pretty dark and pretty cold. In the corner drugstore I looked up Gordon Oneal's address in a phone book, and a cab brought me out to his place in twenty minutes.

The house was in a pretty nice section, in what they called Roland Park—big houses and wide lawns, a lot of trees, and a look of money about it. I rang the bell. There were steps inside, the door opened, and a tall man with dark hair and a dark mustache looked out at me.

"Yes?" he asked, very precisely, with his face shaded from the light by the way he stood, so that I couldn't see much of it.

I told him who I was.

"Oh." He drew the door back wider. "Mr. Joyce. Gordon told me how kind you were. Come in, please."

I went in, standing in the hall while he closed the door. Then he walked before me into a room on the left, switching on the ceiling lights as he entered. It had no rug on the floor, no books in the shelves at one side, no lamps around. All the furniture it had was a table, a couch, and two or three chairs. And even they looked shabby and worn, not what you'd expect from the outside.

"Things are rather upset," Oneal said. "You see, I'm sailing for Europe tomorrow. But I hoped you'd come, Mr. Joyce; I wanted to show my appreciation for—"

I told him that was all right. In the better light here you could see he must have been very handsome a couple of years ago; but now his features had kind of thickened and flowed together, and his eyes were bloodshot and shadowed.

"How's the boy?" I asked.

"Very well." He smiled briefly. "Upstairs asleep now. We're starting rather early—five. Our boat sails at noon and we're driving up."

"Then he isn't going back to school?"

His smile smoothed out quickly.

"How much do you want?"

I shook my head.

"Ten thousand," Oneal said. "But I can't pay you until I get to England. I'll give you a note."

He was the kind of man that would see only that line of argument. But he could have said a million and it wouldn't have made any difference the way I felt then.

"The man you hired to get the boy here killed Mitchell," I said. "I saw him. Did you know that?"

"MITCHELL?" he whispered. "Mitchell dead? But I—" As he twisted his head awkwardly over one shoulder, muscles jumped out on his lean neck. He got rigid all over, and when I turned I saw the closet door open, with Artie Bonner standing in it.

The topcoat was over his arm, and his two hands were under it. He was looking at me without any expression at all.

"Draw the shades," he told Oneal. "Get the kid dressed and take him out of here. Then call Harold and tell him to bring the car. We'll meet you at my place downtown."

Oneal was still in that strained position, and even though his body was shaking he couldn't seem to move, as if there was an invisible cage molded to him.

"But I didn't want that, Bonner. I didn't know you—"

"He was going to talk," Artie Bonner said harshly. "There was one way to stop him, and you're in it up to your ears. This guy is the only one that can tag me. He saw me go into Mitchell's office but the girl didn't. She saw him. And that marks him as the last person to see Mitchell. So if they pick him up on a back road tomorrow everything's fine. He killed Mitchell and he got plugged himself. If the cops can't figure out why, they won't break their necks trying."

Oneal's face was like putty.

"No," he said. "No, I—"

But when Bonner looked at him he started to walk away from the table like a drunken man. He drew the shades and went out to the corridor, and it got very still in the room, with Bonner's pale eyes fixed on me, not even blinking.

In five minutes Oneal came back, holding the boy by the hand. Tex was wearing the hat I'd given him, and he looked excited when he saw me.

"Mr. Joyce—when did you come? I did so want to see you again. Father said—"

"Get started," Bonner cut in. "Call Harold as soon as you get to my place."

The kid must have felt something was wrong. His face got solemn and set and he looked up angrily at Artie Bonner.

"Bring Mr. Joyce with us," he said. "I want to talk to him."

For a second Bonner's cold eyes looked at him.

"It's okay," I said. "We're old friends, Tex. Go on with your father."

But Oneal still stood in the doorway, watching me with glazed eyes.

"Get going," Bonner snarled. "With Joyce shut up we're clear. And if he talks it's the chair. Turn your yellow mind on that."

"I can't," Oneal said. "I— We can't do it, Bonner."

"No?" Bonner said. His voice and his face and everything around him seemed frozen. "You yellow—"

Sobbing, the kid broke away from his

father and punched his fist into Bonner's arm. It was funny to see him do that with Oneal just standing there, moving his lips. Bonner swept his arm out and knocked him over without taking his pale eyes from me. But he almost dropped the coat; and for an instant the automatic showed.

The kid saw it. He got very rigid and even his tears stopped. My hands were so wet that they might have been in a bucket of water. I remembered thinking I was fifty and there wasn't much left for me anyway. There was no sense in dragging the kid in—not when you knew what the cold flare in Artie Bonner's eyes meant for anyone who got in his way.

"Listen, Tex," I said. "Mr. Bonner and I just want to talk. We'll be out to the car in a minute. I'll see you then. Go on with your father."

I tried to smile but my face was too stiff, so I nodded. And at first I thought that the kid believed me, because he got up from the floor and gave me that stiff grin of his.

"All right, Mr. Joyce," he said. "But come out soon. I want to say goodby before we leave."

THEN—what do you think that kid did? He just ducked and ran towards Artie Bonner.

I don't know how he did it so quick. Even before Bonner snarled and swung towards him he was hanging on the topcoat and yelling: "Mr. Joyce—get his gun, Mr. Joyce!"

I'm fifty and I'm fat, but I don't think I was more than a blur getting across that room. Bonner slammed the kid away and I reached him at the same time. He fired, but the topcoat must have bothered him. He missed. And then I had his hands, and the kid and he and I were struggling together.

There were shots—I don't know how many. When they came I had his hand turned in, and he must have pressed the trigger himself, because I couldn't even feel it through the cloth.

When the police came I guess it was me that did most of the talking. I said Artie Bonner had kidnapped the boy from school and brought him there to be ransomed, because Oneal had insisted on seeing him to be sure that he was still alive. I was an old friend Oneal had confided in; and I'd hidden and jumped out on him and killed him in a struggle. We said Mitchell was contact man; Bonner had shot him probably because he thought he was being double-crossed.

Of course Gordon Oneal agreed with everything I said. Later I got him alone, and told him he'd have to bring the boy back to school in the morning. To get off free he was only too glad to do that. Gordon Oneal was some man.

It was only for the kid's sake that I shielded him. And Tex Jones was one nice kid. It was about ten when the police stopped asking questions and I was free to go, and he walked with me to the door.

"I guess it's so long," I said there. "Thanks for the hand, Tex."

He moved that pale little face of his sideways, as if he was embarrassed.

"I'd like to go with you," he whispered, kind of unsteadily. "You and Johnny, Mr. Joyce. I'd like to stay with you. I had such a fine time."

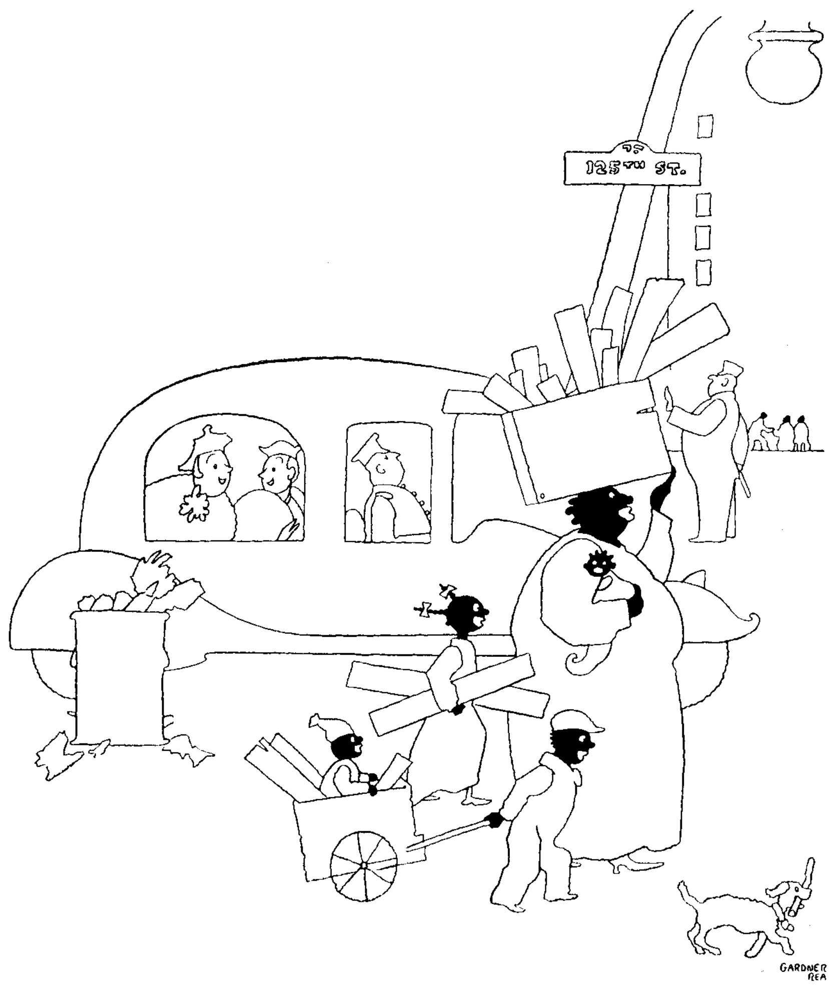
"Well," I said to him, "hurry up and grow and we'll see what we can do about it."

He looked at me solemnly, as if he knew I was only saying that. So I even promised that we'd visit him at school sometime.

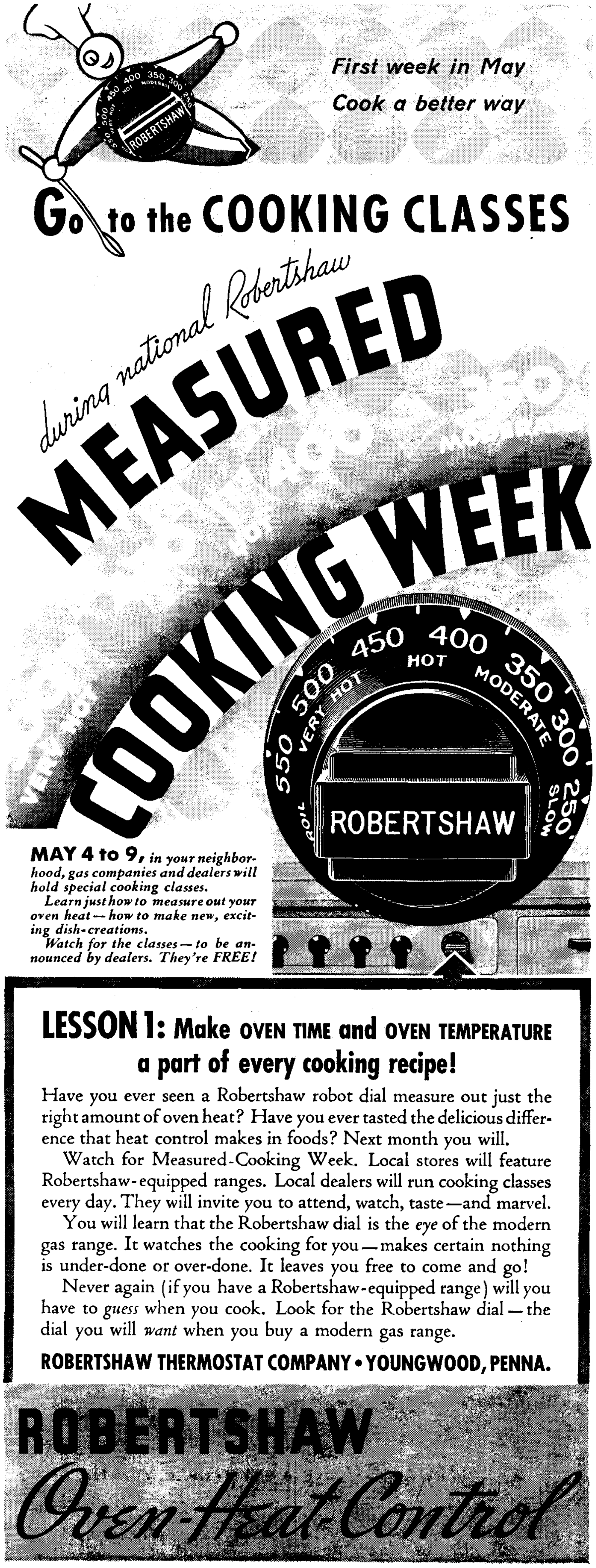
When I reached the path he was still standing in the doorway, watching me.

"Goodby," he said, in such a soft voice that I could hardly hear it. "I'll never forget you, Mr. Joyce. Nor Johnny."

"Keep riding 'em, Tex!" I called back. And he waved to me and I went off, walking pretty fast. I knew before I got to the corner he'd be crying behind that door; and I knew the thing he wanted most in all the world was that I shouldn't see him.



"Doesn't it make you just *sick* for Nassau?" GARDNER REA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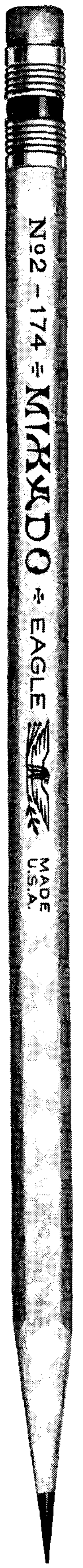

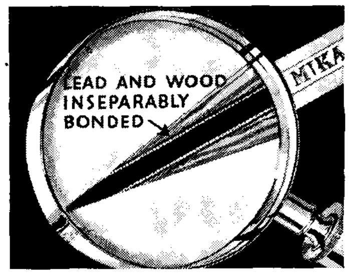

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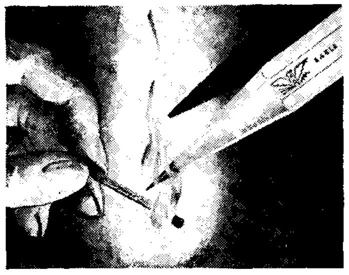

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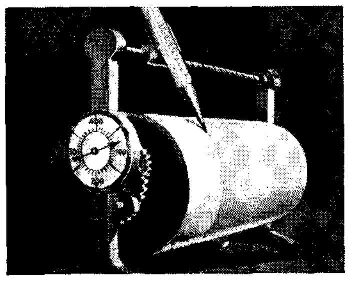


35 miles for a nickel

By actual test on accurate measuring devices, every Eagle MIKADO will give you over 35 miles of smooth, black line. MIKADO'S extra strength, extra smoothness and extra mileage cost you nothing extra. 5¢ each, 60¢ per dozen.

EAGLE
"Chemi-Sealed"
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
MIKADO
EAGLE PENCIL COMPANY, NEW YORK

Rally Round the Bag, Boys

Continued from page 11

crowded by congressmen who will be less concerned with nominating presidential candidates than with ways and means of clinging to their jobs. Back home they will be threatened by Townsendeers, expansionites and the families of World War veterans. They will have to face rivals who will be sliding around on a single plank—the Townsend Plan. Their jobs will be menaced by fellow citizens who can scarcely count up to eight without using their fingers but who will be reaping the voters with promises to cure our financial bellyache by printing all the money everybody needs and administering it with a hose. They will have to contend against aspirants who will be doing precisely what they used to do—offering the veterans and their families additional liens upon public funds. And many of them have already made up their minds to meet their rivals with promise for promise and raise them a couple. Naturally there are a few who are going to confess themselves sick of it and take their chances on a reasonably sane platform; but congressmen differ to no material extent from the rest of us; few of them quit a pay roll on principle. You would be astonished to know how many of them will swap thirty dollars a month for ten thousand a year. Provided, of course, that it all comes out of your pocket.

A Problem in Multiplication

So it follows readily enough that your congressman at Philadelphia and Cleveland will be poking around in the platform and policy dump seeking ammunition for the pending campaign. And while many of them will be as vague as safety permits about the Townsend Plan and other slot machine Utopias, they will have to be pretty forthright with the veterans.

If you have any doubts of this it is necessary only to peer briefly into the future. Veterans have a way of dying off. But before doing that they are quite likely to marry and beget children. No stopping the lads once they get started. Any insurance man can give you the simple mathematical progression of such phenomena; he has it all in a neat black book figured out by severe-looking chaps who wear rimless spectacles, live in the suburbs and vote conservative.

But the unadorned fact is that the farther you get from the war, such are the glories of peace, the more potential pensioners you have. Up to a certain point, that is. We still have three pensioners of the War of 1812, the last soldier of that epilogue to the Revolution having died in 1905. We are paying pensions to 274 dependents and veterans of the Indian Wars—and that doesn't include a few Indians who are still collecting damages. We pay about $98,000,000 annually to the survivors and families of our Civil War and about $110,000,000 a year to the Spanish-American War relicts (virtually all veterans and widows entitled to collect) although only 392,000 men were mobilized to push Spain over. It is wholly possible that these figures don't impress you. Even if they do, don't be silly and blame the veterans. Anyway, hold your emotions well in hand. Conserve your strength. You (or somebody) are going to need plenty of vigor when you start paying pensions to the veterans and heirs of the World War. And above all, don't kid yourself.

How we ramble. Almost impossible to keep us on the main highway. What we should be saying is that in another decade or so it is possible that there will be about three times as many persons clamoring for World War pensions as we now have. Death will have whittled down the veterans' numbers appreciably if not considerably. But there are 3,500,000 of them today. And in a decade or so there still will be plenty of veterans. And dependents, as you may have learned in the past few years, have a way of multiplying. Moreover, they will be organized and articulate. And they'll be as visible as the Washington Monument.

Thus our congressman may look forward with as much grace as he can muster to an imposing political bloc—a bloc which will continue to hold conventions, adopt resolutions and cast several million votes. That and a perennially raging headache.

Of course we already have World War pensions. We now have a law providing monthly doles for widows and orphans of veterans who died from causes in no way or merely indirectly related to their war service. This law provides, however, that such deceased veteran should, at the time of his death, be receiving or be eligible to receive compensation of thirty per cent or more for a disability and that such disability should have been adjudged by the Veterans Bureau to be traceable to his war service. His disability can have been anything from tuberculosis or blindness to rheumatism—just so long as he has been able to convince the medical board that the seed was sown in 1917 or 1918. Such pensions amount to twenty-two dollars a month for the widow, six dollars for the first-born child and four for each succeeding child. The records contain scores of such pensions to the direct survivors of men who were not getting disability allowances but whose widows were fortunate enough to persuade the government that their late husbands should have been on the lists. Congressmen are petitioning the Veterans Bureau daily to add more of their constituents to this roster. The theory is that a pensioned living veteran is worth five votes, a pensioned widow three.

Naturally enough, we are paying pensions to the dependent survivors of those men who were killed in action or died of their wounds. No political significance attaches to these cases and no political benefit is derived. Therefore, we shall here disregard them. Neither are we concerned with the allowances given men who emerged from the war crippled and otherwise handicapped. Such men as these have never contributed directly to the political problem.

Pensions and More Pensions

But scarcely had Congress convened in January, and it was known that the bonus prepayment bill would pass even over the President's veto, than a dozen general pensions bills were written. Before Congress would adjourn more than twenty would be fighting for recognition. Five pension bills were in Congress' docket before the Senate had adopted the bond method of paying the bonus—before Congress had any idea how it was going to find bonus money, to say nothing of pensions. Scarcely anybody in Congress cared where the bonus money was coming from and nobody had a dwarf's notion of how general pensions could be financed. But what of that in a campaign year? In the general scramble to remind the veteran that the bonus did not close his account, several congressmen indulged in bitter brawling regarding whose bill should lead the list. There were even accusations of plagiarism—one gentleman accusing another of stealing his ideas.

Since this was written almost any sort of pension legislation may have appeared in Congress; but at the moment we have seen one that would pay a pension to all veterans (not widows and children, mind you) now drawing allowances for injuries incurred since the war. This pension would be over and above and have no connection with the disability allowances or hospitalization costs. The bill's author has it that the pension would be paid to protect the veterans' "legal obligations, insurance protection and other property interests."

Links in the Chain

Another would increase pensions now being paid to widows of men who drew allowances for disabilities incurred since the war to sixty dollars a month. If she has one child she would get seventy-five dollars, two children, eighty-seven dollars and ten dollars a month for each additional child. The same bill would give pensions direct to the children if the veteran's wife, too, was dead. One surviving child would receive thirty dollars a month. If there were two children each would get twenty-seven dollars. Each additional child would receive twenty dollars. Moreover, the veteran's father and mother would be taken care of. If a widow and children survive the veteran, his mother and father would get fifteen dollars each a month. If no widow or children, father and mother would receive thirty dollars each.

All this for the families of men who drew or were eligible to draw allowances for disabilities not service-connected!

Another splendid gesture, straight from the heart of a representative whose only motives, of course, were gratitude and compassion, would pay sums ranging from fifteen to sixty dollars a month to all survivors of all veterans, even if such deceased men were not receiving disability allowances, even if they weren't eligible, even if they didn't see enough service to get a cold in the head. And still another, protesting hotly that the women who served as yeomen and in various collateral service jobs were being scorned, would pay pensions to these ladies and, should they die, to their children and parents, if any.

All these bills for pensions for dependents are links in the general and universal pension chain. Just how soon a general pension bill will be introduced into Congress is not to be predicted at the moment. But several such bills have been written. They will appear, looking for votes, when their sponsors and the representatives of the veterans recognize the day as ripe. It would have been a political blunder to have introduced a general pension bill before the bonus prepayment bill passed, although the veterans had quite a time preventing one Southern congressman from popping up with one. They explained to him that "the public might not stand for the bonus and pensions at the same time."

"Well," he replied, "my public at home would and that's all I care about."

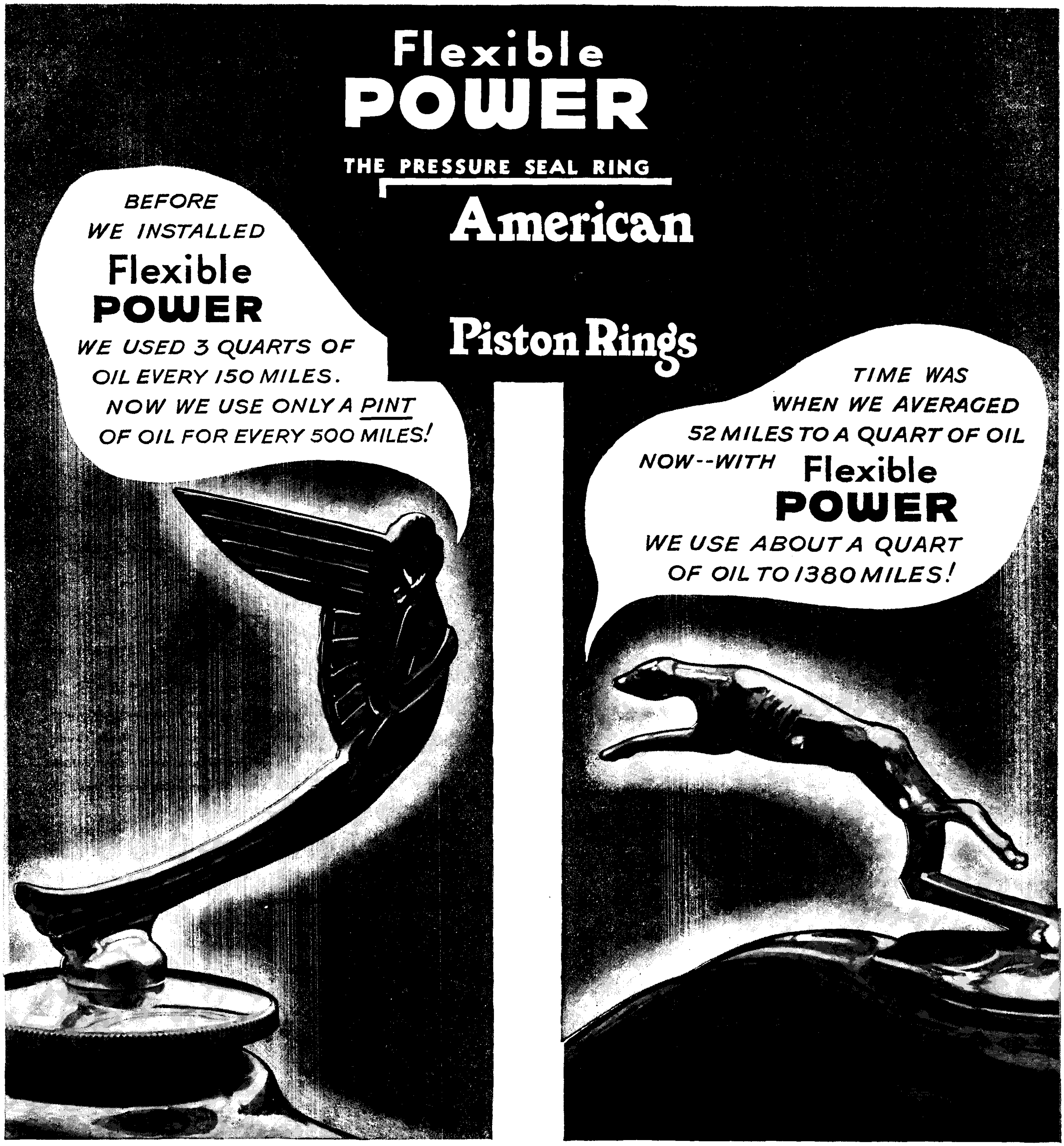
Nevertheless, the gentleman was dissuaded although they had to promise him that he would get plenty of credit when, in good time, the general pension bill was ready for introduction. It will probably make its appearance next year. Its proponents do not look for immediate success. But they have hopes that it will be law before 1940.

And yet the road to pensions will not

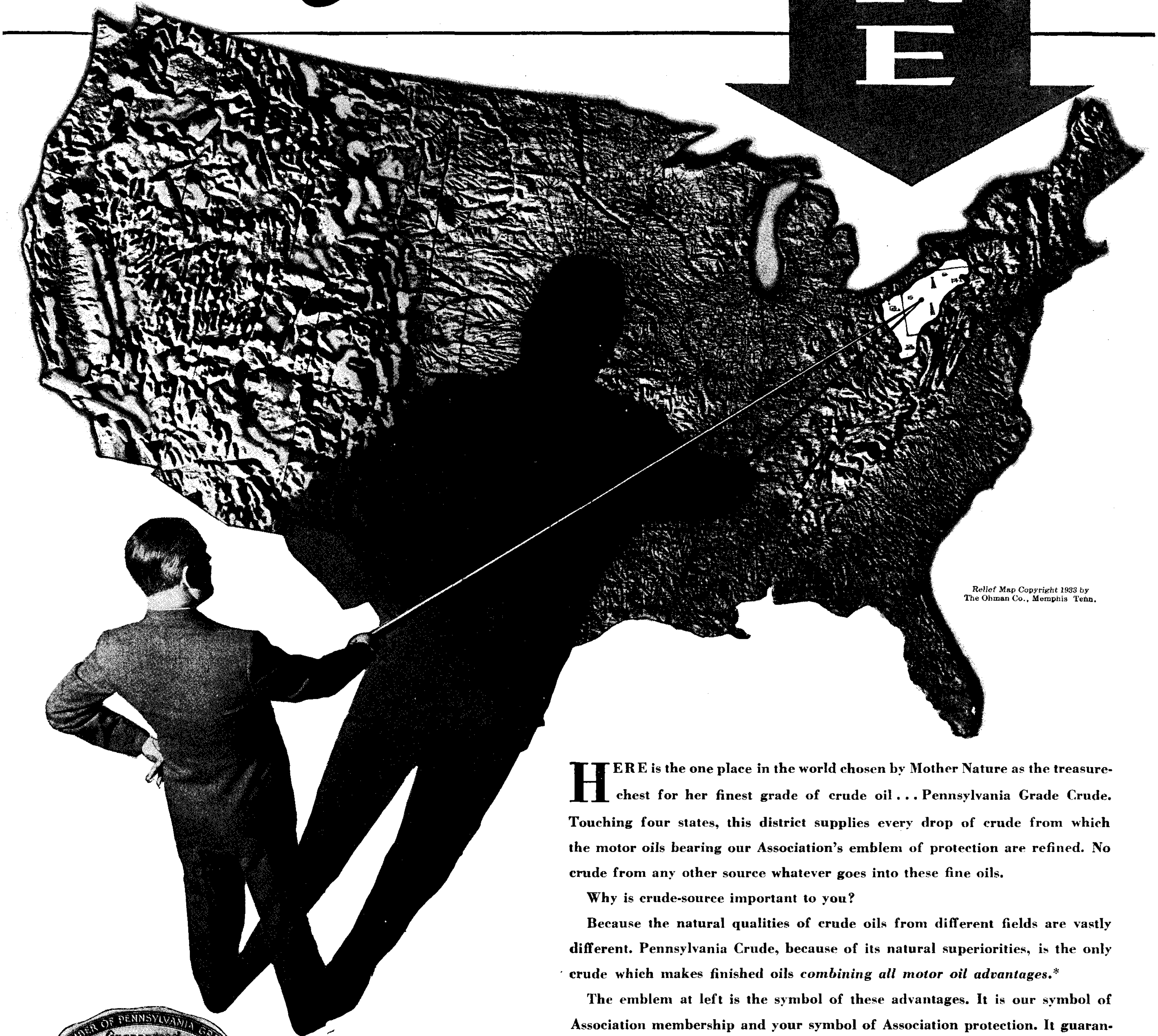
(Continued on page 59)

IT *takes* something to start radiator caps talking—and Flexible Power has *what it takes!* The statements below are quoted from letters on file in our office. From all parts of the United States we are receiving letters reporting phenomenal gas and oil savings after the installation of American Hammered Flexible Power Piston Rings in cars that owners thought ready for a trade-in. You can make *your* gas and oil dollars more elastic with Flexible Power and you'll get more pleasure out of motoring, too.

AMERICAN HAMMERED PISTON RING CO.
Division of The Bartlett Hayward Company
BALTIMORE, MARYLAND


Flexible POWER
THE PRESSURE SEAL RING
American
Piston Rings
BEFORE WE INSTALLED Flexible POWER WE USED 3 QUARTS OF OIL EVERY 150 MILES. NOW WE USE ONLY A PINT OF OIL FOR EVERY 500 MILES!
TIME WAS WHEN WE AVERAGED 52 MILES TO A QUART OF OIL NOW--WITH Flexible POWER WE USE ABOUT A QUART OF OIL TO 1380 MILES!

Nature buried Oil Treasure—HERE



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The Ohman Co., Memphis Tenn.

HERE is the one place in the world chosen by Mother Nature as the treasure-chest for her finest grade of crude oil . . . Pennsylvania Grade Crude. Touching four states, this district supplies every drop of crude from which the motor oils bearing our Association's emblem of protection are refined. No crude from any other source whatever goes into these fine oils.

Why is crude-source important to you?

Because the natural qualities of crude oils from different fields are vastly different. Pennsylvania Crude, because of its natural superiorities, is the only crude which makes finished oils *combining all motor oil advantages.**

The emblem at left is the symbol of these advantages. It is our symbol of Association membership and your symbol of Association protection. It guarantees to you that every oil sold under our emblem is 100% Pure Pennsylvania, approved by our Association and certified by bond to be exactly as represented.

PENNSYLVANIA GRADE CRUDE OIL ASSOCIATION • OIL CITY, PENNSYLVANIA

Copyright 1936, Pennsylvania Grade Crude Oil Association

Founded in 1923—not for profit. A voluntary Association of more than 1,000 producers, refiners and sales companies whose membership dues are invested in research, analysis and vigilant inspection to maintain the high quality standards for which the Association's seal of approval—its official emblem—stands.

MEMBER OF PENNSYLVANIA GRADE CRUDE OIL ASSOCIATION
Guaranteed
100% PURE
PENNSYLVANIA
OIL
PERMIT NUMBER
Made from
the highest grade crude oil in the world

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* *There are five vital points about a motor oil: does it permit quick starting in any weather?; does it instantly circulate to all moving parts?; does it hold its original quality under fierce motor heat?; does it stay on the job?; does it lubricate perfectly? Only an oil made 100% from Pennsylvania Grade Crude can answer YES to all these questions.*

BETTER OILS FROM THE GROUND UP

Rally Round the Bag, Boys

Continued from page 56

be the smoothest the veterans have trod. All is not calm and serene within the ranks of veteran organizations. Fear of inflation and its results (to the veteran, of all people) contributes to the apprehension, but we can let that pass for the time being and stick to the general complications of pensions. Suppose we do pass a general pension bill for the World War veteran and his kin. Will he and they be able to enjoy that and old age pensions too? The rational answer would seem to be no—that one government pension should be enough for any one person. But here again we bruise our shins upon the imperishable question of political expediency. We were pretty deeply impressed when a congressman of the newest "liberal" school assured us that he was for "no discrimination against the veteran."

"If," said he, "the veteran gets his war pensions—which I shall vote for—and lives to be eligible for old age pensions—which I voted for and will vote to make larger—he should have the old age pension too. We shall not penalize the veteran because of his war service. If eventually we adopt the Townsend Plan we cannot deny to the veteran its benefits simply because he is drawing a pittance for his devotion to his country, sir, in the hour of its trial."

"Then," we said, "we may count upon you for pensions?"

"You're damned tooting, sir," said he.

Of course we have no way of knowing how many other "liberals" of that gentleman's persuasion will be in Congress when the great day comes, but we have a feeling that it won't be difficult to find them aspiring to Congress in the autumn.

Within the veteran organizations there are other misgivings. Sharing these misgivings are a considerable number of congressmen who hope to be maintained in their interesting jobs. You see, the veteran and the individual who is not a veteran are not alone in their yearnings for pensions. Whole states and cities have tasted of the delights of federal government doles and have found that such fare agrees with them. The more Washington gives to the thriving metropolis of No Lady Junction the more prosperous the local merchants grow and the more pleased are the local taxpayers. Similarly, the more liberally Washington showers down on the state you have the honor to live in, the less money your own legislature has to ask you for. At any rate that's the theory, even if it doesn't work out.

We'll be Seeing You, Congressman

The argument is, however, that local governments—many thousands of them—have been converted to federal government pensions, having enjoyed them for three years. And now that it seems likely that they are to be asked to try to finance themselves for a while, they are urging their veterans, the leaders of their veterans, their unemployed, their old folks and heaven knows who else to increase their clamor for pensions. If the local governments can't get federal doles direct they are prepared to struggle along on indirect benefits. The hope is that the pensioner will spend his pension at home—or most of it.

We limit ourselves to these few hints. But these and sundry similar problems will be bumbling about in the minds of many of the gentlemen assembled in Philadelphia and Cleveland while we veterans are counting our bonds forward and backward, bidding the little woman to put on her old gray bonnet and park the kids at Aunt Hattie's for a couple of weeks. We'll be seeing you, Congressman, when we get back.

The American Legion has come out officially for nothing more sweeping than general pensions for widows and orphans. The Disabled American Veterans—the DAV—has disavowed any hankering for the general pension but is likely to be compelled by sheer numbers to fall into line with the Legion and the VFW when the crisis arrives. We're sorry, but you'll have to wait and see. But having talked to a number of pension bill writers we think we may take a chance and give you a general idea of what the bill will look like.

Roaring with Industry

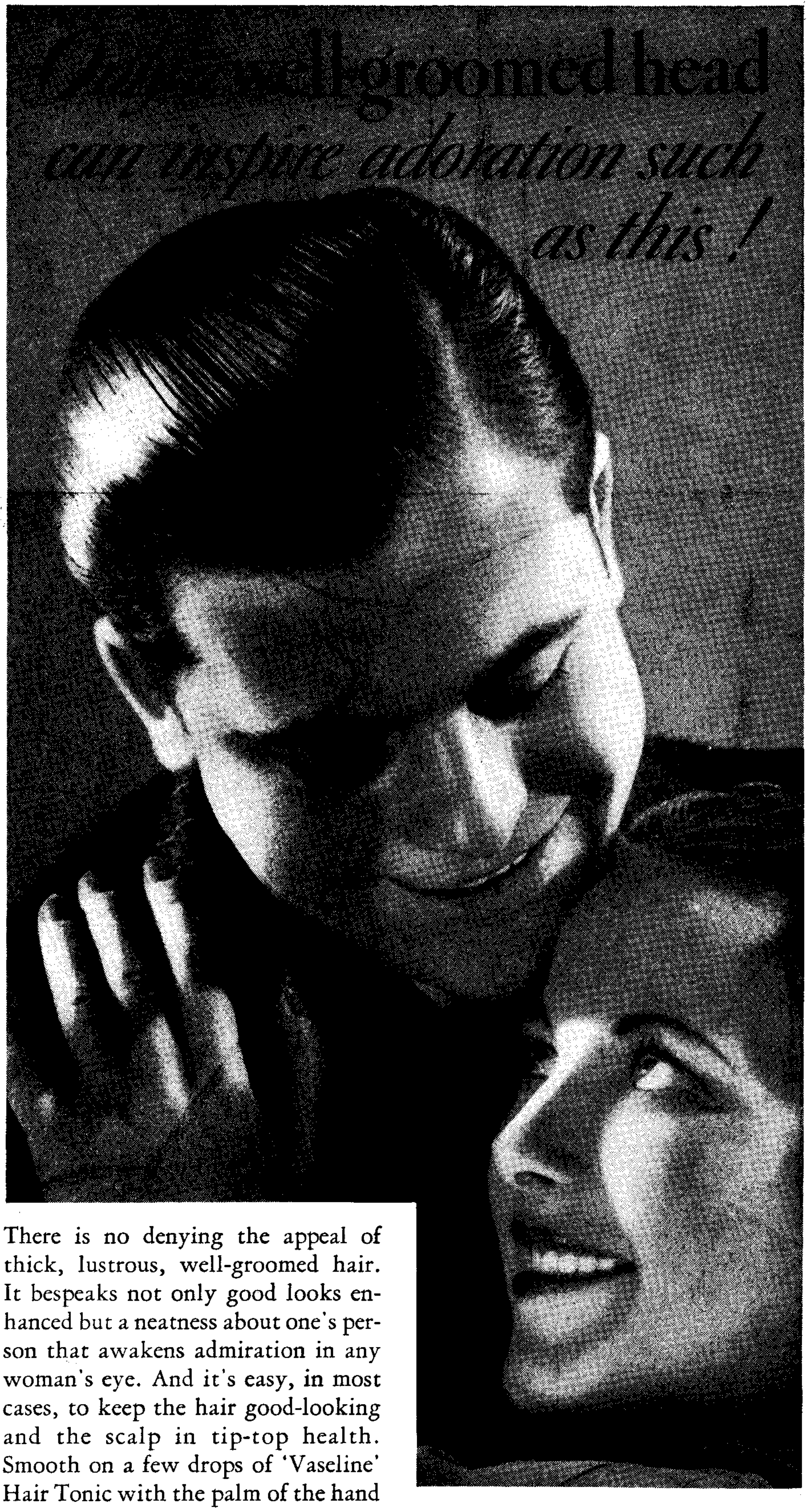
The current intention is to establish twenty-four or perhaps thirty dollars as the flat-rate pension for all veterans and their heirs. But lest you turn to paper and pencil and arrive at the conclusion that this might, after all, be an economy, it would be well to look farther. This twenty-four dollars (or whatever it may be after the conference is over and the dead and wounded removed) would be of a minimum nature. Those veterans who are now getting less than twenty-four dollars a month from the government for ailments, inconveniences and disabilities incurred since the war would be raised to that minimum. But such veterans who draw more per month for war-incurred disabilities and for disabilities "presumed" to have had their genesis in war service, whether in the Argonne, Hoboken, South Carolina or the hostess house at Camp Benjamin Harrison, would not come down to the minimum but enjoy their current upper-bracket allowances. As we told you a few minutes ago, there is a bill in Congress now which would give these upper-bracket men the pension to "protect their legal obligations, insurance protection and other property interests." But all that may be ironed out in conference. You ought to drop in on a political conference some time. Such fun.

In the meantime the veteran lobbies will be roaring with industry. The halls are aswarm with veterans with a thousand and one stories. They think somebody added wrong and their bonus is short a hundred or so. Or their creditors absorbed it all and they're as bankrupt as ever. Or they had been deceived; they understood that the government was not going to deduct the money they had borrowed. And what about a pension? Did the Legion and the Foreign War Veterans think they were going to call it square for a miserable few hundred dollars? Didn't Wall Street make millions out of the war? If the Legion and the other organizations wanted to quit now—well, there were others who would come to the defense of the veteran and get him justice.

There was one veteran who told us that the Legion officers wouldn't dare oppose pensions even if they wanted to. And he wasn't one of the rank and file either. A very prosperous gentleman—a congressman—who has had no love for the Legion for a couple of years but who has been one of the veterans' most consistent champions.

"The veteran," said he, "is ripe for reorganization. If the Legion and others do not want to fight for pensions there'll be another organization founded. And among its original members will be about half the membership of the American Legion. Wait for the Legion convention next fall."

So we're waiting.



There is no denying the appeal of thick, lustrous, well-groomed hair. It bespeaks not only good looks enhanced but a neatness about one's person that awakens admiration in any woman's eye. And it's easy, in most cases, to keep the hair good-looking and the scalp in tip-top health. Smooth on a few drops of 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic with the palm of the hand before combing the hair. Literally three or four drops are all you need to keep the most unruly in place, and impart a lustre to a harsh, dull crop. A vigorous scalp massage with this natural oil Tonic stimulates circulation at the hair roots, replenishes the oil that both the hair and the scalp need so badly to combat dandruff, dryness, and possible hair loss. (Even a scalp that appears perfectly normal may be deficient in protective oils.) Buy a bottle and try a five minute 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic massage before your next shampoo. Chesebrough Mfg. Co., Cons'd., 17 State St., New York.

If you're losing your hair. . .

Vaseline
HAIR
TONIC
Vaseline
HAIR
TONIC

40¢ and 70¢

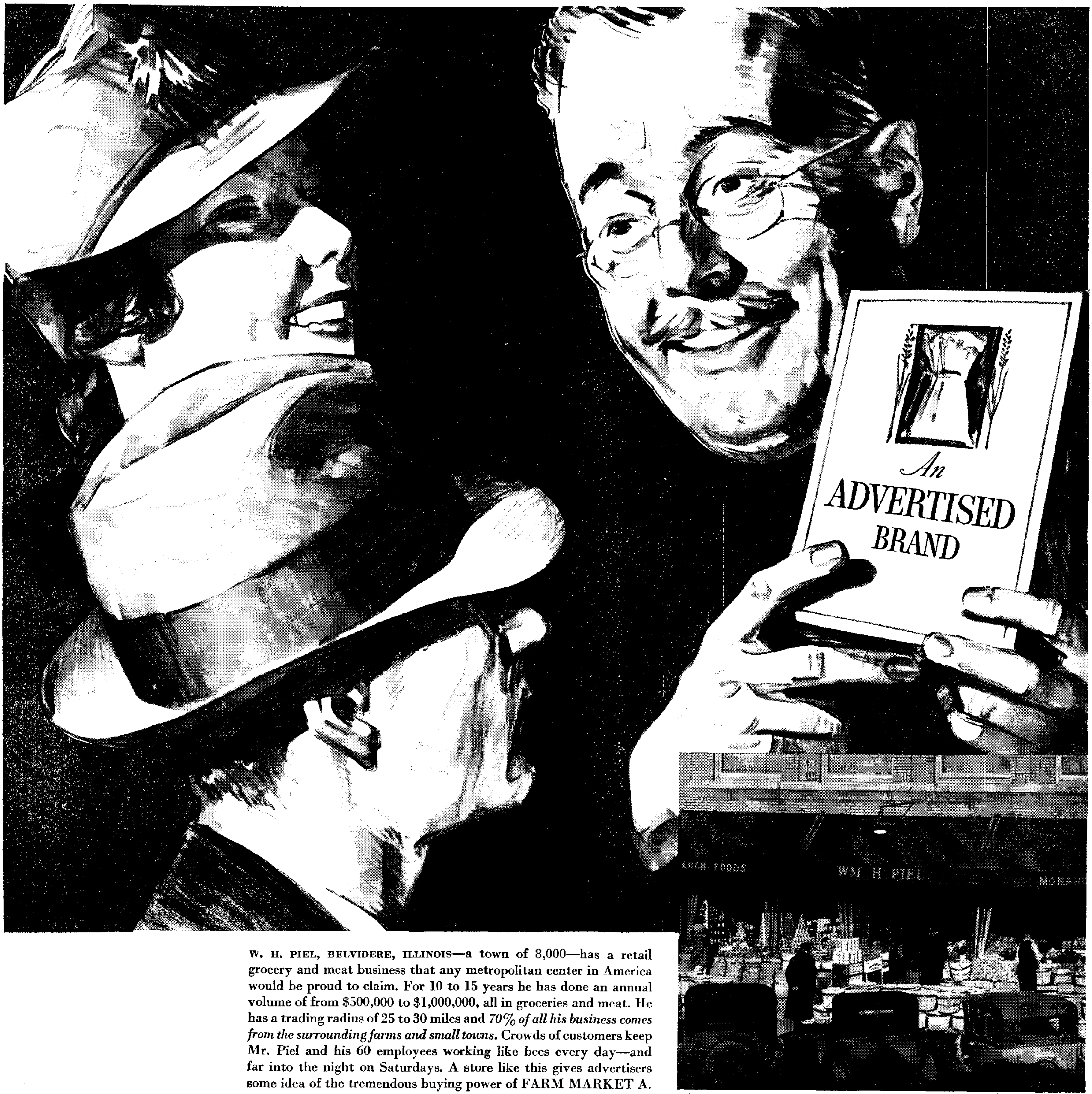
The main causes of falling hair—as opposed to the normal shedding of old hairs as new ones replace them—are dandruff, general ill health, shocking the scalp with cold showers, dressing the hair while damp, etc. Correct them. Invigorate and tone the scalp locally with regular 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic massage. Full directions for the treatment of dandruff and other scalp conditions with every bottle.

Vaseline HAIR TONIC

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Copr. 1936, Chesebrough Mfg. Co., Cons'd.

What FARM



W. H. PIEL, BELVIDERE, ILLINOIS—a town of 8,000—has a retail grocery and meat business that any metropolitan center in America would be proud to claim. For 10 to 15 years he has done an annual volume of from $500,000 to $1,000,000, all in groceries and meat. He has a trading radius of 25 to 30 miles and 70% *of all his business comes from the surrounding farms and small towns.* Crowds of customers keep Mr. Piel and his 60 employees working like bees every day—and far into the night on Saturdays. A store like this gives advertisers some idea of the tremendous buying power of FARM MARKET A.

MARKET A *wants*

DEALERS GET!

what it takes to put goods on shelves and showroom floors in the smaller trading centers (where live the people who buy 40% of all goods sold at retail) ***is the demand of America's richest farm market. Farm Market A!***

ASK the smart merchant in the busy little town *why* he stocks certain brands. He'll tell you—*because his better customers want them!* And his better customers are the money-making, money-spending farmers. That's true of every small trading center in the country. One-out-of-every-three farmers influencing the buying of the retailers—yes, and dictating the buying habits of the community. For these farmers—these rural leaders who are looked up to and followed—produce (and spend) 80% of the national farm income. They make up rich Farm Market A—*the most alive market in the world today!*

This is The Country Home market, too. For more than 91% of The Country Home magazine's more than 1,500,000 circulation is distributed where these 35% top-income farmers live. The Farm Market A farmers who will spend nearly six billion dollars in 1936—and the way a large part of it is spent can be influenced by advertising in The Country Home magazine. For here is the largest circulation in the farm field—*hand-picked from among the best farmers in the country!*

Back up your salesmen with advertising in The Country Home magazine and they'll come back with orders. For when your salesmen show retailers how many Farm Market A farmers there are in their trading areas—how the circulation of The Country Home magazine parallels the top-income farms—*they're talking business language the dealer understands.* For dealers in small towns know who butters their bread—who builds up their net profits. Dealers know that these "A" farmers are not window-shoppers but across-the-counter buyers, and that their minds are made up before they come to town. And that's where advertising in The Country Home magazine does a job. It is the "*accepted*" magazine in Farm Market A.

80%
of the farm income is produced by
35%
of the farms

The Country Home magazine not only puts goods *on* dealers' shelves—*it moves them off, too.* Starting with the top-income farmer, it piles up sales all the way down to the lower-income farmer who follows his lead and advice. That's why advertisers get a two-way return from The Country Home magazine. *Because it automatically reaches the rich, leadership farmers of America!*

TO SMALL TOWN DEALERS WHO ARE AFTER BIGGER SALES: *Farm Market A is the most powerful sales tie-up you can give your local advertising and merchandising. Learn how to use it in your selling. Write to The Crowell Publishing Company for a report of Farm Market A farms and The Country Home circulation in the county or counties in your trading areas—also a list of the products advertised in The Country Home. Address—The Crowell Publishing Company, Dept. C. H., Springfield, Ohio.*

20%
of the farm income is produced by
65%
of the farms

THE Country Home

The "A" Magazine in Farm Market A

MORE THAN 1,500,000 CIRCULATION

Largest circulation in the rural field

© 1936, The Crowell Publishing Co.

THE CROWELL PUBLISHING COMPANY • SPRINGFIELD, OHIO • PUBLISHERS: COLLIER'S • WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION • THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE • THE COUNTRY HOME

Your beard grows 1/40 of an inch a day*

This photo-micrograph shows how each hair grows out of a tiny hole or valley in the skin.

*Beards vary in their rate of growth. Some grow as much as 1/25 of an inch every day.

You can prevent "Afternoon Stubble" by cutting off each hair at the face-line

At night, after a hard day's work, no man likes to shave again. It's a nuisance.

Yet you can't stop your beard from growing—1/40 of an inch a day, dermatologists say. Blond beards grow even faster than dark. They may not *show* as much—yet *feel* rough, unkempt in the late afternoon.

Whiskers grow out of tiny holes or valleys in the skin. Most razors do not shave closely enough because their thick blade guards prevent the blade from reaching into these whisker holes.

Like the old straight-edge razor which had no guard, the Enders is designed to reach deep *down*—cut off each hair at the skin-line; yet a thin beveled guard protects it from cutting the skin.

There are two distinct principles—patented—which make this possible:—

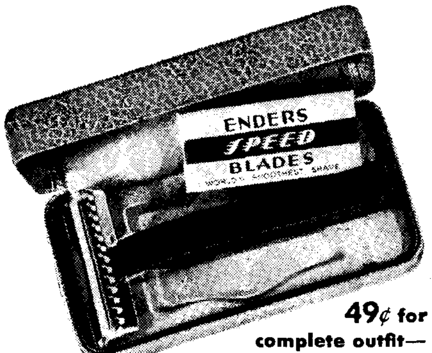
1. **The entirely new angle of the top and bottom guards which flattens out the holes and allows the blade to cut off the hair at the skin-line.**
2. **The "hollow-ground" blade similar to the barber's straight-edge.**

The Enders combines both of these features in one razor. It is now offered for national sale after being tried by shavers in all parts of the United States.

Shave with an Enders. It feels like a feather in your hand—weighs 1 ounce. Gives you a speed shave.

Really a one-piece razor. Easy to clean. Wide-open passage at blade allows hair, soap or brushless cream to pass through.

Try an Enders. It's only 49¢ with 6 blades and case.



49¢ for complete outfit—razor, 6 blades and case

Special Introductory Offer—If your dealer does not carry this set

USE THIS COUPON

The Enders Razor Co., Inc., Jersey City, N.J.
(Durham Duplex Razor Co., Successors)
In Canada, 50 Pearl St., Toronto, Ont.
Gentlemen: My dealer does not carry the standard set, so please send me a demonstrator Enders Speed Razor complete with 3 Enders Blades. I enclose 25¢ (stamps accepted).

Name________________

Address________________

C-4-18-36

Lost: One Empire

Continued from page 14

may make within the next few years seems almost certain to bring with it a new batch of headaches for Europe's harassed statesmen.

One of the principal points made by those who wish to see his restoration to the throne of his Hapsburg forefathers is that it would unquestionably be the most efficacious way of thwarting Nazi dreams regarding Austria's future, both in Germany and on Austrian soil itself. Were Otto monarch in Austria, his partisans maintain, the hopes of German Nazis to annex Austria outright to Hitlerist Germany would suffer a severe and probably fatal setback. Similarly, with a monarch again at the head of the Austrian government, Austrian plots to create a Nazi regime in Austria—nominally independent of Germany but, in reality, no better than a sort of annex of Hitlerism—could not possibly succeed, since the return of the heir of the Hapsburgs would be so popular among Austrians of all classes that no local subversive movement could possibly make headway against it. So run the eloquent arguments of Otto's loyal adherents. Only by placing him again on the throne, they insist, can Austrian independence—so dear to the hearts of all anti-Nazis throughout Europe—be effectually guaranteed.

Such arguments would be stronger just now were it not for the nations of the Little Entente—Czechoslovakia, Yugoslavia and Rumania.

Ever since the close of the World War, when Otto's father, the last of the emperors of Austria-Hungary, was driven into exile with his whole family, those three nations have been adamant in their hostility to all projects for a Hapsburg restoration on the soil of their neighbor, Austria. In fact, Czechs and Yugoslavs have gone so far as to threaten the mobilization of their armies and the invasion of Austrian territory if ever Otto seeks to lay hands on his Austrian heritage.

Hostility from Abroad

The reason for this hostility is quite simple: Czechoslovakia is composed practically entirely, and the other two Little Entente members to a considerable extent, of territory formerly ruled over by the young archduke's ancestors. As a result of the World War, the Czech republic was carved principally out of Bohemia, Slovakia and other lands formerly belonging to the vast Hapsburg domain. Transylvania, also included in that domain before the Austro-Hungarian collapse in 1918, went to Rumania as her choicest tidbit from the Allied spoils of victory; and the little kingdom of Serbia, which had also thrown in its lot with the Allies, found herself, after the peace treaties which liquidated the war, transformed into the big Yugoslav monarchy, through the addition to her territory of Croatia and a considerable area along the Adriatic, all previously part and parcel of the empire of the Hapsburgs.

Ever since, all three of these countries have been firmly convinced that the enthronement of Otto in Vienna will eventually mean a campaign to reincorporate under his scepter all those portions of the ancient dominions of his family over which now wave the flags of Czechoslovakia, Yugoslavia and Rumania. Hence their stubborn objections to all schemes for having Otto transfer himself from Steenockerzeel to Schönbrunn, and exchange his status of ex-archduke in exile for that of reigning sovereign in Austria.

Leaning forward, alert with eagerness to learn, he asks about America and the Americans.

Obviously, the United States interests him deeply. He wants to know about the late Huey Long—"a sort of American Hitler, wasn't he?" he inquires, eyes twinkling boyishly.

He likes President Roosevelt, inquires eagerly about the attitude toward him of his fellow Americans. "Will Roosevelt be re-elected?" he asks. He speaks in friendly terms of Americans whom he met at Louvain University in Belgium, where—until his graduation two years ago—he specialized in political science, economics, financial and budgetary matters, and other subjects likely to fit him for grappling with Europe's complicated problems. And he recalls with enthusiasm a visit paid not long ago to an American warship, which happened to be lying at anchor in a Belgian harbor. "A magnificent ship!" he exclaims, his eyes dancing with pleasure at the memory.

Silent Statesmen Are Best

"I should love to visit the United States!" he continued—and he spoke as if he fully meant what he said. His eyes narrowed, as if he were trying to visualize the great republic across the ocean, so unlike the Europe in which he has lived all the twenty-four years of his life.

"You Americans treat your problems so broadly," he added admiringly. "You fling about thousands of millions of dollars casually, whereas, over here in Europe, the nations make a tremendous fuss over ten millions.

"I don't think America can isolate herself from the rest of the world. Things are so complicated nowadays that all nations must necessarily be mixed up with one another. Look at the nations of Europe! Look at little Austria! It is bound to be somewhat the same with the United States."

Into the talk the name of Father Coughlin dropped suddenly. It turned thoughts, by a natural transition, to the radio. I asked the archduke whether he had ever spoken over it. He shook his head. Then, once more, that charming smile flooded his features.

"After all, silence is better than speaking—over the radio or any other way," he remarked. "I admire statesmen who keep silent. For instance, there was Marshal Pilsudski in Poland. While he was alive, he said so little and kept so much in the background that one hardly knew what position he held in the Polish government. Yet it was quite evident that he dominated everything. And, whenever he spoke, his words carried great weight.

"Another man like that is Stalin of Russia. He, too, is silent most of the time. When he talks, however, one remembers well what he says."

Nowhere in his talk was the young archduke so frank as when he turned to Germany and spoke of Adolf Hitler. That name aroused him to unprecedented vigor and vehemence of utterance.

"What do Americans think of Hitler?" he asked eagerly.

I replied that most of them did not like him.

The archduke then said that the German system of National Socialism, with its suppression of the freedom of speech, could not possibly be put into effect in Austria, and that it entailed, in itself, the most serious disadvantages. He added that the National Socialist race theory was untenable and cruel, and would be, in the lands along the Danube, inhabited by peoples speaking different languages, an element of discord, at a time when peace alone can bring to the nations of Europe the final assurance of rehabilitation.

As everybody who follows Europe's tangled affairs is well aware, Hitler and his Nazis have been in the past, and may again become in the future, a serious problem in Austria, Archduke Otto's native land. Year before last, their plots, fostered from across the German frontier, to overthrow the Austrian government and either annex Austria to Germany or place her under a Nazi regime of her own, resulted in a full-fledged rebellion, which brought in its wake the murder of Chancellor Dollfuss and, from other European countries, the threat of armed intervention in Austrian affairs. Archduke Otto, I knew well, had followed those events with the closest attention—indeed, rumors of a coup d'état, which might restore him as ruler over Austria, had been especially rife around that tragic time. Though suspecting that he would be reluctant to say much about Austria, I asked him, nevertheless, what he thought about Nazi activities there.

"They are *dangerous* only because Germany stands behind them," he replied instantly. "Early this year the Nazis got busy again in Austria. They are still giving trouble there."

A Crown Prince at Four

The day after Otto's fourth birthday—on November 21, 1916—old Emperor Francis Joseph of Austria-Hungary breathed his last, in the eighty-seventh year of his life. Otto's father, who had been serving at the front in the Austro-Hungarian army, now reigned in the old man's place, as emperor of Austria and king of Hungary. And little Otto was crown prince.

He stood next in succession to his father as ruler over the vast dominions welded together by the Hapsburg family through the centuries—the crown lands of Austria, proud Hungary, romantic Bohemia, the far-flung plains of Transylvania, fiery Croatia, the eastern fringe of the Adriatic, the rugged mountain districts of the Carpathians and Tyrol, inhabited by peoples wearing scores of different costumes and speaking scores of different languages and dialects.

The little boy was among the chief mourners, as the great funeral cortege of Francis Joseph moved somberly through the streets of Vienna. And, when black mourning changed to flashing pomp—on the days when his father and mother were crowned in Vienna and Budapest as the new sovereigns of Austria and Hungary—Otto was acclaimed also by the cheering multitudes. He rode, bewildered but delighted, in the grand coronation processions, had his photograph taken, between Emperor Karl, his father, and Empress Zita, his mother, in finery scarcely less gorgeous than theirs.

It seemed impossible that those glamorous days should be the prelude to years of anguish and poverty, exile and tragedy, of the bitterness of unfulfilled dreams and trampled hopes. Yet, even at the very moment of the old emperor's death, dark shadows were gathering over Austria-Hungary. At the front, things were not going well. Despite deceptive victories, the specter of military collapse haunted the thoughts of Emperor Karl's subjects.

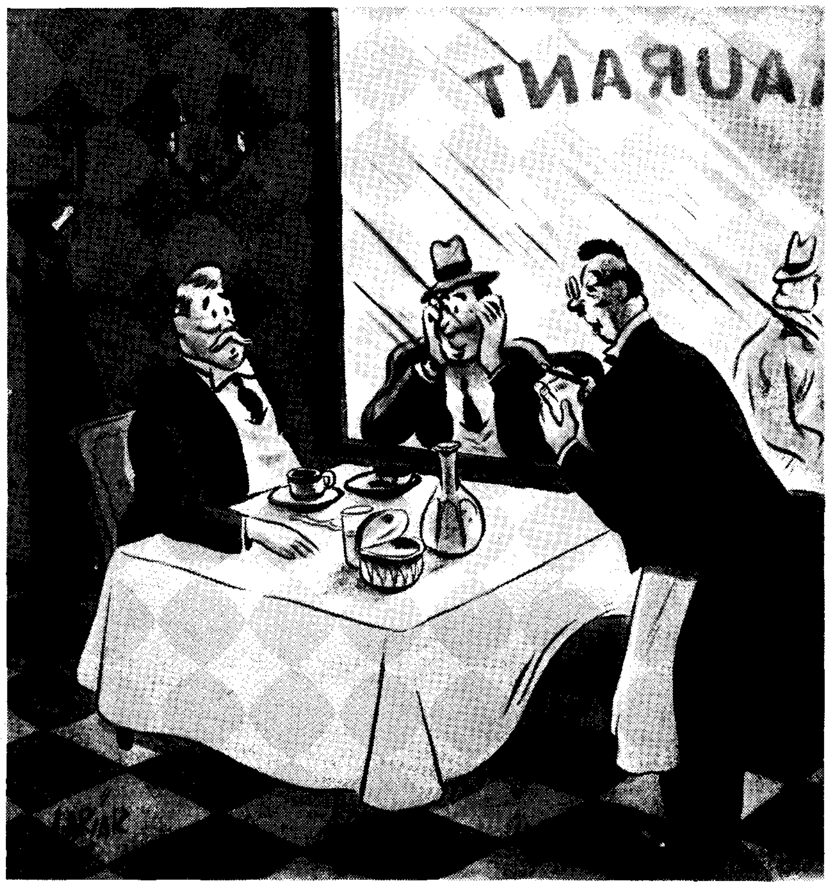
To young Otto, however, all still seemed rosy. War, he felt, could bring nothing but glory to the land over which his father ruled. Having been made honorary colonel of an Austrian regiment, he strutted about proudly in its uniform; when news was read to him of some victorious fight, he would eagerly ask: "Was *my regiment* there?"

During a visit of the young crown prince, with his parents, to Hungary, toward the end of 1918, reports reached them that revolution had broken out within their dominions, following the rout and disintegration of the Austro-Hungarian armies.

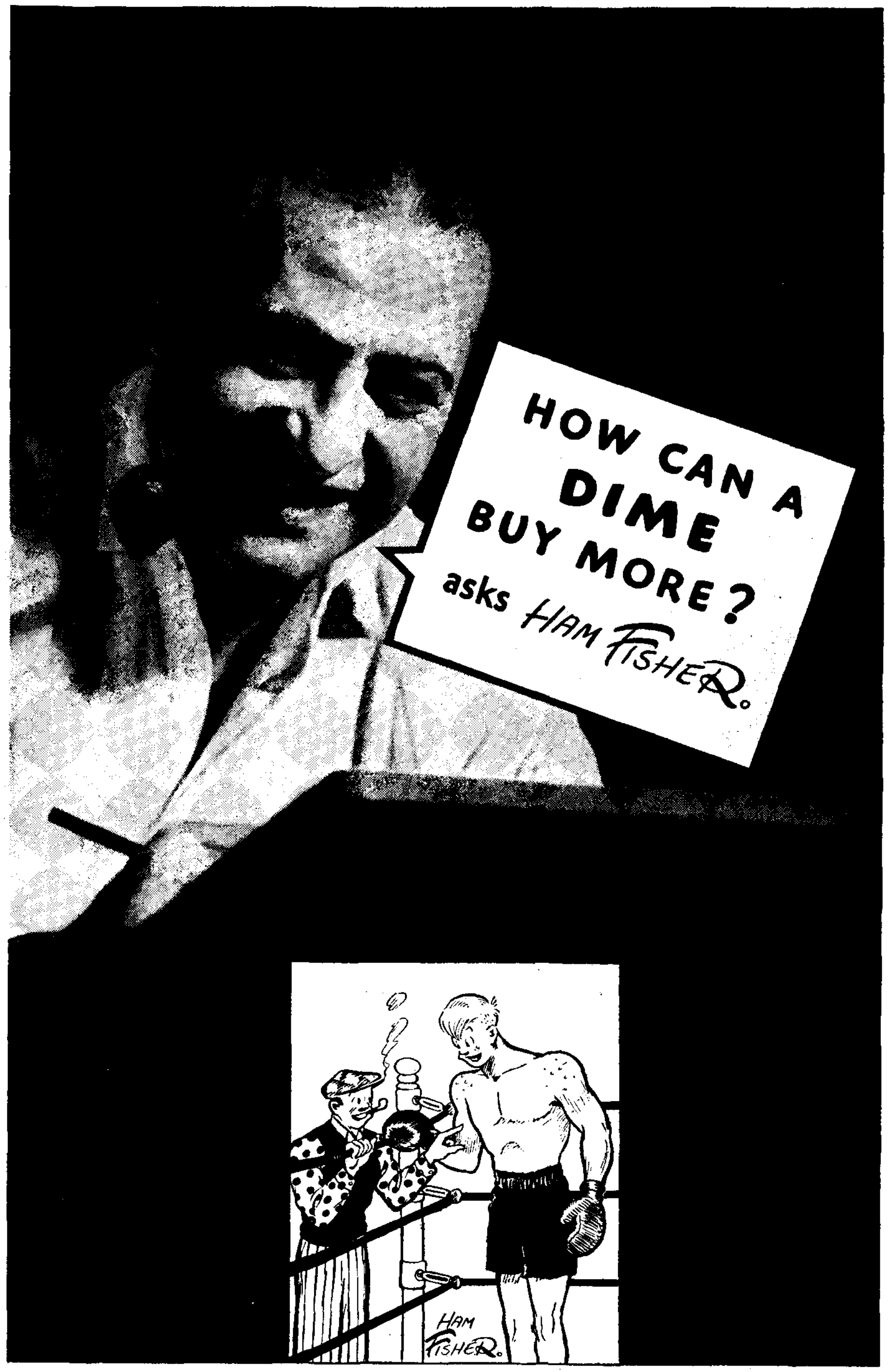
A hasty return to Vienna was decided upon. Otto, with his little brothers and sisters, was bundled into a car which set out by circuitous ways toward the imperial capital.

On all sides were signs of catastrophe. At one town, the little boy, pointing to a soldier swaggering about wearing a red cockade, cried angrily to his mother:

(Continued on page 64)



"Shall I put both on one check, sir?" LAWRENCE LARIAR

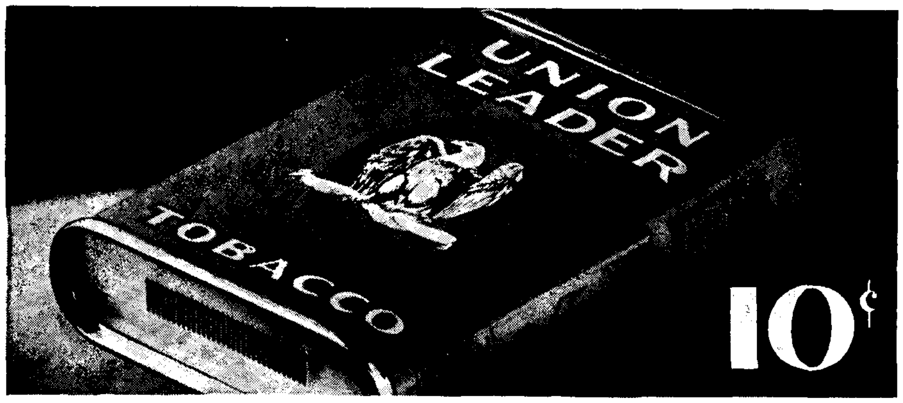


HAM FISHER Union Leader smoker, and famous creator of "Joe Palooka"

The quick reply, Mr. Fisher—to your query is, "It can't be done!" Don't you know that Union Leader's biggest boosters are men who once demanded the best regardless of cost? These experienced buyers of fine tobacco rate this mellow *old* Kentucky Burley far above its modest price. Now we ask *you, wouldn't it be foolish for any man not to gamble* a dime to win the "best bet" any pipe smoker ever collected? (Grand for cigarettes, too!)

© P. Lorillard Co., Inc.

UNION LEADER



THE GREAT AMERICAN SMOKE

Your Initials for your car

**2 Sets in Gold and Red
One for each side of car 6¢**

IT TAKES only a few minutes—and costs you very little—to put your initials on both sides of your car. Du Pont is offering two sets of stylish, durable letters which you can apply yourself, easily and quickly. They look just like those the coachmakers put on the finest cars.

And, of course, you'll want to polish the car before you install your initials. It's such an easy job when you use Duco Polish. You just rub it on—and wipe it off! It soon cleans away dull Traffic Film, and makes the car sparkle like new. It's quick—it's safe—it works perfectly on all car finishes.

We make this generous offer, because we want you to see how easily you can keep your car beautiful.

HOW TO GET YOUR INITIALS

DU PONT
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Purchase a can of Duco Polish, Duco Cleaner or Duco-Wax and send the tag (which you find on top of the can) with 6c in stamps to DU PONT, Annex 7, Wilmington, Del. We will send you promptly two sets of your initials, one for each side of your car. This offer is made for a limited time, and is good in the U. S. only.

DEALERS: *Write for tags for your stock. Give inventory.*

DU PONT
DUCO
POLISH
7
SPEED BLEND

DU PONT DUCO POLISH
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
for "Duco," "Dulux" and Synthetic Enamels

(Continued from page 63)

"Look! That fellow has torn father's insignia off his cap!" And when, as they drew near Vienna, he and his brothers and sisters were warned no longer to nod in gracious greeting to passers-by, nor expect to be greeted by the latter deferentially, he looked up, with puzzled eyes, and exclaimed, "But, Mother, don't the people around here know we are the emperor's children?"

In Vienna, Emperor Karl prepared to abdicate his throne. A man of mildness, docile before the blows of fate, he was inclined to bow in resignation to what had befallen him and his realm. But his empress, the indomitable Zita, was stung to fury.

"A ruler can never abdicate!" she cried. "He can be dethroned, he can be bereft of his rights as a sovereign, but abdicate—never!" Turning to her grief-stricken husband, she went on: "Rather would I die here, with you! Otto would then rule, in our place. And, even if all of us should perish, there would be other members of the Hapsburg family alive!"

It is in that spirit that Zita has brought up her son. Even at the lowest ebb of the family fortunes, she has considered him, taught him to consider himself, and required everyone in his entourage to consider him, the rightful ruler over a great empire. Modesty of bearing she has also taught him, and naturalness of manner; but not for one instant must he or anybody near him forget that he was born Otto of Hapsburg, great-great-nephew of one man and son of another, whom, within his short lifetime, he has seen as reigning monarchs; that he himself was, for two years, crown prince in the great Austro-Hungarian domain, and is destined—if the prayers of his mother and all other loyal Austro - Hungarian monarchists come true—to win back the throne of which the fortunes of war deprived him.

After that sad scene at Schönbrunn, Kaiser Karl and his family went into exile. First they lived quietly in Switzerland. From there, Karl, lured by the over-sanguine hopes of his adherents, made a dramatic attempt to regain his lost throne.

The Tragedy of Karl of Hapsburg

He actually entered Budapest, the capital of Hungary, at the head of a troop of loyal followers. But Admiral Horthy, then as now head of the Hungarian postwar government, knowing well what a hornets' nest the ex-emperor's return would bring about Hungarian ears, courteously but firmly told him that his restoration was, for the time being, impossible. Brokenhearted, Karl returned to his family in Switzerland—where little Otto, all ready for joyous celebration, had, instead, to creep tearfully to bed.

Karl's attempted coup made his further stay in Europe out of the question. His enemies compelled him and his wife, with their children, to migrate to the Portuguese island of Madeira, out in the Atlantic Ocean, off the African coast.

There, on the first of April, 1922—bereft of every shred of imperial and royal pomp, poverty-stricken, disillusioned and broken in spirit—Karl of Hapsburg died. His body, placed in a plain wooden coffin, was pulled along the cobblestoned streets of Funchal, Madeira's principal town, in a humble two-wheeled cart, by a faithful servant and a loyal Austrian who happened to be living on the island. A few paces behind the corpse, in deepest mourning, walked the ex-Empress Zita and her ten-year old son, Otto.

Karl was laid to rest in a little chapel among the hills overlooking Funchal. Some years ago I stood beside his plain tomb, amid fragrant breezes and luxuriant flowers, with the ocean below sparkling in sunshine—and nothing whatever to suggest that here lay a man who had lived in palaces, moved amid medieval homage and splendor, ruled over forty-five millions of subjects, put to his lips the nectar and drained to its dregs the wormwood of imperial destiny.

Soon after her husband's death, his wife, with Otto and his six small brothers and sisters, went to live in Spain—at a villa in Lequeitio, on the Bay of Biscay. From there, a few years ago, they moved to their present residence, the chateau of Steenockerzeel, near Brussels, in Belgium—a square, high, rambling structure, flanked by four ancient round towers, encircled by the waters of a pond as by a medieval moat. At Steenockerzeel, Otto received the finishing touches of his careful education as a young boy.

Once a King, Always a King

In talking with the young archduke one gets a good idea of the healthfulness and purposefulness injected into his life as a royal exile by his indefatigable mother and those faithful Austrians of the old regime who have formed a devoted little court around the two ever since they were driven from Vienna by the revolution of 1918.

A course of rigid study has been prescribed for him, tempered with a goodly portion of outdoor activities. Swimming is his favorite sport; and, more recently, at Saint-Jean-de-Luz, in the south of France, where he had gone in the summer, he took up golf.

And, everywhere and always, his mother has invariably impressed upon him that he is a Hapsburg, a King, and an Emperor.

"Even if my son is reduced to having only one servant," she said once, "that one must call him 'Your Majesty.'"

And it is as "Your Majesty"—quite as if his modest home in Belgium were none other than superb Schönbrunn, that the loyal Austrian gentlemen of his entourage address him. In their eyes, what has happened in Austria is merely a passing phase of history. They believe that the thrones of Austria and Hungary will be restored to young Otto of Hapsburg as firmly as they believe in the succession of the seasons and the rising of the sun. And theirs is no blind veneration. They do not merely revere young Otto; they like him.

One of these volunteer courtiers, who gave up a promising diplomatic career in his native land to share his liege lord's exile, buttonholed me after my meeting with the archduke, to ask eagerly:

"What did you think of His Majesty?"

"A delightful young man," I replied.

The eyes of Otto's faithful vassal flashed with genuine affection. Seizing me impulsively by both shoulders, he exclaimed:

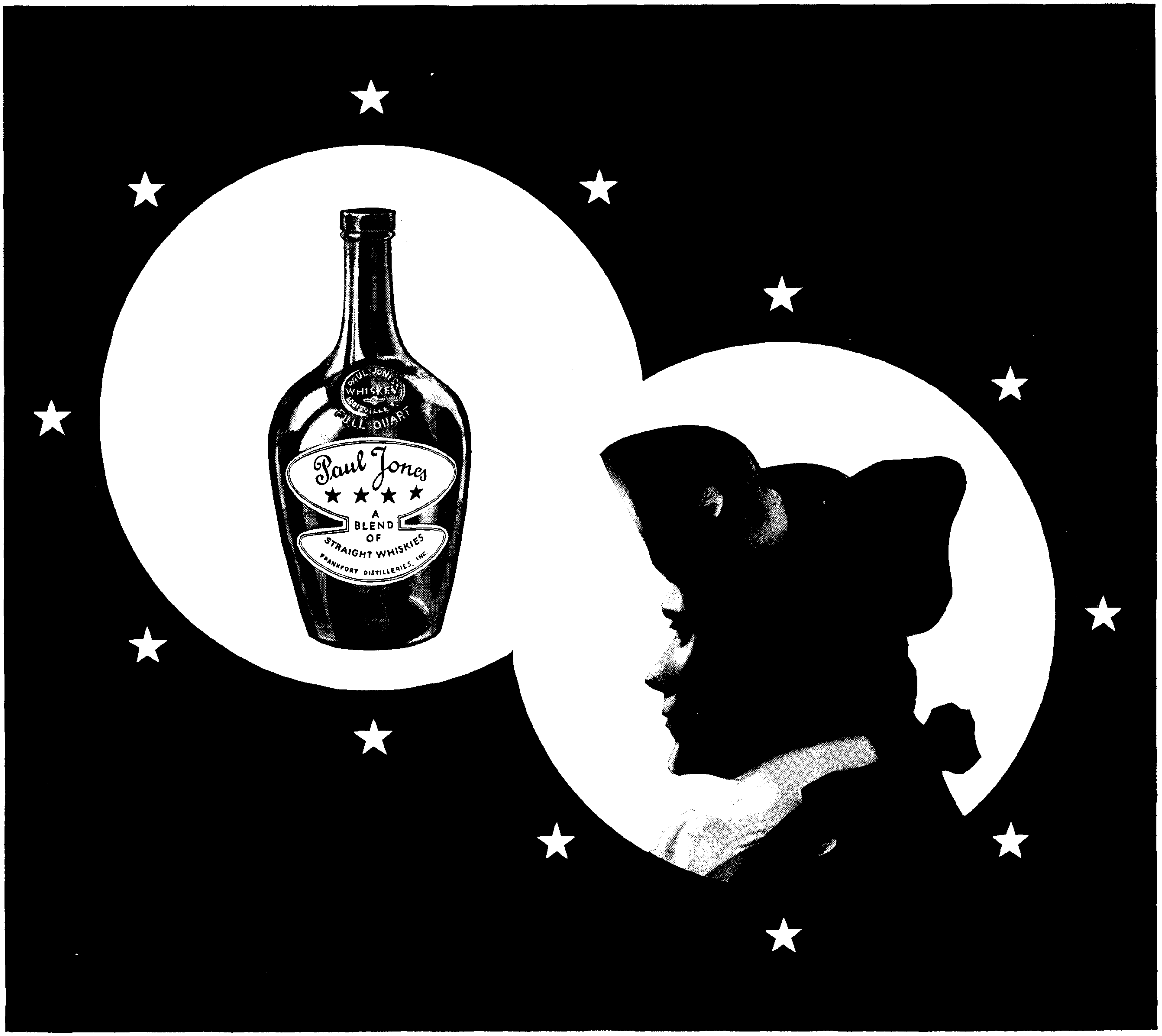
"If there were more men in Europe today as well qualified as he is to run European affairs, Europe would be a better place!"

Some time before I was received by Otto of Hapsburg in Paris I had heard a charming little story about him. I had always wondered whether it could be true. Now, with the archduke seated only a few feet away, I realized that my chance had come to find out. So I asked:

"Did you, when you were a little boy living in exile in Switzerland, persuade the servitor, under whose protection you were taking a stroll one day along the Swiss-Austrian border, to allow you to step across the boundary line for a moment and pluck a flower on your native Austrian soil?"

The archduke's eyes lit up.

"I did," he answered instantly. "I plucked that flower on Austrian soil in 1922, when I was ten years old. Already I had been three years in exile! Ah, but it was good to be back in Austria, if only for a few seconds! *Mein Vaterland!*"


PAUL JONES WHISKEY LOUISVILLE KY.
FULL QUART
Paul Jones
★ ★ ★ ★
A BLEND OF STRAIGHT WHISKIES
FRANKFORT DISTILLERIES, INC.

A MAN can have no greater happiness than a taste for the pleasant things of life . . . the discernment to know these things at their best . . . and good friends with whom to enjoy them.

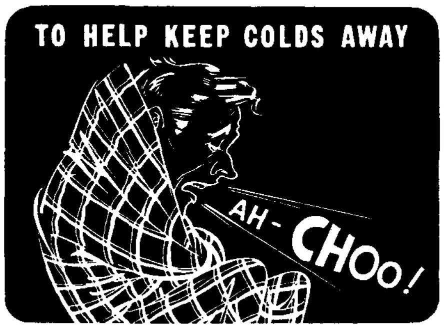
Men who are blessed with this taste and discernment are likely to appreciate and serve Paul Jones Whiskey. And serving it, they are likely to have good friends.

Paul Jones

A GENTLEMAN'S WHISKEY SINCE 1865

Paul Jones is a blend of straight whiskies—and that means all whiskey!

Frankfort Distilleries, Louisville & Baltimore, makers of Paul Jones, Four Roses, Old Oscar Pepper, Mattingly & Moore—all blends of straight whiskies.


TO HELP KEEP COLDS AWAY
AH-CHOO!

GARGLE PEPSODENT EVERY DAY

Doctor's Report proves Pepsodent Antiseptic a real help to

KEEP FROM CATCHING COLD!

What 2 winters' test with 774 Illinois people revealed

●

PEPSODENT ANTISEPTIC

reduced number and duration of colds

● A Doctor made this famous test—he proved gargling with Pepsodent Antiseptic did reduce the number and duration of colds!

He worked for two full winters, with 774 people in all. The people lived together. They worked together. They ate the same foods. Half of them gargled with Pepsodent Antiseptic twice a day. The other half did not.

The doctor's report

Those who did not gargle with Pepsodent, had 60% *more colds* than those who used Pepsodent Antiseptic regularly.

Those who gargled with Pepsodent Antiseptic, and did catch cold, *got rid of their colds twice as fast* as the others.

That's proof! Pepsodent Antiseptic actually reduced colds! And cut the average length of a cold in half!

Goes 3 times as far

To kill germs, ordinary mouth antiseptics must be used full strength. But Pepsodent Antiseptic kills germs in 10 seconds, even when it is diluted with 2 parts of water! It goes 3 times as far!

For "Breath Control"—Pepsodent keeps breath pure 1 to 2 hours longer

The Invisible President

Continued from page 17

orders from somebody who had taken charge became dimly audible. Words reached their ears as mere murmurs. The iron door was not only heavy but fitted perfectly in its grooves.

"Can you hear a sound like water, Chief?" Corrigan said in a low voice.

"Yes."

The ray from Nayland Smith's light searched the floor, the walls, as far ahead as it could reach, revealing nothing but an apparently endless brick tunnel.

"I kind of fancy," Corrigan went on, "that I've heard there used to be a brook or a stream hereabouts in the old days, and that it was switched into a sewer. You can hear running water?"

"I can," said Nayland Smith.

"I guess we're beside it or over it."

"We have to suppose," said Nayland Smith quietly, "that so far everything is in order—"

"Except that we're trapped!"

"I mean, if, as you suggest, the river door opens mechanically and this outer door falls at an agreed interval, we shall be quite safe in pushing ahead."

"I should feel safer with forty men behind me."

"So should I. The proper routine would be in all probability to reclose the river door, ring the bell seven times, and continue in this way until the whole party was inside."

"Sounds reasonable—but how do we do it? . . . Hullo! look at this!"

Corrigan directed the light of his torch downwards; his hand shook with excitement. Discord of shouting voices grew louder. A crack appeared at the bottom of the iron door. Slowly, it was being raised!

"The opening of the outer door drops it automatically in half a minute or less," said Nayland Smith. "Normally it is raised when the door is closed. They must have moved the spar. Contact has been established which raises it again."

"I'm waiting," Corrigan replied grimly, his gaze fixed upon the slowly moving door. "I'm not built like an eel. When I can get out I'll be the first to cheer. . . ."

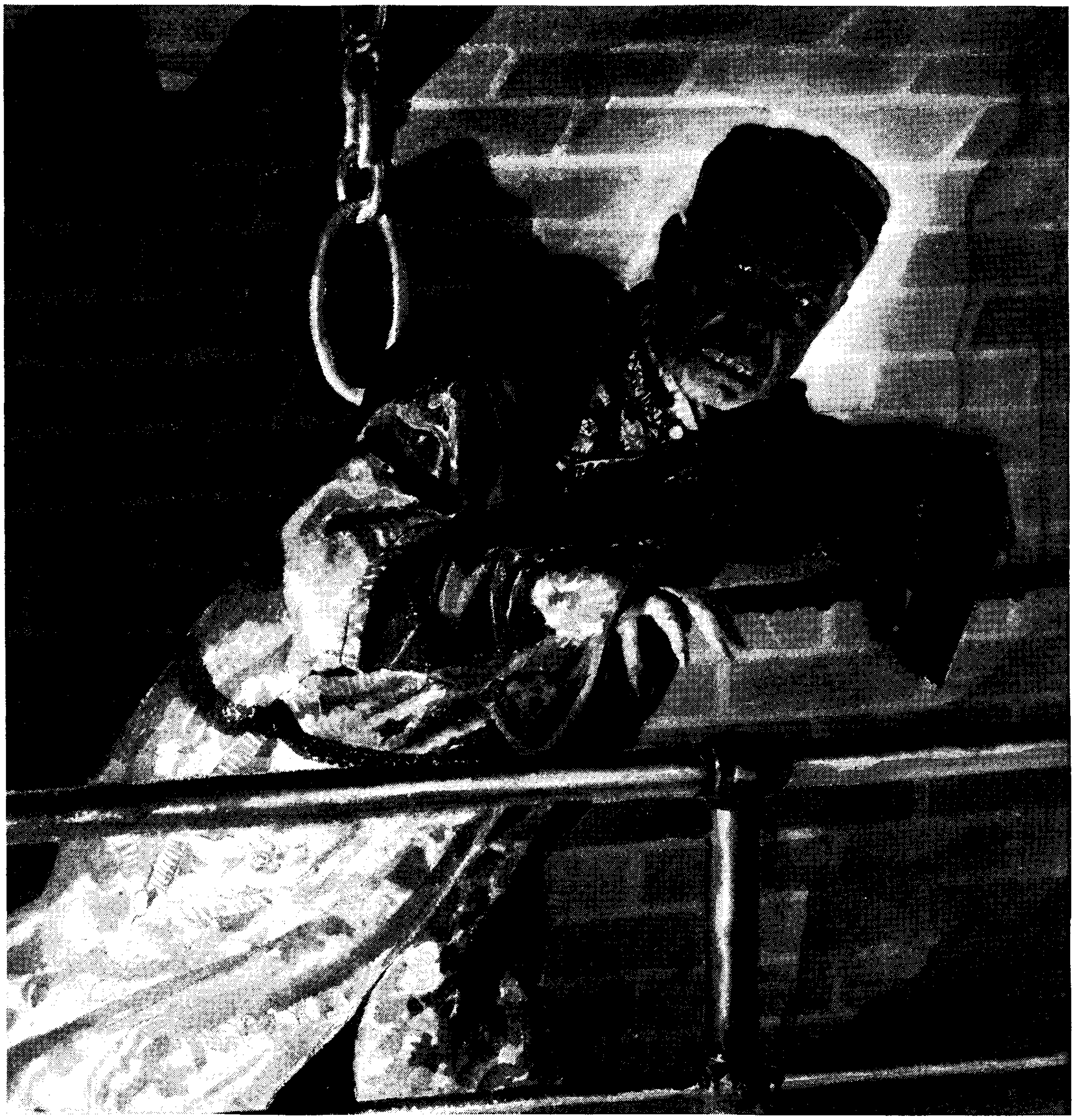
IN THE streets of Chinatown a cordon had been drawn around the suspected area. During the course of the day a census had been taken of the inhabitants in the section indicated by Nayland Smith; outgoings and incomings, all had been accounted for. Most of those interrogated were Chinese, and the Chinaman is a law-respecting citizen. Almost any other would have openly resented the siege conditions to which the inhabitants of this section of New York City found themselves subjected on this occasion.

Mark Hepburn with a guard of three men directed operations. He was feverishly anxious, as his deep-set eyes indicated to everyone he approached. His duty was to make sure that none of the secret members of Dr. Fu Manchu's organization should escape by the street exits which the vigilance of government men and police engaged upon the inquiry had failed to detect. The importance of his duty was great enough to enable him to force into the background the problem of Moya Adair. Apart from his personal interest, she formed an invaluable link, if only he could succeed in reconciling his conscience with his duty, his own interests with those of the state.

The night had grown bitterly cold; high winds had blown themselves away across the Atlantic; the air had that champagne quality which redoubles a man's vigor.

Many streets were barricaded; a sort of curfew had been imposed upon part of Chinatown. Every householder had been made responsible for the members of his household. Restaurants and cafés

(Continued on page 68)



He moved slowly along, a crouched, eerie figure in a whispering, evil place

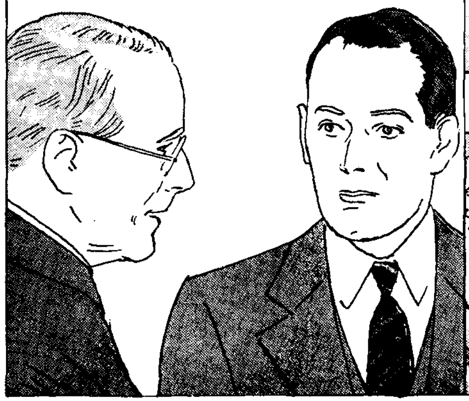
"B.O."–ME? THAT'S A BIG LAUGH

—look out sir, the laugh is on YOU

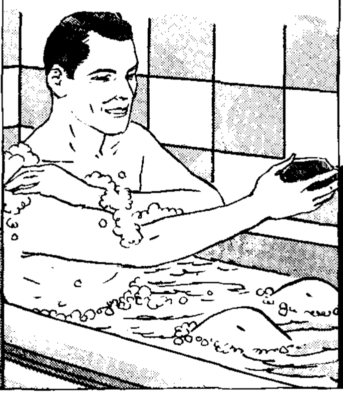
YOU NOTICE "B.O." QUICKLY IN *OTHERS* AND RESENT IT! BUT HAVE YOU MADE SURE *YOU CAN'T* OFFEND?

YOU FIND GIRLS GLAD TO GO OUT WITH YOU *ONCE*. NEXT TIME — NO! YET YOU SCOFF AT THE SUGGESTION *YOU* COULD HAVE "B.O."

DOCTORS SAY WE *ALL* PERSPIRE A QUART OF ODOROUS WASTE DAILY! DON'T TAKE CHANCES —GET LIFEBUOY



ONE BATH AND YOU'RE A LIFEBUOY FAN FOR LIFE!



NOW YOU CAN LAUGH AT "B.O."! YOUR COMPANY IS *ALWAYS* WELCOME

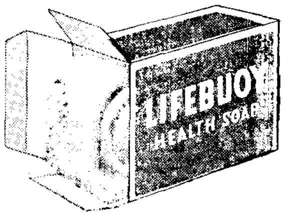
Skin fresher and clearer, too

LIFEBUOY'S creamy, searching lather cleanses more *deeply*, rids pores of impurities, makes the complexion glow with health. Yet "patch" tests on the skins of hundreds of women show it is more than 20% milder than many so-called "beauty soaps."

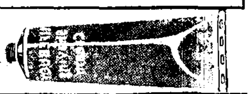
Why take chances?

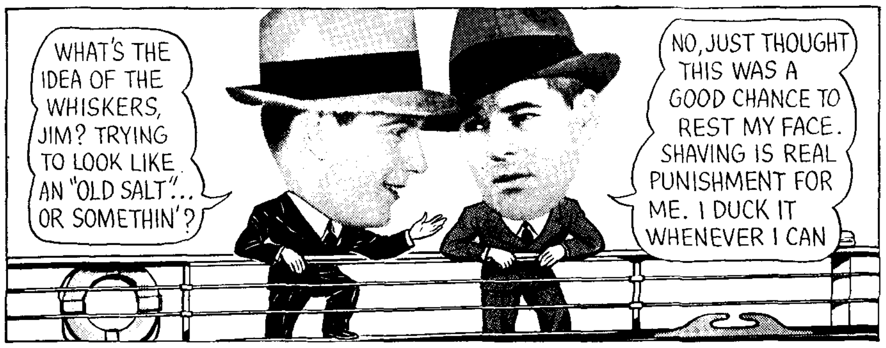
Be *sure* you're free from "B.O." (*body odor*)! Just depend on Lifebuoy's rich, penetrating lather for real protection! It cleanses more deeply, gets right down into the pores to purify, to stop "B.O." Its fresh scent vanishes as you rinse.

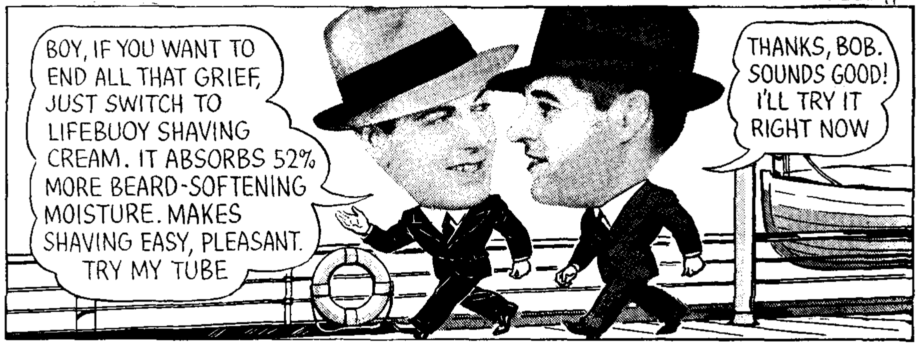
Approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau

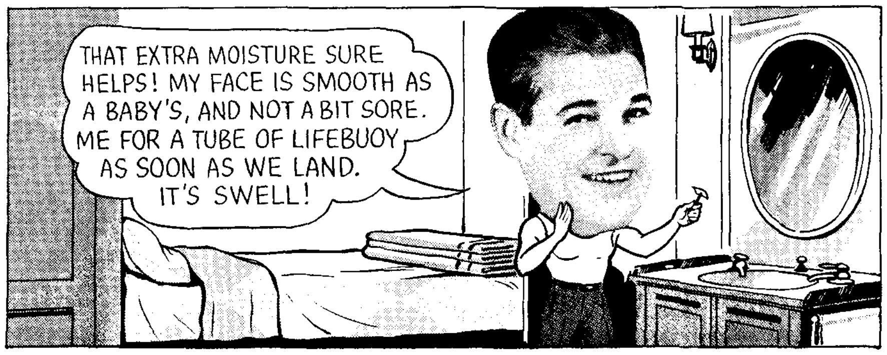

LIFEBUOY
HEALTH SOAP

IT'S LOTS MILDER THAN OTHER LEADING SHAVING SOAPS




WHAT'S THE IDEA OF THE WHISKERS, JIM? TRYING TO LOOK LIKE AN "OLD SALT"... OR SOMETHIN'?
NO, JUST THOUGHT THIS WAS A GOOD CHANCE TO REST MY FACE. SHAVING IS REAL PUNISHMENT FOR ME. I DUCK IT WHENEVER I CAN

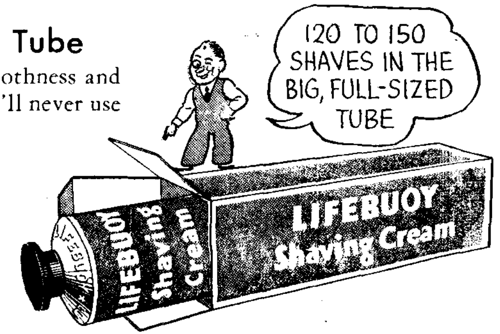

BOY, IF YOU WANT TO END ALL THAT GRIEF, JUST SWITCH TO LIFEBUOY SHAVING CREAM. IT ABSORBS 52% MORE BEARD-SOFTENING MOISTURE. MAKES SHAVING EASY, PLEASANT. TRY MY TUBE
THANKS, BOB. SOUNDS GOOD! I'LL TRY IT RIGHT NOW


THAT EXTRA MOISTURE SURE HELPS! MY FACE IS SMOOTH AS A BABY'S, AND NOT A BIT SORE. ME FOR A TUBE OF LIFEBUOY AS SOON AS WE LAND. IT'S SWELL!

Send for a FREE Trial Tube

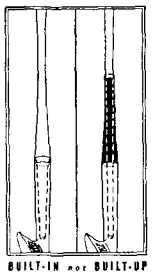
Once you've enjoyed the extra smoothness and comfort of a "Lifebuoy Shave" you'll never use anything but this mild, soothing, extra-moist lather. Try it — see for yourself. Get the big red tube at your druggist's. Or write Lever Brothers Company, Dept. A-114, Cambridge, Mass., for a free 12-day trial tube.

(This offer good in U. S. only)


120 TO 150 SHAVES IN THE BIG, FULL-SIZED TUBE
LIFEBUOY Shaving Cream

WHAT! BUY A KROYDON HY-POWER FOR ONLY $5.50?

Due to popular demand for clubs fitted with *Hy-Power* Shafts we are offering for the *first time* a line of irons with *Hy-Power* Shafts at $5.50, and woods at $7. These shafts were never furnished in the past in clubs sold at less than $8.35 and $9.00. Reason? Increased demand, greater volume, lowered costs. Kroydons have always cost more to manufacture, for only Kroydon makes the all-steel *Hy-Power* shaft which, like the hickory stick, TAPERS OUT into a big, powerful shoulder where it enters the neck of the club head. Other clubs are made to look like Kroydons by adding a built-up shoulder of celluloid at this point. But don't be deceived. If you want BUILT IN POWER, buy Kroydons! You *see* the difference the minute you look at the Hy-Power Shaft . . . *feel* the difference in your play . . . *read* the difference on your scorecard. Sold by leading pros and sporting goods stores. Mail COUPON for Kroydon's NEW Catalog. The Kroydon Co., Maplewood, N. J.



On the left, Kroydon's Hy-Power Shaft which tapers out where it enters the hosel to form a powerful, all-steel shoulder. *On the right,* a single-taper shaft reinforced with a celluloid collar. Kroydon's power and strength are BUILT IN, not built up!

Dept. D-4
THE KROYDON CO.
Maplewood, N. J.
Please send me your 1936 Catalog, illustrating complete line of Kroydon Clubs.
Name ....
Address ....
City .... *State* ....

Kroydon CLUBS
FOR BETTER GOLF

The Invisible President

Continued from page 66

were scrutinized from cellar to roof, particularly Wu King's Bar. Returning residents to the barricaded area were required to establish their identity before being admitted. Visitors who did not reside there were escorted to their destination and carefully checked up.

Mark Hepburn had tackled the situation with his usual efficiency. Pretense had been cast aside. All Chinatown knew that the section was being combed for one of the big shots of the underworld.

And all Chinatown remained in suspense; for now the news had spread through those mysterious channels which defy occidental detection that other members of the Council of the Seven of the Si-Fan were in the city. The dreaded Black Dragon Society of Japan was no more than an offshoot of the Si-Fan, which embraced in its invisible tentacles practically the whole of the colored races of the world. No dweller east of Suez or west of it to Istanbul would have gambled a dollar on the life of a man marked down by the Si-Fan.

IN THE cave of the Seven-eyed goddess Dr. Fu Manchu sat, eyes closed, long, ivory hands extended upon the table before him, listening to the silver tones of that distant speaker, to the rising excitement of the audience which he addressed, an audience representing but a fraction of that which from coast to coast hung upon his words—words destined to play a strange part in the history of the country. The other invisible listeners in the queer cells which surrounded the central apartment were equally silent, motionless.

In the seventh of these, that which communicated with a series of iron doors protecting the place from the street above, old Sam Pak crouched mummy-like upon a settee listening with the others to that wonderful, inspiring voice speaking in a Southern state.

A very faint buzz directly above his head resulted in slitlike eyes being opened in the death mask. Sam Pak turned, glanced up. A tiny disk of blue light showed. Slowly he nodded his shriveled head and watched this blue light. Two, three, four minutes elapsed—and the blue light still prevailed. Whereupon, that man of vast knowledge and experience acted. There was something strange here.

The appearance of the blue light was in order, for a seventh representative even now was expected by way of the river gate. The blue light indicated that the river gate had been opened by one of the two men on duty who knew its secret. Its persistence indicated that the river gate had not been reclosed; and this was phenomenal.

BUT even as Sam Pak stood up and began silently to shuffle in the direction of the door, the blue light flickered, dimmed, flickered again and finally went out.

Something definitely was wrong!

A lesser man would have alarmed the council, but Sam Pak was a great man. Quietly he opened the iron door and ascended the stairs beyond. He opened a second door and mounted higher, switching on lights. Halfway along a stone-faced corridor, stone-paved, he paused beneath a pendent lamp. Reaching up, he pulled this pendant.

It dropped, lever fashion, and a section of the seemingly solid wall some five feet high and three feet wide dropped backward like a drawbridge. So perfectly was it fitted, so solid its construction, that he would have been a clever detective indeed who could have found it when it was closed.

Sam Pak, stooping, went into the dark opening. An eerie lapping of moving water had become audible at the moment that the secret door had dropped back. There was a dank, unwholesome smell. He reached for, and found, an iron rail; then from beneath his blue robe he produced a flashlight and sent its ray ahead.

He stood on a gallery above a deep sewer, an inspection gallery accessible to, and sometimes used by, the sanitary authorities of the city. Into this a way had been struck from the secret warren below Chinatown and another way out at the farther end by the river bank.

He moved slowly along, a crouched, eerie figure in a whispering, evil place.

At a point where the oily waters disappeared beneath an arch, the gallery seemingly ended, and before a stone wall he paused.

His ancient, clawlike hands manipulated some piece of mechanism and a small box came to light, a box in which a kind of telephone stood. Sam Pak raised the instrument; he listened.

"Chee, chee, chee!" he hissed.

He hung up the telephone, reclosed the box in which it was hidden and began to return along the iron gallery, moving now with extraordinary rapidity for a man of his years. The unexpected, but not the unforeseen, had happened.

The enemy had forced the water gate.

AT THE corner of Doyers Street a crowd had gathered beyond the barricade. Those who wished to pass were referred by the police officer on duty to another point which necessitated a detour. A tall, bearded man, his coat collar turned up and his hat brim pulled down, stood beside a big car, the windows of which were bulletproof, lurking in shadow and studying the group beyond the barricade. A messenger from local police headquarters made his way to his side.

"Captain Hepburn?"

"Yes. What is it?"

"We seem to have lost contact with the party operating under Federal Officer Smith, down on East River."

"No news?"

"Not a thing."

Mark Hepburn experienced a sudden, great dread. The perils of the river gate, although a large party had been assembled, were unknown—unknown as the resources of the formidable group which Nayland Smith sought to break up. His quick imagination presented a moving picture of things which might have happened. Johnson was perfectly capable of taking charge of routine here on the street; indeed, Johnson had done most of the work, Hepburn merely supervising and taking reports. On the other hand, a dash to the waterfront technically would be to desert his post. He turned to the man beside him.

"Go personally," he directed; "take a launch if you can't make it on shore. Then hurry right back to me to report just what you have seen."

"All right, Captain."

The man set out.

MARK HEPBURN entered the bulletproof car and gave brief directions to the driver.

Outside Wu King's Bar the car stopped. Mark Hepburn went in, followed by the three men who had accompanied him. The place was almost wholly patronized by Asiatics, except when squads of sightseers were brought there, Wu King's being one of the showplaces in Chinatown.

A buzz of conversation subsided curiously as the party entered. Following Hepburn's lead they walked through the restaurant to the bar at the farther end, glancing keenly at the groups of men and women occupying the tables set in cubicles. Behind the bar, Wu King, oily and genial, presided in person, his sly eyes twinkling in a fat, pock-marked face.

"Ah, gen'l'men," he said, *rubbing his* hands and speaking with an accent which weirdly combined that of the Bowery and Shanghai, "you want some good beer, eh?"

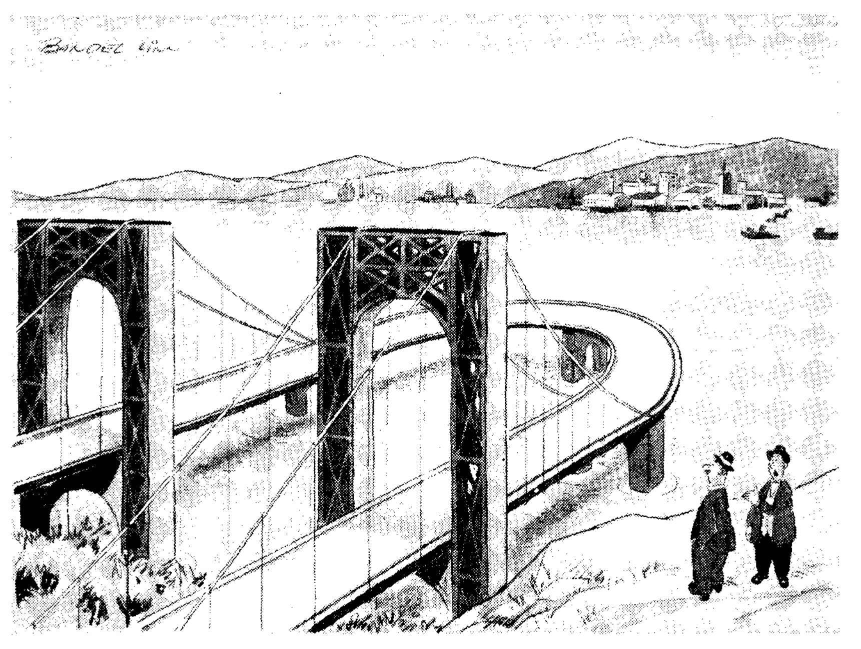
Everyone in the place except Wu King spoke now in a lowered voice; this serpentine hissing created a sinister atmosphere.

"Yes," said Hepburn, "some beer and some news."

"Anything Wu King know, Wu King glad to tell." He pumped up four glasses of creamy lager. "Just say what biting you and Wu King put right, if know enough, which plobably not."

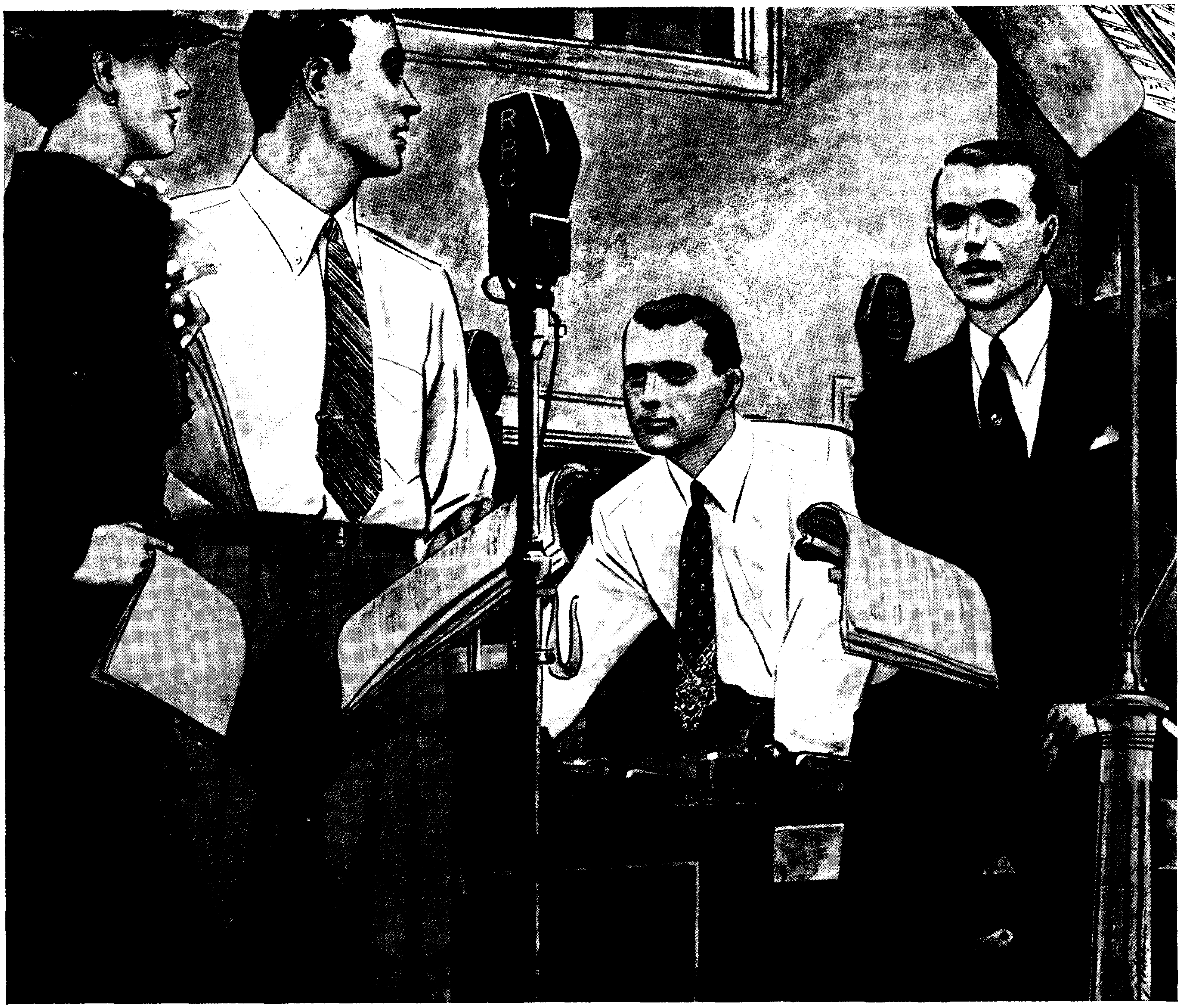
Mark Hepburn paid for the beer and nodded to his companions. Leaning against the bar they all directed their attention towards the groups in the little cubicles. There was another room upstairs, and according to the local police, still another above that where fan-tan

(Continued on page 71)



"—and after it was started, the other state couldn't raise money for its half!"

EANDEL LINN



What's the *most important* thing about a white shirt?

Look around you . . . peek in your mirror . . . what's the one point of any shirt that takes your eye like a magnet? The *collar!* Of course.

And this is especially true of your *white* shirts—in which there is no color, no pattern to divert attention.

So next time you buy shirts, remember that Arrow Shirts, alone, have genuine Arrow Collars. The Arrow Collar needs no introduction to any male who has graduated from swaddling clothes. For Arrow Collars have been contributing to the well groomed appearance of masculine America for 75 years.

In that time, we've made billions of collars! So it would be a strange thing if we didn't know more than anyone else in the world about cutting and tailoring collars.

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. . . . . .

Three interesting white Arrow Shirts are illustrated above. *Hitt* is Arrow's dressy white shirt with the Aroset collar . . . *looks* starched, but isn't. $2.

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If it hasn't an Arrow label it isn't an Arrow Shirt

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There's a Hiram Walker whisky for every taste and purse

Whether you prefer rye or bourbon—bonded, blended or straight—you'll find a Hiram Walker whisky to suit your purse and please your palate. At your favorite dealer's and at clubs, bars and hotels throughout the country.

The Invisible President

Continued from page 68

and other illegal amusements sometimes took place.

"You seem to be pretty busy," Hepburn said.

"Yes." The Chinaman revealed a row of perfect but discolored teeth. "Pletty busy. Customers complain funny business outside. You gen'l'men know all about it I guess?"

"My friends here may know. What I want is copy."

"Oh, sure! You a newspaperman?"

"You've got it, Wu. I guess you know most of your customers?"

"Know 'em all, mister. All velly old friend. Some plenty money, some go tick, but all velly good friend. Chinaman good friend to each other, or else—" he shrugged his shoulders—"what become of Chinaman?"

"That's true enough. But I'm out for a story." He turned, fixing deep-set eyes upon the fat face of the proprietor. "I'm told that one of *the Seven* is in town. Is that right, Wu?"

Less experienced than Nayland Smith in the ways of the Orient, he looked for some change of expression in the pock-pitted face—and looked in vain. Wu King's immobile features registered nothing whatever.

"The Seven?" he said innocently. "What seven's that, mister?"

"I'LL say I'm glad to get out," said Corrigan, as, assisted by willing helpers he crawled under the partly raised iron door. "I don't like the looks of that tunnel."

From out of the echoing hollow under the dock came a shouted order: "Silence!"

A buzz of excited words ceased. The men crowded into the narrow space between the two doors—the outer one partly jammed open by the spar—became silent.

"That's Eastman," said Corrigan. "Let's see what's new."

Outside in a Dantesque scene peopled by moving shadows:

"Launch just been signaled from the bridge," the invisible Eastman explained. "Are you held up there?"

"We were," Corrigan replied shortly. He turned to Nayland Smith. "What now?"

Nayland Smith, a parody of his normal self, wearing a shabby suit and a linen cap which had once been white pulled down over one eye, stood behind the speaker.

"A change of plan," he rapped. "This is something I had not foreseen. Get all the men under cover again, Corrigan, and run the launch out of sight downstream. Pick two good men to remain with us. Jump to it."

"D'you hear that, Eastman?" Corrigan shouted. "Everybody under cover, just like when we first came up. The launch to clear the dock, lay up and wait for signals. Get busy." He turned to two men who stood near to the spot where the spar projected into the partly open doorway. "You two," he said, "stand by. Everybody else up the ladder."

An ordered scuffling followed; three men tumbled into the launch and the others, some of whom had been crowded into the narrow space between the two doors, hurried up the ladder to the deck of the dock above. The launch went out astern, a phantom craft against the myriad lights reflected in the water, and disappeared from view.

"I want a small wedge fixed in that door; a clasp knife would do, or anything that will bear the pressure."

Smith ran inside, flashing the ray of his light ahead, and springing over the spar which crossed the tunnel. The iron door beyond was about two thirds raised.

"All ready, Chief," came a voice. "I've got the door jammed."

"Good. Now, Corrigan, join me. You two men get inside but hang on to the door."

There came a further scuffling. The men, two black silhouettes, crossed the narrow opening.

"Are you ready?" Smith asked.

"All ready, Chief."

"Pull. Now, Corrigan, we have to get the spar inside."

Pulling simultaneously, the thing was done and the spar laid down against one wall of the tunnel.

"Now," Nayland Smith directed breathlessly, "ease the door to. Don't let it bang if you can help it."

Slowly, the door, propelled by a powerful spring, closed, almost dragging the two men with it; and as it closed, that second door which resembled a sluice gate, rose, inch by inch. At last:

"Can't hang on any longer, Captain," one of the men reported; "we shall get our hands jammed."

"Let go," Smith ordered.

The door snapped to; there was a slight grinding sound as its edge came in contact with the obstacle which had been placed there to hold it. Nayland Smith flashed his light upward. . . .

Less than two inches of the drop gate showed in the slot in the ceiling of the tunnel.

The exact working of this cunning mechanism was not clear, and the place in which they stood afforded no cover whatever.

"I get your idea," said Corrigan, "but short of shooting 'em down, we haven't a chance."

"No shooting without orders."

"I guess they'll see the door's phony, anyway," said one of the men.

"Once they're under the dock, Eastman will drop on 'em," Corrigan replied. "Get your guns out, boys. The moment that door comes open, the order is 'stick 'em up.'"

Up above, Eastman, peering through a gap in a row of barrels, saw the little motor craft stealing downstream, sometimes bathed in light, sometimes lost in darkness. One of the two Chinamen on board squatted in the bows, looking out sharply ahead, as the other drove the engine. A dim figure was seated astern.

"This is some damned conjuring trick," Eastman muttered.

THE man in the stern, as moving lights from a passing steamboat momentarily had revealed, wore black oilskins and a gleaming sou'wester beneath the brim of which his features were entirely hidden. His dress was identical with that of the other four who had preceded him as passengers in the launch!

The concealed party on the dock watched breathlessly, as the little craft, rolling on an oily swell, was turned into the narrow opening all but invisible from mid-river and brought to the ladderway. The maneuver was performed smoothly; the man in the bows, grasping the rail, extending one hand to the passenger in the stern. The engine had been shut off as they took the bend, and all lights doused.

Stepping cautiously, the passenger came forward, and was assisted onto the ladder. There was an exchange of whispered words, indistinguishable to the men above. But Eastman, who had watched a previous arrival through binoculars from a police boat, guessed that the Chinaman who had been in the bows was leading the way. . . .

(*Continued on page* 72)

There's one sure help for the rising rage,
That goes with baldness and gout and age . . .
When the clock strikes two and the two downstairs
Are still absorbed in their young affairs . . .
There's always your friend in the yellow pack,
To restore the calmness you sometimes lack . . .
So taste the flavor that made the name,
And learn that to you the cost is the same.

Compose yourself
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Beech-Nut
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"I and 3,079,621 of my faithful listeners — long sufferers from Scratchitus and everything else—certainly owe a debt of gratitude to Venus Pencils.

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"If *you* want to belong to the Elect, get that Inner Urge of Creativeness that comes with using Venus Pencils. It is my Word."

**This voluntary, ecstatic testimonial, we suppose, is a publicity gag for "The Voice of Experiment," but it tells why Venus Pencils have won First Place—they're smooth!*

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for the best in colored pencils ask for VENUS COLORING— thin, strong, smooth.

VENUS
PENCILS 10¢
17 SHADES OF BLACK

(*Continued from page* 71)

Inside, in utter darkness, four men waited tensely. Faintly to their ears came the sound of footsteps on the ladder.

"Stand by," said Corrigan in a low voice; "cover 'em."

The door opened—whether automatically or because it was pulled by the two men on duty, was not at the moment apparent.

Corrigan shot the ray of a flashlight fully into the face of the man who entered; a meaningless Mongolian face, which even under these circumstances exhibited no change of expression whatever. The man raised his hands above his head. The figure immediately behind him clad in gleaming black made a similar movement.

From outside came a muffled shout, a clatter of footsteps—the sound of a splash in the river, and:

"Get that man!" Eastman was heard shouting. "He went in off the stern of the boat!"

Answering shouts responded, scurrying movements.

"Search the blackbird, Waygood," Corrigan directed. "You—search the Chink."

The man addressed as Waygood roughly snatched the sou'wester from the head of the traveler, and peeled back his oilskin at the same moment that the other roughly overhauled the immobile Chinaman.

Nayland Smith stared eagerly into the face revealed. Recognition of an astounding fact had come to him. By one of those divine accidents which so rarely rallied to his aid, he had selected for this attempt on Fu Manchu's underground quarters a night when influential supporters of the movement were meeting in conference!

He had hoped to see the stoical features of General Li Wu Chang—but he was disappointed.

He saw a face Oriental in character, but rather of the Near than of the Far East, a proud, olive-skinned face with flashing dark eyes and supercilious lips. But the man was unknown to him.

The Chinaman was relieved of an automatic and a wicked-looking knife. The other was apparently unarmed, but a curious fact came to light when his oilskins were slipped off. Beneath them he wore a black robe, with a cowl!

Eastman burst in at the door.

"We've lost the second Chink," he reported. "I guess he swims like a shark. He must have swum under water for a long time, unless he knocked himself out! Anyway, there's no trace of him. And there's a sea mist coming up."

"BAD luck," snapped Nayland Smith, "but keep a sharp lookout." Turning to Corrigan: "Have this Chinaman taken outside," he directed. "I have some questions to put to the other."

A few moments later he stood before the dignified Oriental upon whose face Corrigan directed the light of a torch.

"Do you know the Chinaman, Corrigan?"

"No. But Finney down on Mott Street will know him when he sees him; he knows every Chink in town."

Nayland Smith fixed his penetrating regard upon the features of the Egyptian: that the man was an Egyptian, he had now determined.

"What is your name?" he demanded.

"By what authority do you ask?"

The man, who retained a remarkable composure, spoke easily, in perfect English and with a cultured voice.

"I am a government agent. What is your name?"

"Judging from the treatment received by my Chinese acquaintance," the Egyptian replied, "I have nothing but a manhandling to gain by silence. My name is Ahmed Fayume. Would you care to see my passport?"

"Hand it to Police Captain Corrigan."

The Egyptian, from beneath the curious robe which he wore, produced a passport which he handed to Corrigan.

"When did you arrive in New York?"

"Last night by the Ile de France."

"And you are staying at—"

"The Grosvenor-Grand."

"What is your business in the States?"

"I am on a visit to Washington."

"Are you a diplomat?"

"I am attached to the personal suite of King Fuad of Egypt."

"That's right," growled Corrigan, looking up from the passport. "Something funny about this."

His expression became puzzled.

"Perhaps, Mr. Fayume," said Nayland Smith crisply, "you can explain what you are doing here tonight in the company of two suspected men."

The Egyptian smiled slightly.

"Naturally I was unaware that they were suspected men," he replied. "When the Egyptian Consulate put me in touch with them, I was under the impression I was being taken to a unique house of entertainment where hashish and other amusements were provided."

"Indeed. But why the fancy dress?"

"The black domino?" The Egyptian continued to smile. "This was provided by my guides, as visitors to the establishment to which I refer do not invariably wish to be recognized."

Nayland Smith continued to stare into the large velvety eyes of the speaker, and then:

"Your story requires investigation, Mr. Fayume," he said dryly. "In the meantime, I must ask you to regard yourself as under arrest. Will you be good enough to empty your pockets?"

Ahmed Fayume shrugged his shoulders resignedly and obeyed the order.

"I fear," he said calmly, "that you are creating an international incident. . . ."

A REPORT received out on the street as the party left Wu King's Bar, from the man whom Hepburn had dispatched to East River, was reassuring. The water gate referred to by Nayland Smith had actually been discovered; two arrests had been made: operations on that front were proceeding in accordance with plan.

The life of Chinatown within the barricaded area carried on much along its usual lines. The stoicism of the Asiatic, like the fatalism of the Arab, makes for acceptance of things as they are. From a dry goods store when a customer entered or emerged came mingled odors of joss stick and Bombay duck; attractively lighted restaurants seemed to be well patronized; lobsters, crayfish and other crustacean delicacies dear to the Chinese palate were displayed in green herbal settings. John Chinaman blandly minded his own business, so that there seemed to be something quite grotesque about the guarded barrier at the end of the street.

MARK HEPBURN was badly worried. Nayland Smith's unique experience had enabled him to postulate the existence of a Chinatown headquarters and of a river gate. Right in this, it seemed improbable that he was wrong in his theory that there were exits and entrances somewhere on the streets surrounding this particular block.

He turned to Detective Inspector Finney, who silently walked beside him.

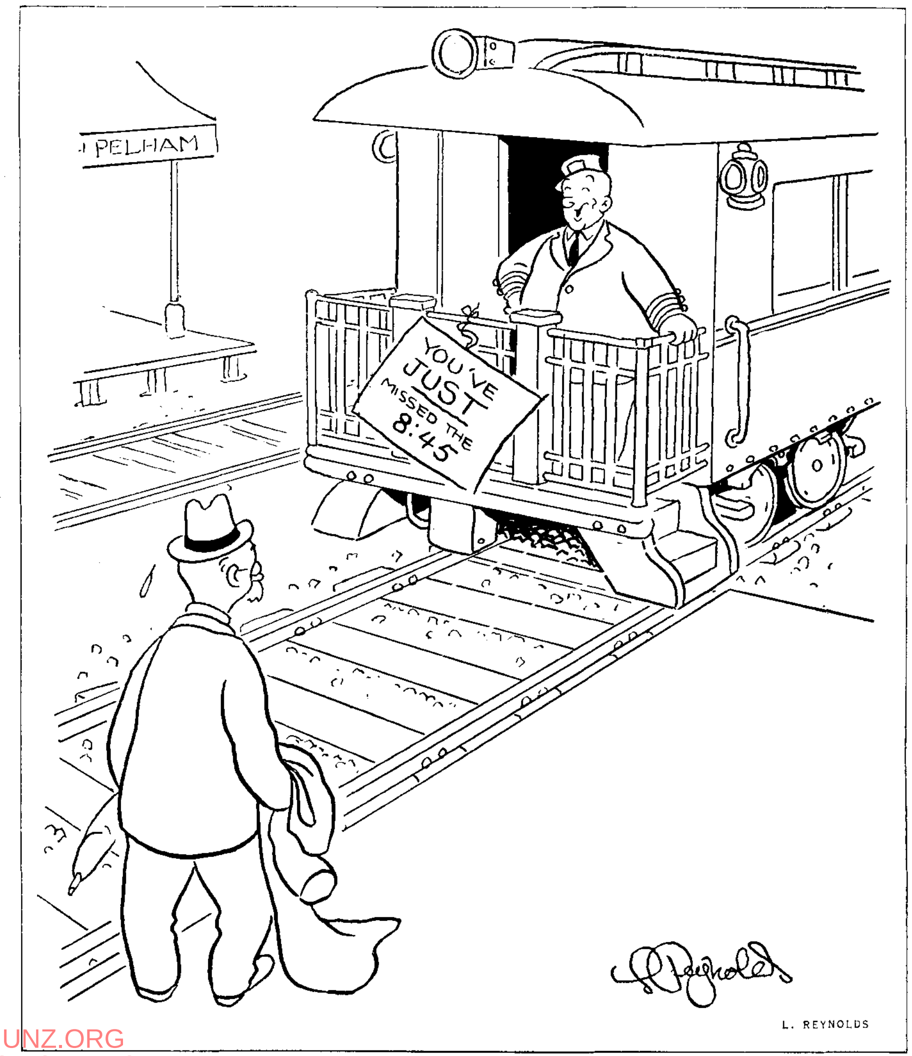
"You tell me there's nothing secret about Chinatown any more," he said; "if that's true, there's a bad muddle here."

Inspector Finney, a short, thick-set man with a red, square-jawed face, turned and stared at Hepburn.

"There's no more iron doors," he declared definitely. "An iron door couldn't get unloaded and set up without I knew about it. There used to be gambling joints and opium dens, but since the new regulations they've all moved over to the other shore, see? It's different over there —not so strict. All my boys can't be deaf and blind. When we get the word, we'll check up the block."

Mark Hepburn, inside one of the barriers beyond which stood a group of curious onlookers, pulled up sharply, and turning to Finney:

(*Continued on page* 74)



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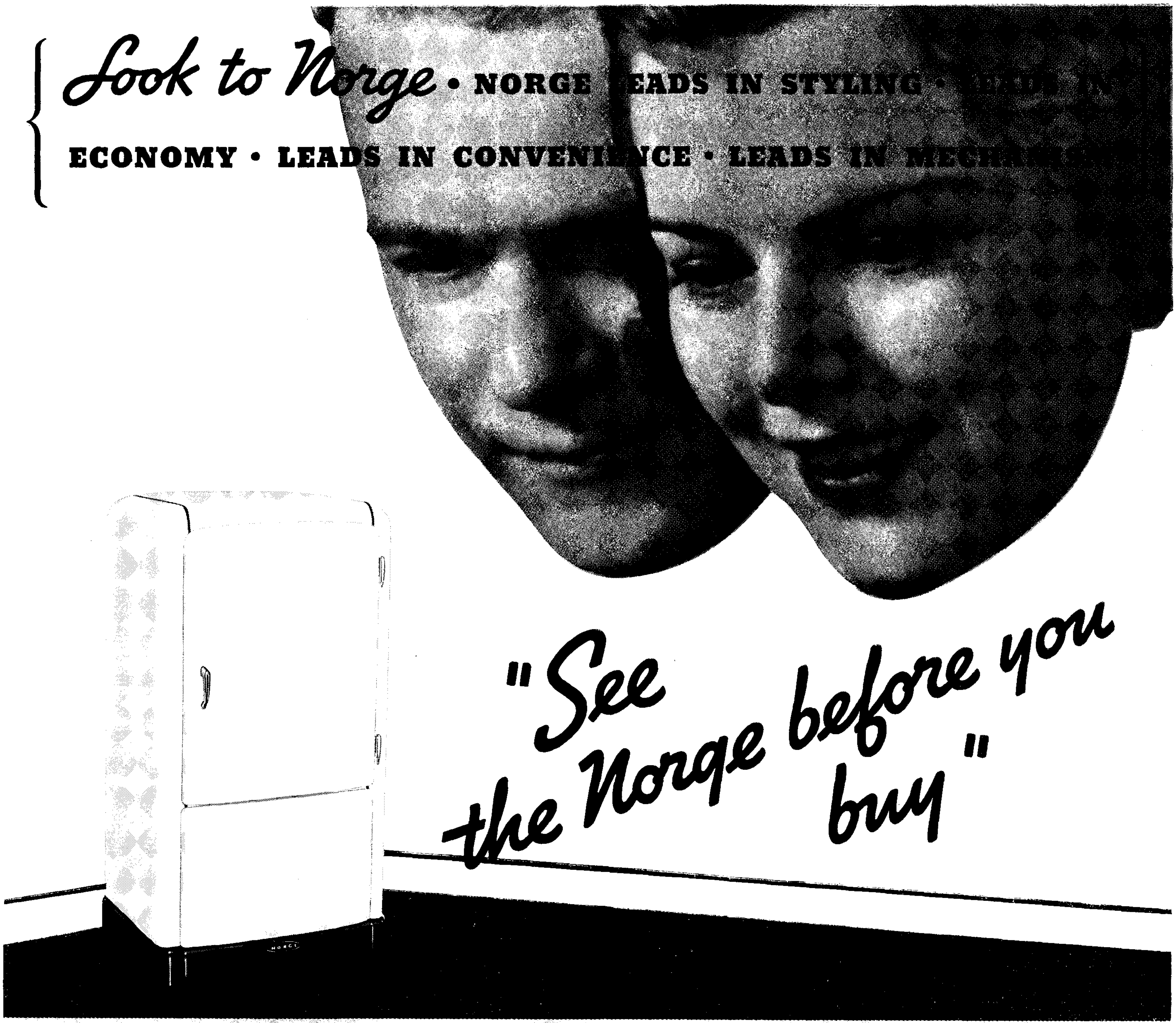

"See the Norge before you buy"

Those who are "refrigerator-wise" have learned to look to Norge for the newest developments in refrigeration. They know that the 1936 Norge—the greatest Norge of all time—is unsurpassed in the essential qualities of beauty, convenience, efficiency, dependableness, economy, long endurance.

LASTING BEAUTY—The simple, lasting beauty of flowing lines, pleasing proportions, lustrous finish makes the 1936 Rollator Refrigerator a big factor in true home modernization. Always the style leader, Norge for 1936 is by far the most beautiful Norge ever shown.

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10-YEAR WARRANTY

So confident is Norge of the long life and dependable performance of the Rollator Compression Unit, that Norge offers a 10-Year Warranty. Ask any dealer for details.

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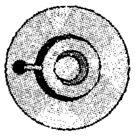

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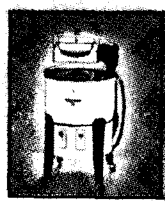
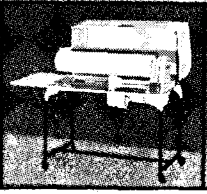


THE AUTOBUILT WASHER



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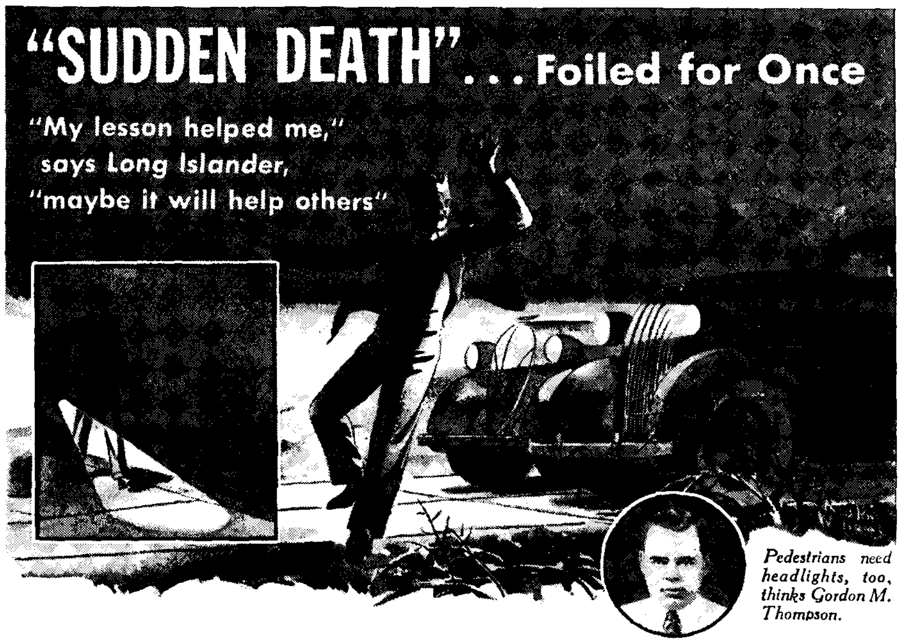
"SUDDEN DEATH"... Foiled for Once

"My lesson helped me,"
says Long Islander,
"maybe it will help others"



Pedestrians need headlights, too, thinks Gordon M. Thompson.

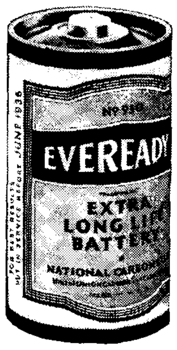
"SUDDEN DEATH walks by the roadside at night as well as riding the cushions . . . as I never fully realized until the night I came so near to playing the title role," says Gordon M. Thompson.

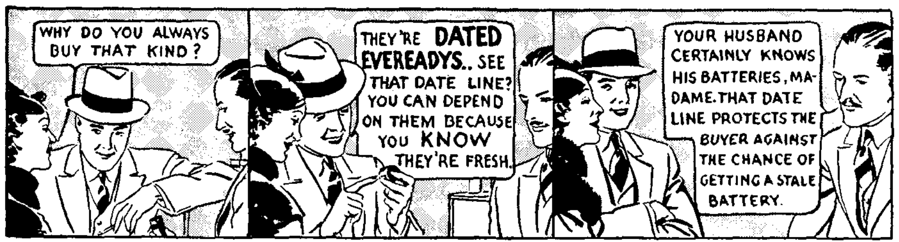
"Two cars racing neck and neck came up behind me. Walking on the left side of the road, as I should, I paid no attention . . . until I was about ten seconds from eternity. At this last instant I turned, looked into the jaws of death, and jumped practically out of them into the brambles in the ditch.

"I never walk at night any more without my Eveready flashlight . . . loaded with fresh, dependable Eveready batteries. You know, if you drive a car, that it's mighty hard to see people by the roadside even on a clear night. Maybe you've had a close call, too? All I can say is don't tempt Fate. You can walk the roads in safety if you carry a flashlight loaded with fresh Eveready batteries."

EVEREADY BATTERIES ARE *FRESH* BATTERIES

ONE REASON WHY THEY LAST LONGER





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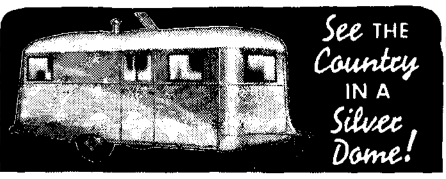

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The Invisible President

Continued from page 72

"There's just one part of this area," he said, "which I haven't explored . . . the roofs." He turned to one of a group behind him, and: "You're in charge, Johnson. I don't expect to be long."

Ten minutes later, followed by Inspector Finney and two men, Hepburn climbed the fire ladders at the back of a warehouse building which seemed to be deserted. No light showed from any of the windows. When at last they stepped upon the roof:

"Stick to the shadow," said Hepburn sharply. "There's a high point at the end of the block from which we might be seen."

"Sure," Finney replied; "that's the building where Wu King's Bar is located. He goes three floors up—the rest is a Chinese apartment house. I checked up on every apartment six o'clock this evening, and there's a man on the street entrance. Outside of this block we're overlooked plenty anyway."

"There are lights in the top story of the Wu King building. Maybe you recall who lives there?"

"Wu King and his wife live up there," came the voice of one of the men, hidden in shadows behind him. "He owns the whole building but rents part of it out. He's one of the wealthiest Chinks around here."

Mark Hepburn was becoming feverishly restless. He experienced an intense urge for action. These vague, rather aimless investigations failed to engross his mind. Even now with the countless lights of the city around him, the curiously altered values of street noises rising to his ears, the taunting mystery which lay somewhere below, he found his thoughts, and not for the first time that night, leading him into a dream world inhabited by Moya Adair.

He wondered what she was doing at that moment—what duties had been imposed upon her by the sinister President. She had told him next to nothing. For all he knew to the contrary, her slavery might take her to the mysterious Chinatown base, that unimaginable den which in grotesque forms sometimes haunted his sleep. The awful idea presented itself that if Nayland Smith's raid should prove successful, Moya might be one of the prisoners!

A damp gray mist borne upon a fickle breeze was creeping insidiously through the streets of Chinatown.

"Is there any way of obtaining a glimpse of that apartment?" he asked.

"We could step right up and ring the bell," Finney answered. "Otherwise, not so easy. Looks to me the ladders from that point join up with the lower roof beyond the dip. And I don't know if we can get from this one down to the other."

"Stay in the shadows as much as possible," Hepburn directed.

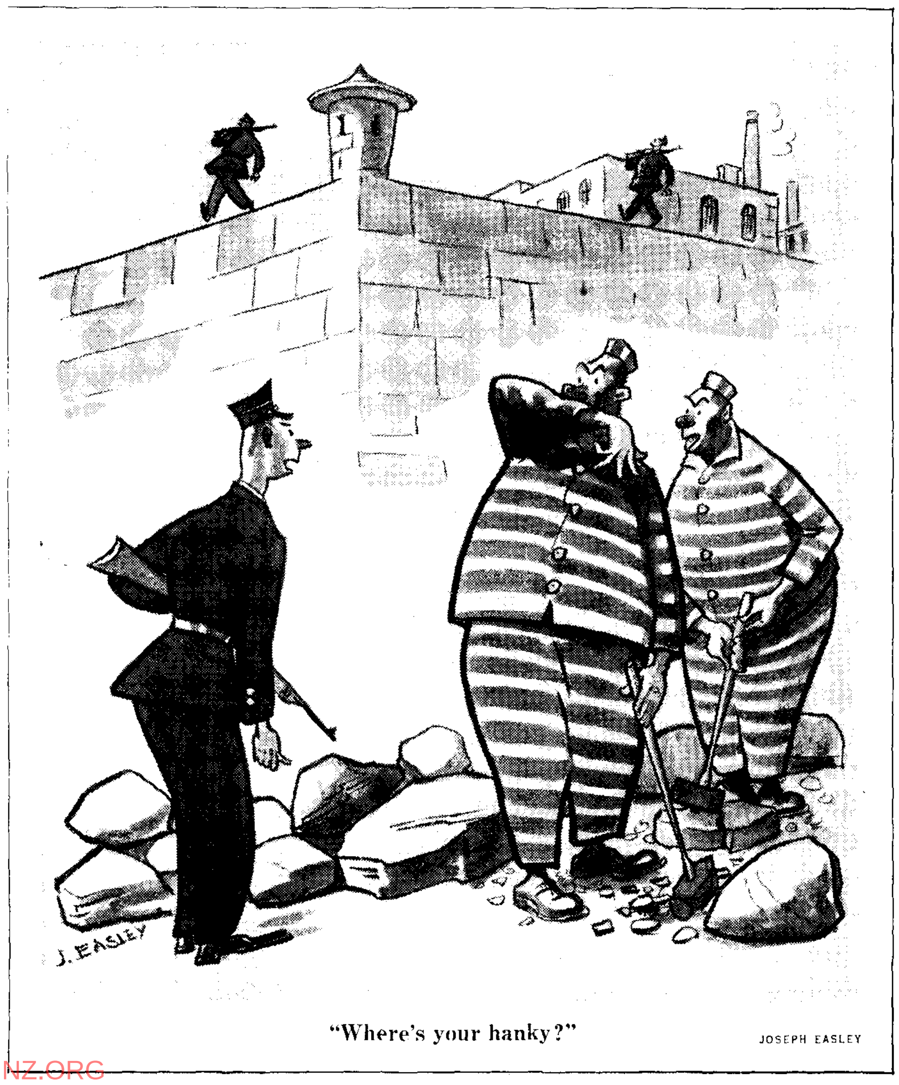
He set out towards the upstanding story of Wu King's building, which, like a squat tower, dominated the flat surface of the roof.

"THERE'S something wrong here," said Nayland Smith.

From the iron gallery upon which he stood he sent the ray of his flashlight down upon slowly moving, evil-smelling water.

"We've got into one of the main sewers," said Corrigan: "that's what's wrong. From the time it's taken us to make it I should say we're way outside the suspected area."

He turned, looking back. It was an eerie spectacle. Moving lights dotted the tunnel, the torches of the raiding party. Sometimes out of whispering shadows, a face would emerge smudgily, as a straying beam impinged upon it. There



"Where's your hanky?" JOSEPH EASLEY

were muffled voices and the rattle of feet on iron treads.

"Suppose we try back," came a cry. "We might go on this way all night."

"Turn back," snapped Nayland Smith, irritably. "This place is suffocating and we're obviously on the wrong track."

"There's a catch somewhere," Corrigan agreed. "All we can do is sit around the rat hole and wait for the rat to come out."

This was by no means what Nayland Smith had planned. He was savagely disappointed. Indeed, the failure of his ambitious scheme would have left a sense of humiliation had it not been for the arrests made on East River. Here at least was confirmation of his theory that the door under the dock belonging to the South Coast Trade Line undoubtedly was used by the group surrounding Dr. Fu Manchu.

It was infuriating to realize, as he had realized at the moment of the arrest of the Egyptian, that in all probability a meeting of the Council of Seven was actually taking place tonight!

The cowled robe was particularly significant. There were reasons why those summoned to be present did not wish to divulge their identity to the others: this was obvious. Ahmed Fayume was one of the Seven—a director of the Si-Fan. But it was improbable, owing to the man's diplomatic credentials, that they would ever succeed in convicting him of any offense against the government of the United States.

From experience he knew that all attempts to interrogate the Chinese prisoner must fail. He took it for granted that the captive was a servant of Fu Manchu: that such an admission could ever be forced from his lips was wildly improbable. The other Chinaman had escaped; by now, had probably given the alarm. . . .

Corrigan's words offered the only consolation. He recognized that it would be impracticable to sustain the siege of an area of Chinatown long enough to make it effective. He had been right, but he had failed. There was only one glimmer of hope. And suddenly, he felt glad that the other Chinaman had escaped.

If, and he had little doubt upon the point, notable conspirators were present tonight, the raid on the secret water gate might result in a desperate bid for freedom above!

BUT he was very silent as he brought up the rear of the party with Corrigan, groping back along the noisome tunnel. At points, vague booming noises echoed from above, the sound made by the heavy traffic. Always there was the echoing whisper of water. At a point where a lower inspection gallery crossed beneath that which they were following, he paused.

"Where do you estimate we stand, Corrigan?" he snapped.

"I should say about under Bayard and East Broadway. It's a guess—but I don't think I'm far out."

"Detail men to watch this junction."

"Stand on the foot of the ladder, Finney," Hepburn directed.

The detective inspector gingerly took his place.

"Now, you," indicating another man, "stand underneath and hold the rungs; and you," to a third, "hang on to the side so that it doesn't topple over. All set?"

The ladder, a short one, had been discovered in the warehouse yard and brought up onto the roof. Now, held by the three men, it perilously overhung a yawning gap, a gully at the bottom of which, seen through a curtain of mist, were lights moving and stationary. Human voices, distorted by the fog, muted sounds of movement were audible; but the characteristic hooting of taxicabs was missing; for this was one of the barricaded streets: the entrance to Wu King's Bar lay immediately beneath.

"All ready, Captain."

Mark Hepburn cautiously began to climb the ladder.

He moved in the shadow of the top story of Wu King's apartment house. It was a dizzy proceeding: at the cold, starry sky which seemed to beckon to him from the right of the building, he could not trust himself to look, nor downward into the misty chasm of the street. Rung by rung he mounted—his objective that lighted window still some six feet above. Upward he climbed.

And, presently, standing two rungs from the top, he could rest his hands upon the ledge and look into the room to which this window belonged.

HE SAW a sight so strange that at first he could not fathom its significance. . . .

An oddly appointed sitting-room was visible, its character and the character of the lamps striking a definite Oriental note. Brightly colored rugs were strewn upon the floor, and he saw that there were divans against two of the walls. The predominant color scheme of illumination seemed to be purple, so that he found great difficulty in making out what was taking place at the farther end.

A window there was widely opened, and two Chinamen seemed to be engaged in hauling upon a line. This in itself was singular, but the third and only other figure in the room struck an ultimate note of the bizarre.

It was that of a man wearing a black cowled robe. The cowl entirely covered his face, but was provided with two eyeholes, so that save for the color of his dress he resembled one of the Misericordia Brethren!

He was standing quite still just behind the Chinamen, who, as Mark Hepburn watched, hauled in at the open window an equipment resembling a bosun's chair. Even now the significance of what was going on had not fully penetrated to his mind. The cowled man, clutching his robe about his legs, and assisted by one of the Chinamen, took his place in the chair. The black figure disappeared through the window. . . .

Now, the truth burst upon him. Nayland Smith's raid of the water gate had succeeded. . . . This was an emergency exit from the surrounded block!

How many had gone before? How many were yet to come? It was clear enough. A ropeway had been thrown across the street to some tall building on the opposite side, and above the very heads of the patrolling police the wanted men were being wound across to safety!

He moved his foot, urgent to descend. It was not too late to locate that other building. . . .

Then, he paused.

As the two Chinamen bore upon the line, from a curtained opening left of the room, another figure entered.

It was that of a tall man wearing a yellow robe, a man whose majestic features conveyed a sense of such power that Hepburn's movement was arrested. Tightly clutching the ledge, he watched —watched that high-shouldered, imposing figure standing motionless in the curtained entrance. Perhaps his regard became so intense as to communicate a sense of his presence to the majestic newcomer.

Slowly the massive head was turned. Hepburn, through the glass of the window met the regard of a pair of vivid green eyes which seemed to be looking directly into his own. . . . Never in his life had he seen such eyes. If, under the circumstances, he was actually visible from inside the room he could not be sure; but of one fact, one astounding fact, he was certain:

This was Dr. Fu Manchu!

(To be continued next week)

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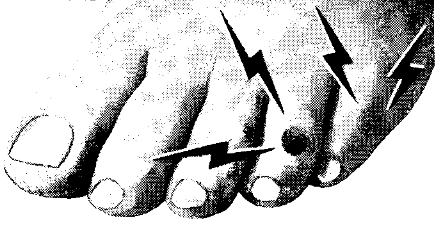

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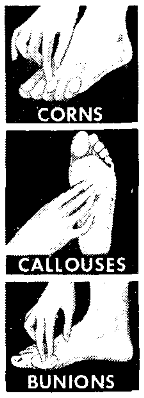

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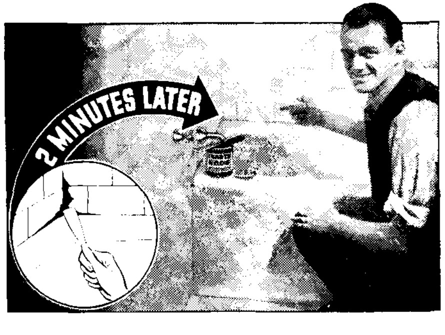

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PLASTIC WOOD

Tight Shoes

Continued from page 9

new business for the near-by hospitals.

But this part of it no longer interests Calvin Colby and Rupert Salsinger, who retire from the scene and go elsewhere, but not before Rupert Salsinger gets into the store and picks out a pair of shoes for himself and carries them off under his arm.

Well, by and by the reporters from the newspapers arrive on the scene and start getting interviews here and there about the goings-on, and it seems from the stories in the papers the next morning that the reporters learn that it is all the upshot of a great new movement for social justice organized by Rupert Salsinger, a famous young student of such matters, and supported by Calvin Colby, the well-known young multimillionaire thinker, although of course it is a big surprise to Rupert Salsinger to learn that he is famous, and a much bigger surprise to Calvin Colby to hear that he is a thinker, and in fact this sounds like libel to Calvin Colby, when he gets around to reading it.

BUT it seems that what the newspapers see in this movement for social justice led by such young characters as Rupert Salsinger and Calvin Colby, more than anything else, is a revolution of youth against the old order, and in fact the papers make it a matter of great importance and by eight A.M. the next morning the reporters and photographers from the afternoon bladders are almost breaking down the doors of Calvin Colby's apartment on Park Avenue to interview him and take his picture.

Naturally, Calvin Colby is still in the hay at such an hour, and he does not wake up until one-thirty P.M. and by this time he does not remember about the movement for social justice, and in fact he will be greatly nonplussed to find himself sleeping with such a character as Rupert Salsinger if it is not for the fact that Calvin Colby is accustomed to finding himself sleeping with all kinds of characters.

He wakes Rupert Salsinger up and asks him what about a little of the hair of the dog that bites them, but Rupert is very ill, and all he can bear is a little straight Scotch, and then Rupert commences to recall vaguely some of the events of the night before, when Calvin Colby's butler brings in the morning papers, and tells them that fifty reporters and photographers are still waiting outside to see Calvin Colby, and that they are getting fretful, and that moreover Calvin Colby's loving parents are calling up every few minutes, wishing to know what he means by becoming a thinker.

THEN Calvin Colby commences remembering a few things himself, and he worries no little about how he is going to explain to his loving parents. Naturally he cannot face reporters and photographers while he is in such a state of mind, so he gives Rupert Salsinger a little more straight Scotch, and lends Rupert a dressing-gown, and sends him out to see the reporters and photographers.

Well, Rupert Salsinger gives them quite an interview, and in fact he repeats as much of the speech he makes in Columbus Circle as he can remember, including the extracts from the speeches of F. D. Roosevelt and Abraham Lincoln, and he tells them that he and Calvin Colby will continue this movement for social justice until the bad place freezes over, if necessary, because by now the straight Scotch is working very good in Rupert Salsinger, and he is by no means at any loss for words.

Now Rupert Salsinger is a very serious-minded young character and by no means a chump, and he sees that all this publicity may lead somewhere, so what does he do in the next few days but organize the American Amalgamation for Social Justice, with himself as president, and Calvin Colby as treasurer, and Calvin Colby's loving parents are so proud of their son becoming prominent at something else besides spilling dolls out of his automobiles that they donate five thousand slugs to the cause.

Furthermore, they settle with old man Bilby for the wrecking of his shoe store, and the loss of his shoes, including the pair taken away by Rupert Salsinger, although of course nobody but Rupert knows about these shoes, and he does not mention the matter publicly.

But Calvin Colby is getting sick and tired of all this business, because the reporters are always after him for interviews, and it is commencing to interfere with his occupation of getting around, especially as Rupert Salsinger is always after him, too, telling him to do this and that, and one thing and another, and Calvin Colby is delighted when Rupert announces himself as a candidate for Congress on the Social Justice ticket, because Calvin figures that with Rupert in Congress he will not bother him any more, and he can resume getting around just where he leaves off.

Well, it seems that about the time Rupert Salsinger makes his announcement, Tammany Hall is greatly dissatisfied with the character who already represents it in Congress from Rupert's district, because he often votes in a manner that is by no means to the interest of this splendid organization, so somebody from the Hall has a talk with Rupert Salsinger, and reports that he is an honest, clean, upright young character, who is by no means sore at Tammany, or at least not so sore that he can never get over it.

Then it seems that Tammany quietly passes the word around Rupert Salsinger's district to vote for this honest, clean, upright young character, and such a word means that Rupert is 1 to 20 in the betting to be elected, even on a platform for social justice, and about this time Rupert begins thinking more than somewhat of Miss Minnie Schultz, and of how much he loves her.

Rupert is so busy that it is quite a spell since he finds leisure to get over to Tenth Avenue to see Miss Minnie Schultz, and he requests Calvin Colby, as a personal favor, to step over and explain to Miss Minnie Schultz why he cannot appear before her in person.

So Calvin Colby goes over to Tenth Avenue and locates Miss Minnie Schultz at her papa's delicatessen store, and explains to her about Rupert, and Calvin Colby is greatly surprised to notice that Miss Minnie Schultz is very beautiful.

He notices that she has taffy-colored hair, and big blue eyes, and a lovely speaking voice, and hands like the ears of little tiny white rabbits, and feet like little tiny mice, and a complexion like Grade-A milk, and a shape that is wonderful to behold, and great intelligence, and charm, and in fact Miss Minnie Schultz is the first doll Calvin Colby ever beholds that he does not figure a plaintiff.

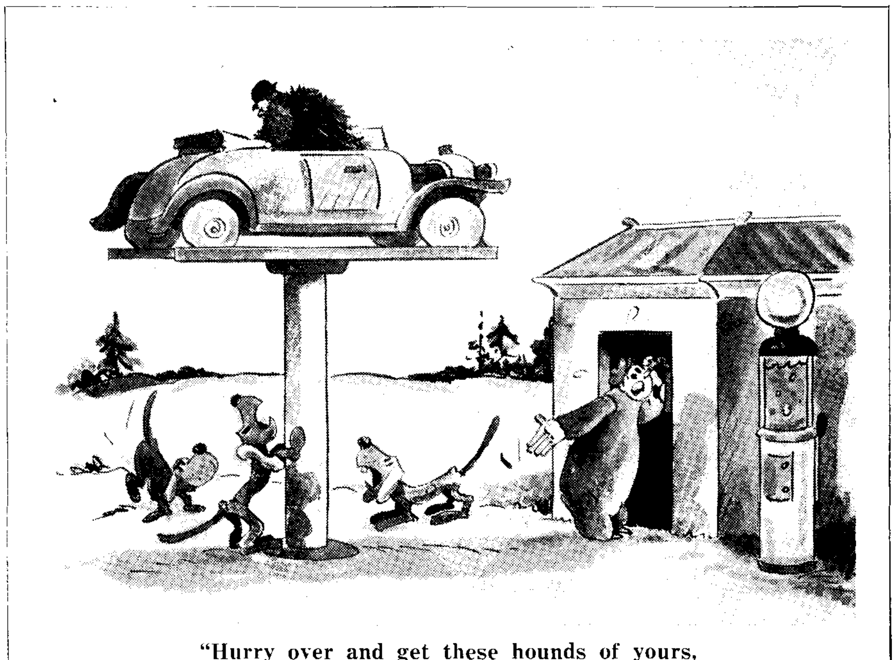
He also notices a character skulking in the background of Miss Minnie Schultz whose name seems to be Gus Schmelk, and whose features seem to be very familiar to Calvin Colby, and also very distasteful, especially as this Gus Schmelk seems to be on very friendly terms with Miss Minnie Schultz, and in fact in the presence of Calvin Colby he gives her a pat on the pistol pocket, causing Calvin Colby's blood to boil out of loyalty to Rupert Salsinger.

HOWEVER, Miss Minnie Schultz seems quite interested in hearing about Rupert, and says she hopes and trusts he is enjoying the best of health, and that he will come to see her soon, though she realizes from what she reads in the papers how busy he is, and she also says that she is personally as well and as happy as can be expected, and that business in her papa's delicatessen store is picking up.

Well, Calvin Colby reports much of the above situation to Rupert Salsinger, especially about Gus Schmelk, and tells Rupert that Gus impresses him as a low, degraded character, who will steal another's doll without any compunction of conscience whatever, and in fact Calvin Colby says to Rupert like this:

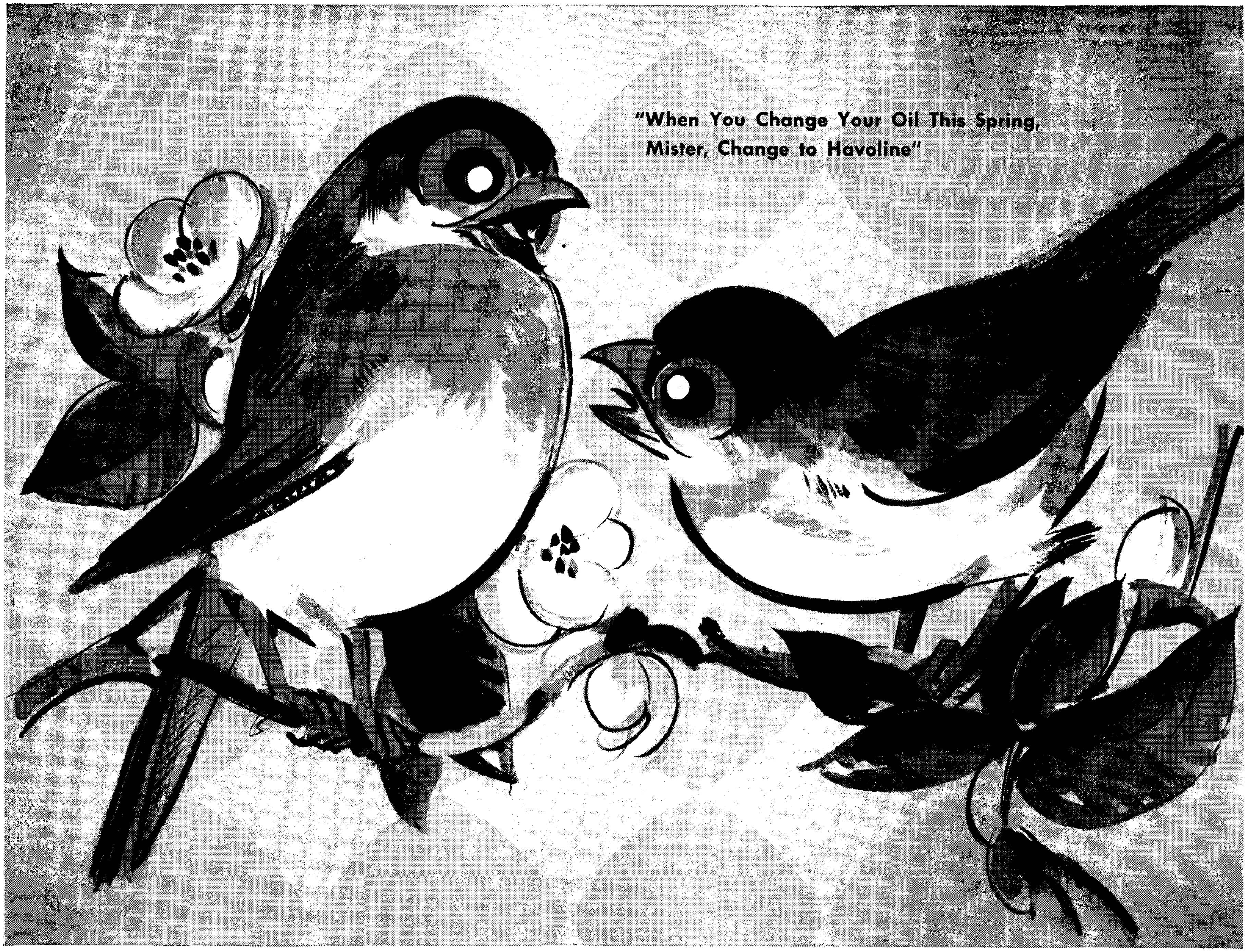
"If I am you," he says, "I will dispense with this social justice for a while and look after my interests with Miss Minnie Schultz. It is seldom in my career," Calvin says, "that I see such a

(Continued on page 78)



"Hurry over and get these hounds of yours, Ed. They got one of my best customers treed!"

REAMER KELLER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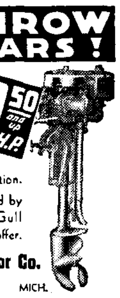

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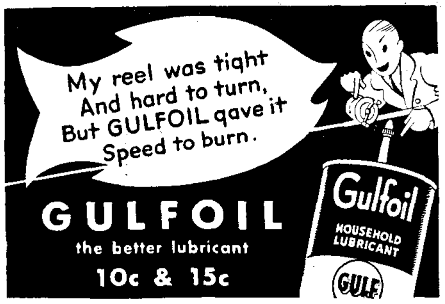

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Tight Shoes

Continued from page 76

shape as Miss Minnie Schultz possesses."

Well, Rupert Salsinger sighs, and says he realizes that Calvin Colby's statements are only too true, especially about Gus Schmelk, and also about Miss Minnie Schultz's shape, but Rupert says he feels that social justice must come first with him above all else, even Miss Minnie Schultz's shape.

Then Rupert says to Calvin Colby:

"Comrade," he says, "I realize that you loathe and despise all characters of a female nature, but," he says, "I am going to ask you to make a great sacrifice for me. I will deem it an act of fealty to our cause, and of personal friendship," Rupert says, "if you will occasionally go over to Tenth Avenue and do anything you can to protect me in that direction from vipers in my bosom, and snakes in the grass."

THERE are tears in Rupert's eyes as he makes this request, and naturally Calvin Colby promises to assist him in this emergency, and presently between looking after Rupert's interests with Miss Minnie Schultz and signing checks as treasurer of the American Amalgamation for Social Justice for Rupert's campaign, Calvin Colby finds little time for his occupation of getting around.

Now in the meantime, in spite of being so busy, Rupert Salsinger finds himself brooding no little over Miss Minnie Schultz and Gus Schmelk, and finally one day he decides that he can spare a couple of hours to go over to Tenth Avenue and see Miss Minnie Schultz and present his proposal of marriage to her in person, so he calls her up and requests an interview with her, and it seems she can tell by the tone of his voice what is on his chest, and she says all right but to be sure and get over in an hour.

So Rupert Salsinger puts everything else aside, and dresses himself up in a new suit of clothes which he purchases from the treasury of the Amalgamated Association for Social Justice as part of his campaign expenses, and puts on the new shoes that he secures at old man Bilby's shoe store, and starts out from Calvin Colby's residence on Park Avenue, where Rupert is living ever since the first night he lands there.

Well, Rupert is passing the corner of Fiftieth Street and Broadway, when who does he see standing in front of Mindy's restaurant but Hymie Minsk, the horse player, and then Rupert suddenly remembers that while social justice is going forward very nicely in most quarters that he never really gets justice from Hymie Minsk.

So Rupert Salsinger steps up behind Hymie, and takes him by the nape of the neck, and kicks Hymie's pants up the street to Fifty-third, using his new shoes for this purpose, and, what is more, doing a much better job on Hymie than Hymie does on him, as Hymie has no books whatsoever in his hip pocket to slow up Rupert's kicking.

When he finally lets Hymie go with a final kick in the pants, Rupert starts across Fifty-third Street toward Tenth Avenue, but after he goes a couple of blocks he notices that his feet are giving him great pain, and he realizes that his new shoes must be too tight for him, and what with his walking, and the extra exertion of kicking Hymie Minsk's pants, these shoes are commencing to pinch his puppies quite some.

The pain finally becomes so great that Rupert sits down on the steps of a school house and takes off his shoes to let his feet stop aching, and he sits there for anyway fifteen minutes, when it occurs to him that the hour Miss Minnie Schultz mentions is up, so he tries to put the shoes back on his feet again, but it seems his feet swell up to such an extent that the shoes will not go on again, so Rupert resumes his journey in his stocking feet, but carrying the shoes in his hand.

When he arrives in sight of the delicatessen store conducted by Miss Minnie Schultz's papa, he sees Miss Minnie Schultz standing on the sidewalk out in front, and he also sees Gus Schmelk walking across the street, and disappearing inside his own store, which is a scene that is most odious to Rupert Salsinger, although he does not see a large automobile with Calvin Colby in it just going around the corner.

Well, Rupert Salsinger hastens forward with a glad smile, and he tips his hat with the hand which is not carrying the shoes, and he says to Miss Minnie Schultz like this:

"Minnie," Rupert says, "I love you with all my heart and soul, and now that my future is open before me, bright and shining, I wish you to be my wife, and never mind what your papa says to the contrary about Gus Schmelk. He is strictly a wrong gee. I mean Gus Schmelk," Rupert says. "Let us be married at once, and my friend, my pal, my comrade, Mr. Calvin Colby, will stand up with us as my best man."

"Rupert," Miss Minnie Schultz says, "if you are here fifteen minutes ago, I will undoubtedly accept you. When you call me on the telephone and make an appointment for an interview with me, I say to myself, I wait all these years for Rupert to speak, and now I will give him just one more hour of my life, and not one minute more, for another is requesting my hand. On the expiration of the hour to the dot," Miss Minnie Schultz says, "I pledge myself to him. Rupert," she says, "as far as I am personally concerned you are a goner."

Naturally, Rupert Salsinger is greatly vexed to hear this news, and in fact he is so vexed that he takes the tight shoes that are the cause of his tardiness, and throws them as far as he can, and as straight as he can, which is plumb across the street and through the plate-glass window of Gus Schmelk's delicatessen store.

THE next thing anybody knows, Rupert Salsinger is hastening up Tenth Avenue in his stocking feet, and Gus Schmelk is right behind him calling him names of such a crude nature that Miss Minnie Schultz retires to her papa's delicatessen store, although this does not prevent her from seeing a character leave Gus Schmelk's store with Rupert's tight shoes under his arm, and it does not prevent her from recognizing this character as the member of the Communist party.

Well, I see in the papers that Congressman Rupert Salsinger is going to marry some society doll in Washington, who is a widow with plenty of money left to her by her late husband, but I do not believe Rupert will be any happier than Calvin Colby, who is very busy at this time opening the twenty-second branch of the Schultz-Colby Delicatessen Stores, Inc., and who is greatly pleased over being married to Miss Minnie Schultz.

But although Gus Schmelk's store is in the new combination, and Gus himself is a member of the Board of Directors of same, Calvin Colby never really forgets that Gus Schmelk is the party who almost ruins his high hat with an egg in Columbus Circle the night Calvin makes the public address.

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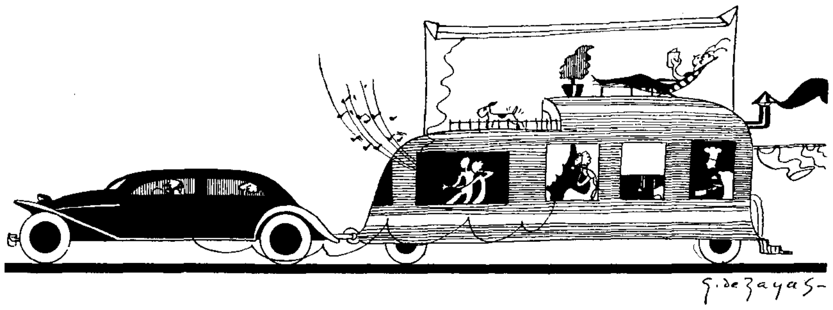

Keep Up with the World

By Freling Foster

House trailers for motorcars have become so popular that there are 250,000 of them in use and they sell for as much as $14,000. These de luxe models have all the comforts of home, including mahogany paneling, separate beds for six, electric light plant, electric refrigerator, hot and cold running water, ice water, insulation from the heat and cold, telephone connection with the driver and even air conditioning equipment.

In American murder trials a confession to a crime by a person who has died or disappeared is inadmissible as evidence, even when made to responsible parties and appearing to be true. It is completely ignored because the confessor is not available for examination and observation.—*By J. S. Sidney, Lincoln, Nebraska.*

The Indians who sold Manhattan Island to Peter Minuit in 1626 for some firewater and $24 worth of trinkets were smart boys. They did not own it. They were Canarsies, Montauks and Rockaways from Long Island—just in town for a visit. So Peter had to buy it again from a tribe "uptown." The real salesmen, however, were the Raritans, who sold Staten Island to the Dutch six successive times.—*By Miles Cahn, New York City.*

During the past 16 years the Nansen International Office for Refugees of the League of Nations has helped the millions who have been driven from their native lands by postwar political upheavals. Most important of all, it has issued a million "Nansen passports," now recognized by 53 countries, and financially assisted thousands of families to get started again in more hospitable countries.

The only known animal that, like man, offers his sweetheart a drink when he courts her is the tree cricket *Oecanthus*. He secretes a sweet liquid in a cavity in his back and invites the lady to sip it.—*By Bert Collier, Atlanta, Georgia.*

Sunburn is not caused by the heat of the sun but by its actinic rays. Some of the worst cases of such burns on record, in which the skin of the face has peeled off before nightfall, have occurred on high mountains in the Arctic when the air was so cold that it froze the victim's cheeks.

Muzaffar-ed-Din, who as the Shah of Persia from 1896 to 1907 received an annual salary of $30,000,000, is believed to have been the highest-paid ruler in history. His income was 600 times as large as that of the President of the United States.

The only post offices in the United States that close on Saturday instead of Sunday are in Keene, Texas, and Loma Linda, California. This unusual arrangement was made several years ago by the inhabitants, who are Seventh Day Adventists, one of the Christian sects which still observe the Sabbath on Saturday.—*By C. W. Marshall, Tampa, Florida.*

Although most impressions made on the retina of the eye remain only 1-50th of a second, this is sometimes far longer than the time the original image lasts. An excellent example is the impression made by an electric spark which, when flashed on and off in 1-2,000,000th of a second, remains on the retina 40,000 times longer than its actual duration.—*By Bob Heberger, Rochester, New York.*

Under Jewish law a wife cannot obtain a divorce without the consent of her husband, either given willingly or through the compulsion of a rabbi. Thus a deserted wife, even when she has not heard from her mate for years, cannot get a divorce unless she can prove that he is dead. Such a person, who must remain forever neither a wife nor a widow, is known as an *agunah.*—*By J. C. Norred, Phoenix, Arizona.*

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City.

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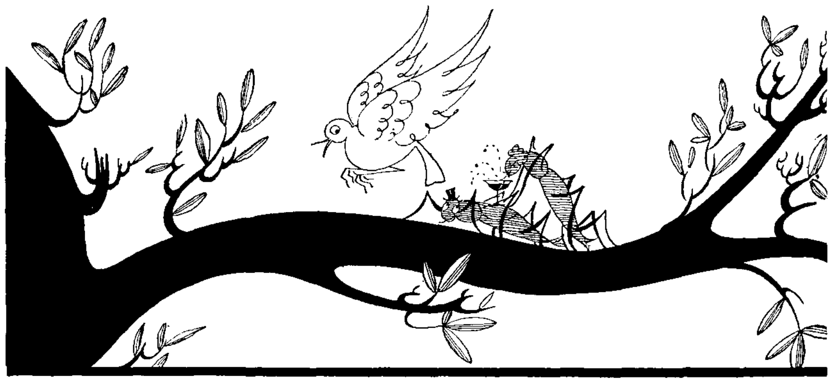

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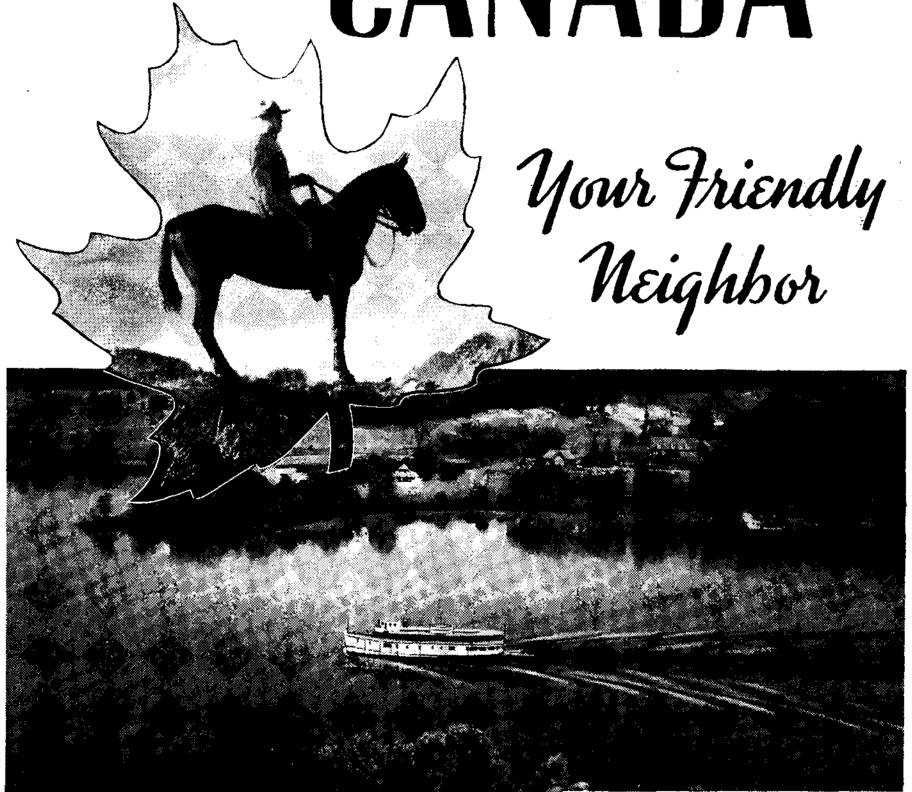

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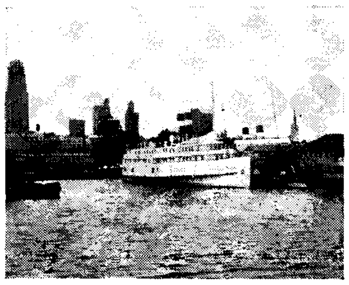

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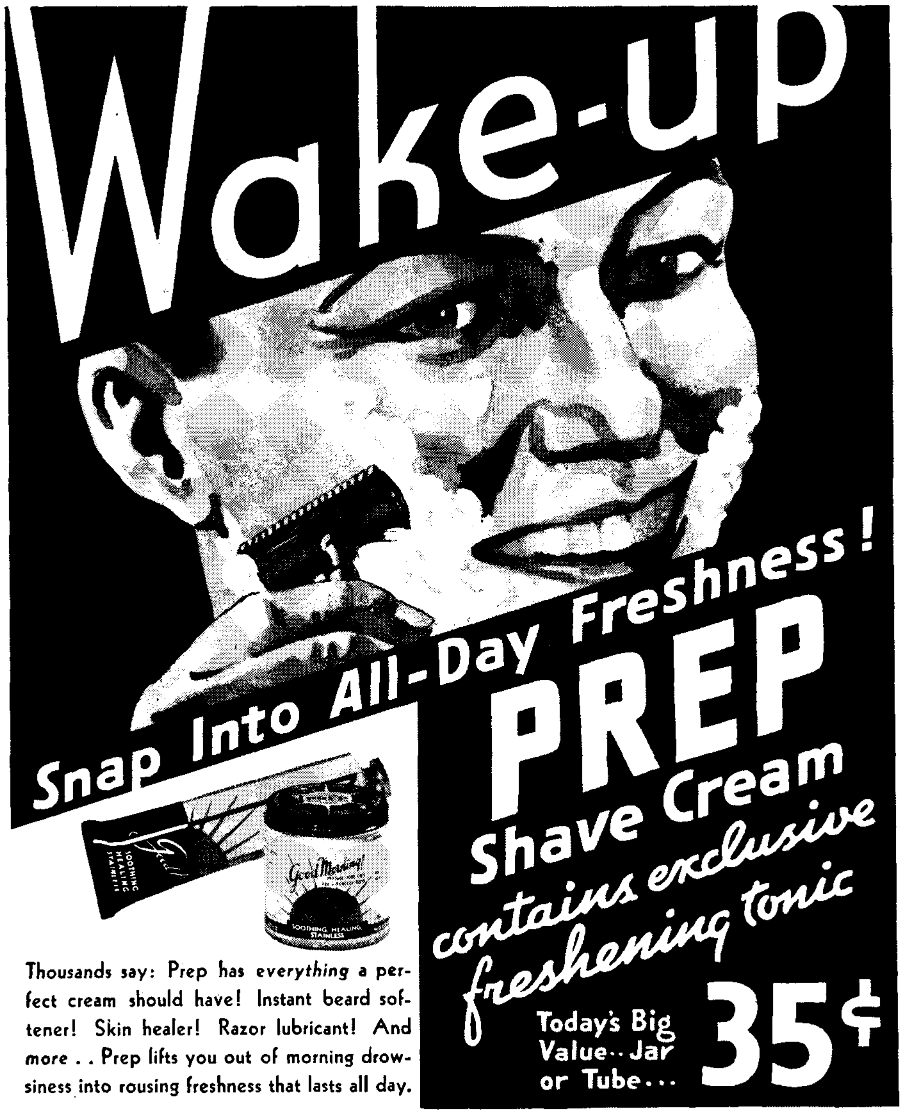
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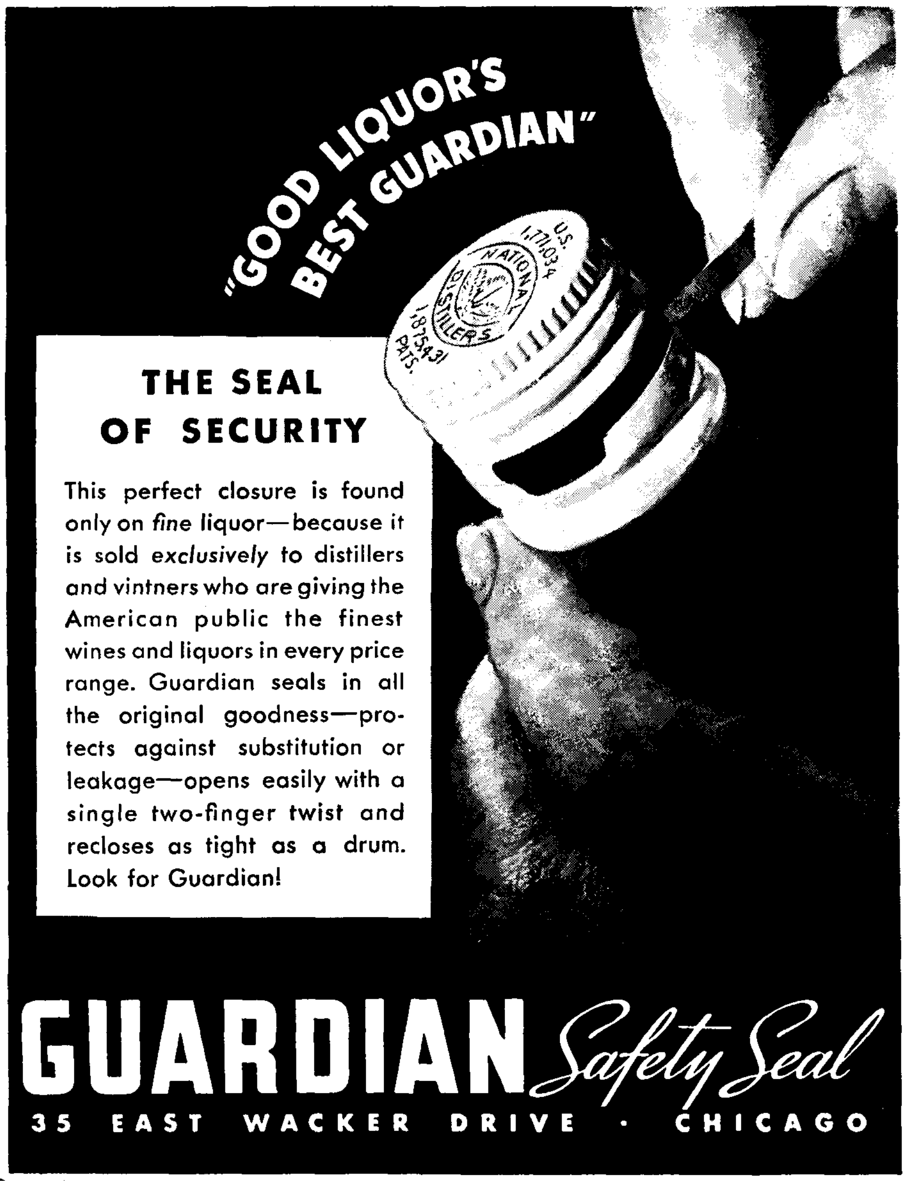

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Under Pressure

Continued from page 19

clothes and his long-fingered hands. Then why? Suddenly the answer swept over her. She was face to face with the mask that had defeated her father—immature, perhaps, its veneer not yet solidified, but the same unfeeling mask.

"What's your name?" she asked.

"Dirk Van Suttart," he replied, betrayed by the suddenness of the question. A glint lit in his eye and color rose to his cheeks, but he quickly controlled his anger and raised one eyebrow. "Really, Miss Sewell, while you requested a personal interview I didn't realize you were contemplating an exchange of confidences."

"I like to know to whom I am talking," said Joyce coolly. "I think you'll find my business is quite personal. I'm the daughter and sole heir of the late Cutler Sewell and there's a file in this office under his name. I wish to know my rights. Am I entitled to have copies of the dispatches, or to examine them, or to be given a résumé, or—if all that is impossible—can I be informed of the last step in the negotiations?"

BY THIS time both Van Suttart's eyebrows were raised to the limit. "No copy of any dispatch can be given to anybody," he declared, "except by specific direction of the Department of State, and the same restriction applies to the balance of your question. May I ask to what this file refers?"

"To my father's property in this country."

"I thought so. Miss Sewell, Americans abroad suffer from an unfortunate delusion which you seem to share that the Foreign Service is maintained for their individual convenience. It isn't. It was created for the benefit of the United States as a whole and of the taxpayers at home who foot the bill."

"I know that," cut in Joyce, "and as far as I'm concerned I'm willing to take my chance anywhere without screaming for the flag to follow. Personally, I think all boundaries are silly. Why divide ourselves into Americans, Mexicans, Chinese or Hottentots? We're all human beings, aren't we? We live on the same earth and it changes under our feet from year to year. But there are a few things that can never change, that wear the same face in every country, and one of them is justice—plain ordinary justice."

"Quite so," said Van Suttart wearily, "but as it happens you've taken a long trip for nothing. Haven't you heard of the Mexican Claims Commission in Washington?"

"I have."

"That, my dear young lady, is where you should file your petition."

"I did, through my father, when I was eight years old. I'm not eight now, Mr. Van Suttart, though you seem to think so. The Mexican Claims Commission has been sitting for a great many years considering claims amounting to two hundred and fifty million dollars. Has it settled a single case?"

"I'm not at liberty to say."

"You mean you don't know. I'll tell you; it hasn't—not one."

"Miss Sewell, this conversation is getting us nowhere. May I say in conclusion that I've given you all the advice—the only advice—to which you are entitled? The embassy can do nothing to help you—nothing whatever."

Joyce stood up to find her knees were trembling. She had been dismissed, told to leave! Anger surged in her veins—anger against some implacable force outside herself and Van Suttart.

"Mr. Van Suttart," said Joyce, "your imagining I came to you for help has its funny side. You'd be surprised how much I know about notes from Washington via this embassy. There's one, for instance, the form letter referring to the murder of a series of Americans, that has been sent out dozens of times years apart with only the names of the victims changed. I know it by heart. Would you like to have me recite it?"

"Really, Miss Sewell—"

"I won't, but I ought to, because it might bring you to a realization of your own absurdity. Aren't you ever puzzled as to why you're alive—why you draw down pay? A canary in his gilded cage earns his keep with song, but a popinjay can't even sing."

She was gone before he could wipe the look of amazement from his face, much less answer. Hurrying along the hall, she glanced through a window across a sweep of lawn to the stately pillared portico of the ambassadorial residence. She paused and then went on, puzzled by her reaction. Why did the lovely garden repel her? Because it was not a patio. Because it was alien. Because it was Elsinboro, and if she could not turn her back on Elsinboro and face the other way she knew her battle was lost.

She hurried to the hotel, paid her bill and asked that her baggage be brought down. At sight of the *petaca* there were supercilious glances from the tourists, the clerk and even the porter, but not from the taxi driver; again the little native trunk served her well. He did not bother to lie about the fare and even understood her quest for the best hotel unfrequented by foreigners. Unhesitatingly he drove her to an establishment in a back street but near the center of town. The proprietor greeted her in soft Castilian and took the trouble to accompany her himself to a top-floor room. Its comfort and the wide sweep of the view promptly won her heart. She engaged it at once but stopped him as he was leaving.

"Can you recommend a woman lawyer?" she asked.

"I know of one, but she's Mexican."

"I prefer a Mexican," said Joyce. "Will you give me her name and address?"

He took out his card, scribbled on it, and handed it to her. "She's a difficult person," he remarked, "but an excellent lawyer."

JOYCE decided to waste no time in telephoning for an appointment, but she did stop long enough to unpack her bag and hang up her clothes. As her rage at Van Suttart began to cool she wondered at it and felt a little ashamed. Probably that manner of his had got him his job, perhaps he was paid to make people feel exactly as she had felt. She opened the *petaca*, sorted out the documents she thought she would need and made her way on foot to the lawyer's address. It was a strange, old-fashioned building with a long, dark, narrow hall which opened suddenly upon a big square well surrounded by balconies and roofed by the sky. There was an elevator but no attendant. Rather than attempt to work the mechanism herself she walked up two flights and located a door upon which was inscribed: Lic. Margarida Fonseca.

She knocked; there was no answer. She opened the door, stepped into an empty anteroom and coughed. The door into a room beyond was open. She passed through it and stopped short. On the farther side of a littered desk, leaning back and apparently absorbed in staring through the thick wall at some vision far away, sat a woman whose appearance could be described only as leonine.

She had a bulging forehead surmounted by a tumbled mass of short black hair shot with gray. Her nose was a promontory and she had a chin to match. But her mouth, at least in repose, had an inexpressible sweetness which changed into a hard line the instant she became aware of Joyce's presence and turned her head. One glance was enough to make her speak in English.

"What do you want?"

"A lawyer," said Joyce.

"What for? What about?"

"May I sit down?"

"No! What about?"

"An estate."

"Whose?"

"Mine. I have the documents here proving absolute title if you'll only take the trouble to look at them."

"No use. You're wasting my time. Don't waste yours or your money by going to any other lawyer. I give you that advice for nothing."

"What is your time worth?" asked Joyce, switching into Spanish. "I like you. How much would you charge to let me sit and look at you for half an hour?"

MARGARIDA FONSECA swung around in her swivel chair, planted her elbows on the desk, her fists in her cheeks, and stared. *"Hablas Castillano, gringuita!* So, we talk in Spanish! Who are you?"

"My name is Joyce Sewell. I'm the daughter of Cutler Sewell, who owned—"

"Tst! Tst! Nobody owns anything. You possess; you don't own."

"Oh, but I do," protested Joyce. "I can prove it." She advanced, sat down on the edge of a chair and laid her documents on the desk. "Please let me show you."

"It's no use, my child. I've told you the truth and the whole truth. Incidentally, I don't like Americans, but let me give you something else for nothing. Get out. Go back to your own country before somebody makes one bite of your pretty head."

Joyce stood up and buried her grave blue eyes in Margarida's black ones. "I'll get out, but I won't go back. I was wrong about you. I may not find a lawyer with more brains, but I'll get one who isn't a coward." She snatched up her precious documents, turned quickly and started toward the door.

"Stop!" yelled Margarida. "Nobody can say that to me! Come back and sit down. Give me the papers." She took them, spread them out but kept her puzzled eyes fixed on Joyce. Abruptly she smiled. "I thought you were out to make a play on the tender female heart but I've changed my mind. Before we go any farther will you please tell me why you picked a woman for a lawyer?"

Joyce frowned in concentration, choosing her words. "If I were cheated by a man," she answered finally, "I'd feel like a fool, but if a woman gets the best of me I am one."

Margarida stared, thinking it out, then laughed boisterously. "Have you any money?"

"Yes."

"How much?"

"Ten thousand dollars."

"Really! You're loose in Mexico at your age with ten thousand dollars! Where are your parents?"

"Dead. The ten thousand was for the murder of my mother. It came from the Mexican Ambassador in Washington."

"What! But now I know you're lying. We haven't settled a single American claim—not one."

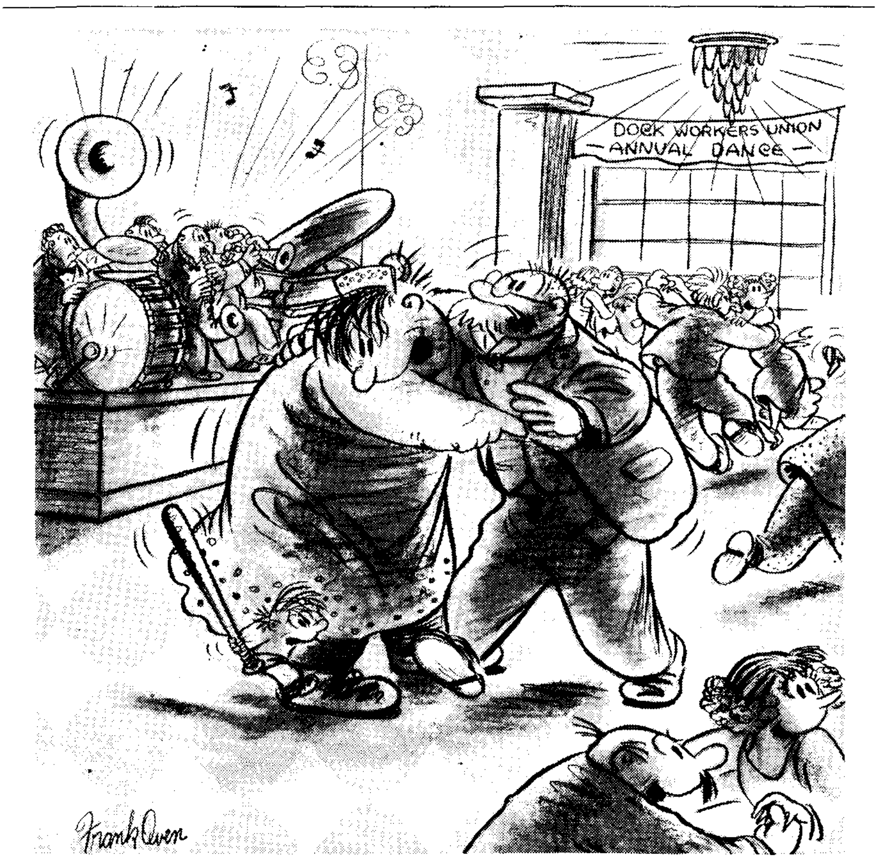
"You're thinking of the Mexican Claims Commission," said Joyce sharply. "I said the Embassy—the Mexican Embassy." She opened her bag hurriedly, searched through it, found the letter which had accompanied the warrant and pushed it forward. "Don't ever accuse me of lying again; if you do—"

She left the threat unfinished since Margarida apparently was not listening. Already she was occupied in reading the letter over and over with a scowl that steadily grew blacker and more puzzled. At last she laid it aside and turned to

(Continued on page 82)

Philbert Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

By FRANK OWEN



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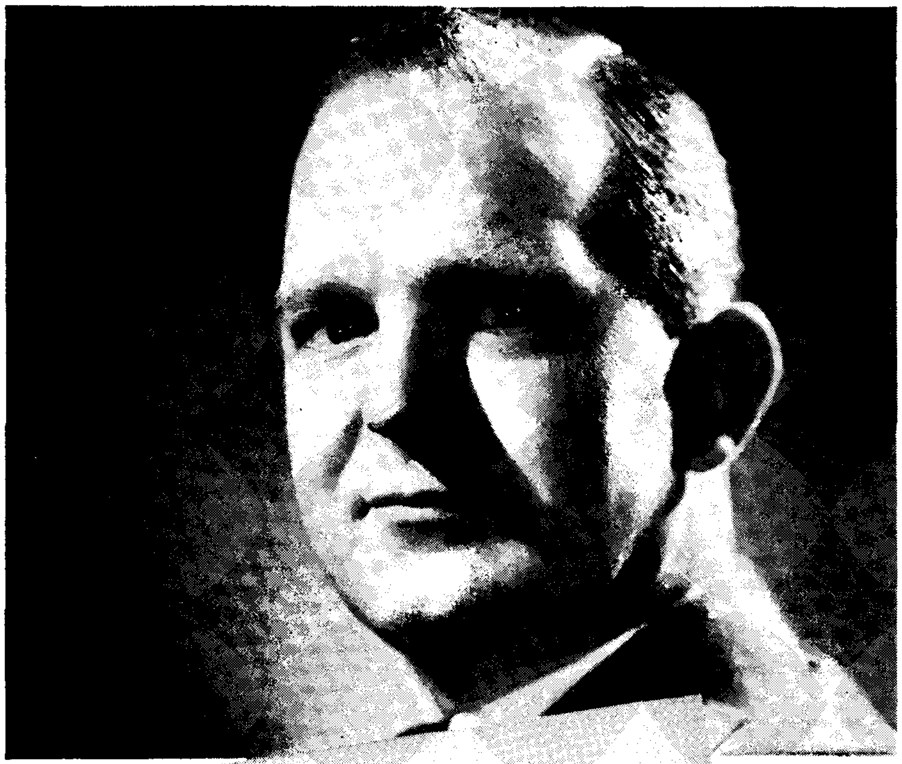

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(*Continued from page 81*)

consideration of the papers on the desk. She glanced over them swiftly with odd jerks of her nose as if she were a parrot tearing the meat out of one nut after another. Finally she struck the documents three hammering blows, rose and started pacing up and down with her arms folded behind her. She stopped before the window with her back to Joyce, took out a black cigarette, lit it and started puffing malodorous circles.

"Why didn't you tell me it was La Barranca?" she asked of the blue sky.

"You didn't give me a chance."

Margarida turned and glanced at the clock. Then she strode to the telephone, and dialed a number. "May I speak to General Onelia? Tell him it's Margarida Fonseca. I know that, but never mind the siesta; if I weren't sure he will wish to see me in his house I wouldn't be calling there." A full minute passed before she spoke again. "General? Margarida Fonseca. Can you give me half an hour before you return to the War Office? Be assured it's worth it or I wouldn't presume to disturb you. At once? Thank you. You realize it will take me fifteen minutes to get there."

MARGARIDA scooped up the papers, crammed a hat on her head, showed the way out and slammed the door behind them. A moment later they were in a taxi which scurried along interminable back streets to draw up in exactly fifteen minutes at the residence of General Zacharias Onelia, right-hand man to the Minister of War. The great doors of the *zaguan* were open, guarded by two lounging soldiers in khaki, and there were three more sitting on a bench just inside the patio. One of them rose and without a word ushered the visitors along two sides of the enclosure to a room in the far corner and into the presence of General Onelia. He was a thick-set man with bristling gray hair, a copper-colored skin and amused shoe-button eyes half buried above protruding cheekbones. He did not trouble to rise but waved his hand graciously.

"General, it is very good of you to receive us," said Margarida. "Do you mind taking a look at this young lady before she goes out to walk around the patio while you and I have a talk?"

The shoe-button eyes seemed to dart and fasten on Joyce, swept her from head to foot, then switched to Margarida. "Lovely, *guapissima!*" he announced, "but you've brought her around too late by ten years."

"I'm sure you do yourself an injustice," murmured Margarida politely, beginning to lay papers on the desk. "As a matter of fact, she isn't for sale. But she has a peculiar value, General."

"To me?"

"Especially to you," said Margarida and turned to Joyce. "Suppose you go out, *chica*, and stay out till you're called!" As soon as Joyce had gone Margarida leaned toward Onelia and continued in a low voice. "General, this is a momentous business, far deeper than may appear at first glance. The young lady, Miss Joyce Sewell, is undoubtedly the lawful owner of *hacienda* La Barranca."

"Poor child!" murmured Onelia. "Much good will it do her!"

"I agree," Margarida said slowly, "but what about yourself?"

"Eh?" grunted the general with a puzzled scowl. "Me? What's it got to do with me?"

"Exercise your memory, General," said Margarida. "Who confiscated La Barranca? Who holds it now?"

Onelia leaped to his feet with astonishing alacrity for one of his bulk. "Dorado!" he cried.

"Exactly."

"What do you suggest?"

"General Dorado says he merely seized abandoned property. His tenure is based on salvage. My suggestion is that you arrange to have him abandon the *hacienda* in his turn."

"Nothing easier. I'll have him shot the next time he shows his face in town. I've been wanting to do it for years."

"I'm afraid I've come at an unfortunate hour," said Margarida.

"Why so?"

"Because you seem to be indulging in your siesta in spite of my presence. Naturally General Dorado must not be killed before the abandoned *hacienda* is definitely in the possession of the rightful owner."

"Ah!" exclaimed Onelia.

Margarida Fonseca buried smoldering eyes in his. "If General Dorado, who now holds La Barranca, should be killed—even if he should die a natural death—his heirs would inherit. They would have as good a case as he has now and our work would be all to do over again."

"Who wants the place? Not I."

Margarida looked at him steadfastly. "I wonder if you can see a picture if I hold it up before your eyes?"

"Try me," said Onelia testily. "I'm awake, but if you take too long getting where you're going I'll go to sleep in earnest."

"While I think of it," said Margarida, "I might mention the young lady outside received ten thousand dollars—not pesos—through our embassy in Washington as compensation for the murder of her mother at La Barranca."

"Incredible. I don't believe it."

"That's what I thought until I saw the transmitting letter. I assure you it's true and it gave me the idea I'm trying so hard to convey. Here's the picture, General, and that you're not to appear in it at all goes without saying. Suppose some of your trustiest men attend to the eviction of Dorado without killing him—simply drive him and his following out and chase them into the hills. Simultaneously your men plant the girl and leave her. The incident gets in the papers, here and across the border. The girl is young, beautiful, has perfect title as titles go and the courage of a bobcat to back it with. Do you begin to see?"

"Why doesn't she jump off a roof and save time? Of course, I see her getting herself killed, and so do you."

"Probably; but that's a mere incident—perhaps a necessary incident. It doesn't occur to you that you might also see the ambassador from a country we both heartily detest up to his neck in boiling water and one or two of our own cabinet officers hanging to their toppling perches with nails and teeth? I used to think you had the brains of a great Minister of War, but I'm beginning to doubt it."

DURING her long speech Onelia had been advancing toward her with a catlike tread. Now he placed a blunt finger under her chin, tipped back her head and stood looking down into her eyes.

"You've started something," he rumbled, "and we two are going to finish it. If I betray you, you can always get me shot at the market price, but if you betray me I'll have you dragged by a frightened horse." He stepped back, shrugged his shoulders and sat down.

When Joyce entered nothing could have exceeded Margarida's complacent air of accomplishment unless it was the general's urbanity. His broad face radiated kindliness, his shoe-button eyes beamed. He motioned her to a chair.

"Well, *niña*, Margarida Fonseca has done you good service. She has persuaded me I ought to give you my aid. I understand you are the lawful owner of La Barranca?"

"Yes, sir."

"All you ask is to be put in possession. Is that correct?"

"Yes, General. I was happy there. I've never been happy since the day I left. The years of my childhood—"

Onelia nodded, gravely sympathetic. "Quite so, quite so," he interrupted. "But returning to the subject of your repossession of La Barranca. Unfortunately our courts were emasculated in these matters many years ago by the formation of the Mexican Claims Commission in accordance with the wishes of the worthy statesmen in Washington. Consequently our tribunals can offer you no redress, but in conjunction with Margarida, I've discovered another way."

"Oh," exclaimed Joyce, "I'm so thankful!"

"One moment, *señorita*. The plan contemplates presenting you with the *hacienda* and nothing more. It is a dangerous plan—extremely dangerous to you, I mean. I don't exaggerate when I say the chances are ten to one you'll meet your mother's fate. Such being my belief I can't urge you too strongly to go back home at once and forget all about Mexico."

"YOU don't understand," said Joyce in a low voice. "La Barranca is the only true home I've ever known and it's mine—my own. If I'm to be killed for going back to it, I'm sorry, but I'm going anyway."

"Either you're extremely brave," said Onelia, "or you're foolhardy."

"Neither, General," said Joyce with a half smile. "I simply don't agree with you; I don't think I'll be killed."

"Ah, that's it! You're young and the young believe they can't die!" Abruptly his manner changed. "Let's get down to business. In the first place I shan't appear in the matter at all; if you should live to make a statement involving me I'll have a hundred witnesses to prove you a liar. The scheme is to filter a sufficient number of men within the walls of La Barranca, pick a quarrel at a given signal and then drive out General Dorado, who now holds the property. It is essential that you be on the spot to take immediate possession—on the spot, mind you. Do you agree?"

"I do," said Joyce. "But this General Dorado—he won't be killed, will he?"

"No, child, certainly not; I'm glad to reassure you on that point," said Onelia so unctuously he seemed to be rolling the words on his tongue. "The question now arises as to who shall be your personal escort." He frowned and the frown steadily deepened; finally he turned to Margarida. "You know all my personal staff by contact or reputation. Whom do you suggest?"

"Colonel Manuelito Sanchez."

"Courageous but stupid—a born bungler."

"Colonel Brito de la Vega."

"Are you mad? The *señorita* is too young and far too sweet a morsel. Brito still has acres of wild oats to sow."

"What's the difference?" asked Margarida cynically. "Are you going to ship her in cotton, marked 'Fragile'? Then Colonel Quodvult Soares."

"Doddering—both feet in the grave. If he weren't my father-in-law—" The general sprang to his feet. "I have it! We don't want an officer at all." He touched a bell and the door opened almost instantly. "Send Sergeant Buenaventura."

The soldier who presently entered the room immediately inspired Joyce with confidence. Loyalty was written in every line of his face, the posture of his body, the hang of his fists and especially in his level eyes. What she did not realize was that he was an outstanding example of a type perfected nowhere else on earth—a type on whose brain, heart and every separate sinew are branded the two words "*mi general*." They fight like tigers and, dying, still fight on for God and country but only as embodied in the single rascally carcass of "My General—right or wrong, My General!"

"Sit down, Pancho," said Onelia; "this is a social gathering. Besides, you are now commencing a month's furlough on full pay, accompanied by a detail of eighteen men. Never by any chance are you to report to me what happens during your absence. It won't be necessary since I am about to tell you what you will do with every minute of your time." He proceeded to give instructions so broad yet so complete to the last detail that Joyce was moved to admiration. "Understand, Pancho," he concluded, "the shot that kills General Dorado will surely kill you. Maim him if you like, but don't kill him."

"It is understood, *mi general*. When do we start?"

"Today, if you like," said Joyce. "If that's impossible, then tomorrow."

Onelia and Margarida stared, at first unbelieving; then they smiled a smile that said more plainly than words, "These gringos, they are all mad—completely mad." But the sergeant's solemn eyes never stirred from their idol's face.

"It will take three days at least to place my men," he stated. "They must be sent singly and in advance."

"Attend to it at once," ordered Onelia. "As for you, hold yourself in readiness and see you have the sort of car which will attract least attention. You may go." As Sergeant Buenaventura left the room the general turned on Margarida a look half appeal for approval and half notification that the interview was at an end, but she neither spoke nor moved. "Well?" he barked testily.

"We have overlooked an important point," she said. "It is vital Dorado should be in residence; otherwise we would be committing a mere trespass."

"Couldn't I instruct Pancho to wait, in that case, until Dorado returned?"

"Nonsense. Look at the *señorita*. The chances are there isn't a spot within miles of La Barranca where she could wait an hour without starting an eruption of gossip that would blow our plans to bits. No; we've got to find out about Dorado and there's only one sure source of information."

"Where? Who?"

"Adán Arnaldo of El Tenebroso."

"Call that a source?" exploded Onelia. "Try and make it flow!"

"That's the trouble," said Margarida; "I couldn't do it alone, neither could you. But the two of us—in casual conversation?"

"What's El Tenebroso?" asked Joyce, intrigued by their manner.

"A resort, my dear," said Margarida. "A *boite*, what you call a night club."

"Oh, please let me go too," begged Joyce. "I'm lonely—so lonely! Please!"

IT WAS odd the way their heads turned toward her as though moved by identical springs and equally strange that both faces should go through the same changes of expression. Their Latin eyes were seeing her at El Tenebroso. No girl of breeding could crash that door and keep her social standing, and whether anything happened to her or not had nothing to do with it. Of course Joyce was unaware of any such deadline, which only made it more amusing. She would have been astonished to know to what lengths human indifference can go. They cared nothing about what happened to her—literally nothing.

"It might not be a bad idea," remarked Margarida at last.

"Not at all a bad idea," agreed Onelia. "As a matter of fact, unless accompanied by both of you, I wouldn't consider for a moment going myself. I'll send my car to pick you up. Shall we say at midnight?"

"Too early by at least an hour," said Margarida. "Make it one o'clock."

(To be continued next week)

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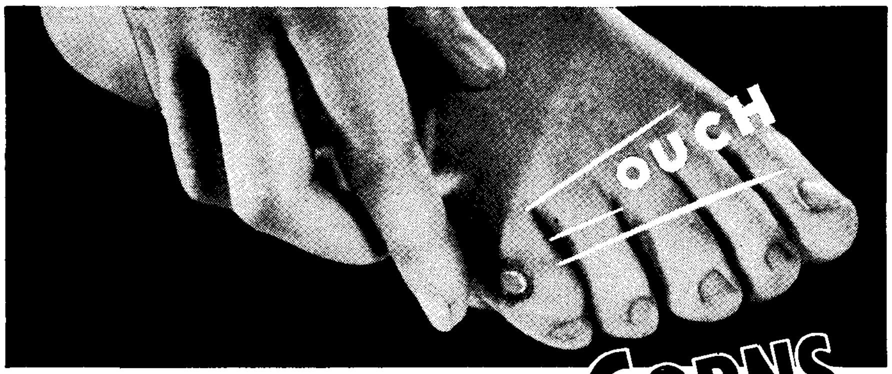

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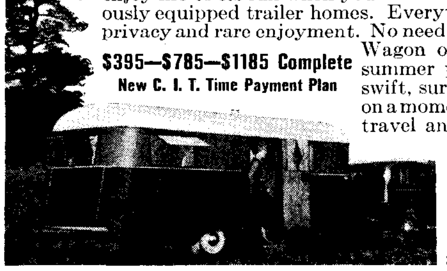

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Haphazard Patsy

Continued from page 32

the audience: "She doesn't belong here but according to Equity I suppose we have to use her. . . . My dear, how are you and how are the folks in Terre Haute?"

In those scenes where Patsy was supposed to be present, Jack took the parts himself, appearing alternately as Benny and Kelly. He accomplished the changes easily enough by rolling his pants legs up and down according to the sex about to orate. The show finally ended at 1:30, with the ushers toting the guests up the aisles in collapse from 11 o'clock on.

The production looked like a complete failure but they kept tinkering with it until they evolved the famous bathtub scene, which started as a two-minute sketch and was built up to a number lasting thirty-five minutes; it almost meant the end of Patsy. Six nights a week and matinees Wednesday and Saturday, she sat in the tub of water.

"Sometimes with cakes of ice floating around," says Patsy. "And when that was over I had a minute and a half to make a change into an evening dress for the next scene. The water ran down my legs and made puddles on the stage and I was a swell-looking society dame."

After the Vanities came Carroll's Sketch Book and then Flying Colors and then the stage production of Wonderbar with Al Jolson.

She was hired for Hollywood after Wonderbar and went out with some fear. It wasn't Broadway and it wasn't Third Avenue and she wasn't too sure about the Indians. Also she had been warned about the bickerings and jealousies and coldness of Hollywood's welcome to newcomers. She had been there only two days when she had a caller.

"A little guy with a blue hat," says Patsy. "And he wants to know how I like it. I say fine because I can see it is very nice to get an official welcome like this. And then he asks me if I'd like to take a trip and I can understand right away it's been a contest of some kind and I've been bright as usual and won it and so I say a trip where? And he says, 'Oh, Atlanta, Leavenworth, Alcatraz,' and then he asks me if I've ever heard of a thing called the income tax."

The Taxes Catch Up

It seems that Patsy had overlooked the matter during her New York career, but it was finally fixed up with the little man in the blue hat that she wouldn't need to take the trip but it would be well if she began payments on six years' back taxes and this meant that Patsy was making less in Hollywood for several years than she had on Broadway.

"Try to explain a thing like that to your relatives," says Patsy.

It was a shock but it didn't keep her from beginning her screen career. They had her on the lot next morning.

"Now, here," says the director. "You're on roller skates, and your feet go up and you land on the back of your neck."

"Whoa," said Patsy. "Wait. You got me wrong. I'm not the Diamond Brothers. No skates, see; no back of necks; I'm a very subtle comedienne. In fact I think I'm an artiste."

It took a little time for this to get through, but it was eventually agreed that she should have a double for the skating scenes. All she had to do was a close-up on the floor, after she was supposed to have crashed.

"So I lay down there," says Patsy, "and gave my head a little lift back to show I was bouncing. Just a little fake bounce. I hit the floor so hard they have to take ten stitches in my conk."

She began making two-reel comedies for Hal Roach but it was pretty tough because she couldn't get used to Hollywood. She finally doped the thing out.

"Listen, Mr. Roach," she said, "will you do me a favor? Couldn't you hire a truck to drive up and down in front of my house all night? It's so quiet out there I can't sleep."

Her career was almost ended soon after she got to Hollywood by the auto accident which killed Jean Malin, the female impersonator. In driving off the boardwalk at Venice, Malin put the car in forward speed instead of reverse and the machine plunged through the railing in a thirty-foot drop. Malin was pinned behind the wheel and couldn't get out but he shouted for Patsy to jump. She jumped and for six days she was in a state of coma and practically given up.

A Working Arrangement

The experience seems to have left no permanent effects, however, because when last seen Patsy was racing along in an antique hack between the Roach studio and the Culver City Stadium, where she was doing scenes in a prize fight picture called Patsy the Second.

Between two-reelers Patsy was being loaned out for full-length pictures and was making something of an impression in Page Miss Glory, Go Into Your Dance and Transatlantic Merry-Go-Round. Her best parts were in Thanks a Million and Every Night at Eight. Her stage admirers were never confident that Patsy would do well in pictures because on Broadway she came out and captured the stage, roamed around like a panther with the hives and raised her shrill voice to the galleries with all the assurance of a district attorney who has just accompanied the judge in from a back-room poker game. But she seems to have overcome the handicap.

According to the record, she is 5:4 and weighs 134 pounds "but doesn't look it." The record doesn't mention that she is the sloppiest-dressed girl in Hollywood and one of the best-liked. It mentions that she is unmarried but doesn't give the reason.

"When I give 'em the eye, it breaks their fiber," says Patsy. "They stop work overnight and start gigoloing."

It is also listed that she is crazy about golf and this may be true, but last summer, she chased no little ball around with a club. She was out at the Santa Anita race track losing whatever Hal Roach had been paying her for the week. Since Roach is president of the track, this may have come under the heading of tact, but it really was caused by Patsy's anxiety to take the word of anybody who had ever been intimate with a horse.

"I had one very good tip," says Patsy, "but the jockey fell off."

Anybody can talk her into anything. She has stopped asking for raises because every time she goes in for one she comes out with a cut. She buys things that no human being could possibly use. She has ambitions of getting a Broadway show written for her, but will be just as content in a two-reel movie comedy. There are people who will seek to rend you if you don't admit that Patsy Kelly is the greatest comedienne in the world, but Patsy worries very little about it. Recently she became concerned about the future. She found it impossible to save her money. So she got herself a personal manager to look after her affairs.

"It's worked out swell," she says. "I still don't save any money but I'm keeping the manager now."

Sole Heir

Continued from page 25

Adams looked remote, seeming to calculate, and then his expression brightened. "I wouldn't worry if I were you. You're sure to find something. A strong young fellow like you won't starve. But I don't—I really don't—see how you're going to hold on to this property, Mr. Morehead." He leaned forward. "Do you want my best advice?" His expression was generous and friendly, as though he had several grades of advice, but for Henry only the best would do.

"What is it?" Henry asked warily.

Adams slapped the desk with his open palm. "Let the property go for taxes."

"Absolutely not," said Henry. *Goodby, cruise steamer, heading for Hawaii. Goodby, Mary Wood, dark-eyed, laughing under a wide straw hat, in the entrance hall of the Morehead Arms. Letter boxes. List of tenants. Janitor's bell. SUPERINTENDENT WANTED.*

"Well, then"—Adams spread his lean fingers hopelessly—"I don't know what you can do."

"I see you need a superintendent at the Morehead Arms," said Henry. "I'll take the job."

"That wouldn't do at all," said Adams decidedly. "You don't want that job. It only pays forty a month and a rent-free apartment. And you couldn't pay yourself any more, because your bondholders' committee wouldn't stand for it. The place is losing money as it is. No, no, out of the question."

"I'm willing to work for forty dollars and an apartment."

"Definitely no, Mr. Morehead."

"Look here," said Henry warmly, "it's my property, isn't it? If I want to work there, I'll work there."

"I'm absolutely against it," Adams warned him. "One of the superintendent's duties is to collect rents, and if people know you own a place, they always impose on you. That was your cousin's trouble. He was there for a year before he died."

"That's easily fixed," Henry pointed out. "I'll use another name."

"Of course, if you insist—"

"I insist."

Ten minutes later, Henry left with a note certifying the appointment of one Hector McGraw as superintendent of the Morehead Arms. After his departure, Mr. Adams devoted some ten minutes to fruitful reflection, and then put through a long telephone call to Mr. Joseph Branker, a practical statesman in the service of the City of New York.

THE janitor of the Morehead Arms, Al Heeney, a red-haired youth with emphatic forearms, sat on a capsized ash can and acquainted Henry with his duties. In Al's opinion, the job was a cinch.

"First of all, McGraw," he explained, "you're supposed to be what they call a rental agent. Like say a guy looks the dump over and figures it'd be a nice place to live. He comes to you and says let me see what kind of a layout I can get for fifty bucks a month. It's up to you to take him around and give him a selling talk, see? Only there ain't any vacant apartments, so you don't have to do it. Pretty soft."

"Pretty soft is right."

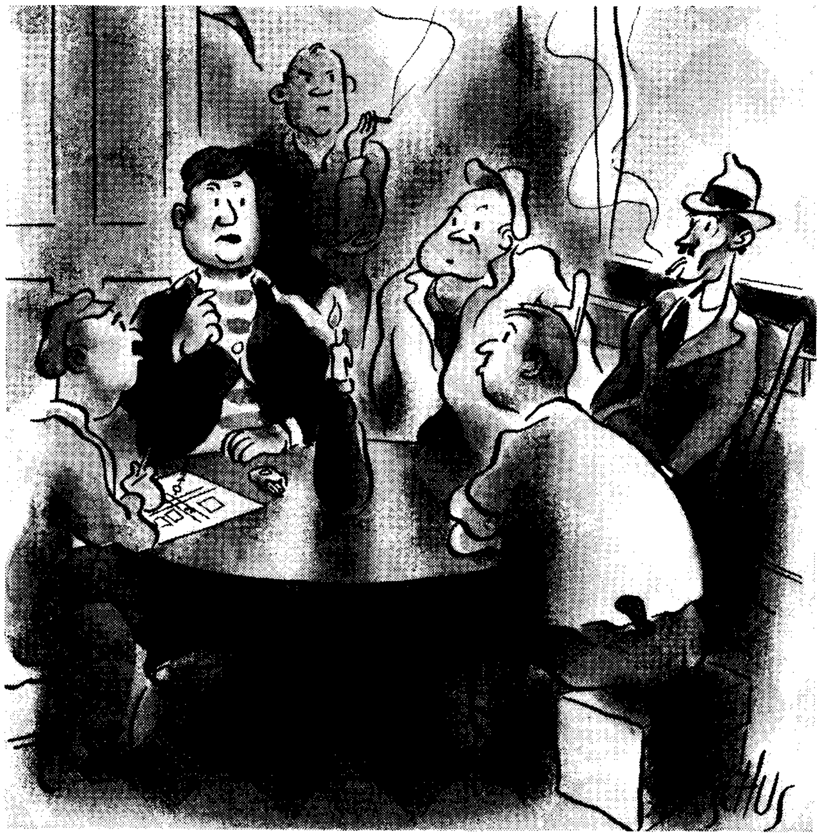
"In the second place," Al continued, "you got to keep needling the tenants that ain't paid their rent, what they call them delinquents. Only the delinquents we got don't have any dough to give you, so what's the sense wasting your breath? You'd be a sap."

"Check."

"So that's about all there is to it, Mac," Al concluded. "It ain't hard once you get the hang of it." He fumbled in his jumper pocket. "Here's the key to your apartment—1-A. And here's the list of delinquents. I been supposed to be handling them."

Henry took the paper and glanced at it. Renshaw, Hooper, Finn, Kurtzmann. A name jumped up from the page—Wood, Mary, 4-B. He put the list in his pocket. "Okay, Al," he said. "I think

(*Continued on page* 86)



"That last suggestion about the First National. Will you please put it in the form of a motion?"

ADOLPH SCHUS

"ANOTHER LIFE SAVED"...

...writes this bird-dog trainer... "By your reliable WORM CAPSULES"

"Gave a four-months-old Setter pup a Sure-Shot Worm Capsule this A. M. No bad after-effects whatever. Just *another life saved* from worm destruction with one of your reliable Capsules."

(Signed "C. E. E.")
Trainer of
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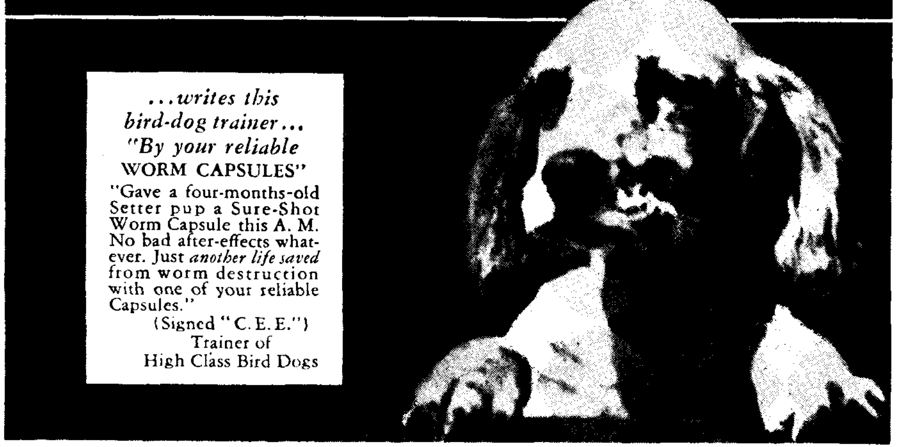

Photo courtesy E. E. Eldred

● Men who raise dogs know they should be wormed regularly. They know there are different types of worms, know there is a SERGEANT'S WORM MEDICINE made for *each.*

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WORM MEDICINES

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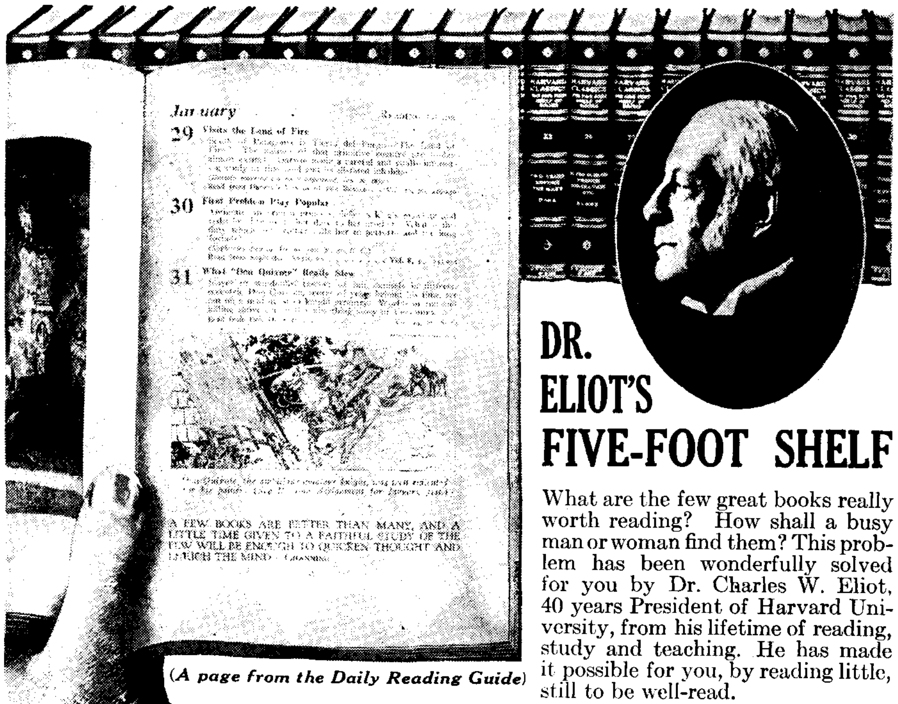
Your reading problems solved 365 days in the year


January
29
30
31
A FEW BOOKS ARE BETTER THAN MANY, AND A LITTLE TIME GIVEN TO A FAITHFUL STUDY OF THE FEW WILL BE ENOUGH TO QUICKEN THOUGHT AND ENRICH THE MIND.

(*A page from the Daily Reading Guide*)

DR. ELIOT'S FIVE-FOOT SHELF

What are the few great books really worth reading? How shall a busy man or woman find them? This problem has been wonderfully solved for you by Dr. Charles W. Eliot, 40 years President of Harvard University, from his lifetime of reading, study and teaching. He has made it possible for you, by reading little, still to be well-read.

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By mail, free, send me the free booklet to the most famous books in the world, describing Dr. Eliot's Five-Foot Shelf of Books (The Harvard Classics), and Dr. Eliot's own story of how he came to select the greatest library of all time.

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ONE!
TWO!
THREE!
PULL
PUSH
GLIDE!

that's the way the Injector Razor shaves! If you really *enjoy* tinkering around with a razor in the morning before you can shave...untwisting this, taking that apart...unwrapping a paper package...drying everything after a shave ...etc....*then* perhaps you won't like this modern shaving instrument. For the Schick Injector Razor eliminates all that.

As shown above, the Injector shoots a fresh blade into the razor and the old one out . . . all in a split second! The Injector cartridge contains *20* of the famous Schick blades . . . *sealed in a bath of oil! Nothing* touches the blade edge from the time it is individually honed, stropped and inspected at the factory, until it actually hits your whiskers!

This is *one* of many reasons why the Schick Injector is the razor that men are talking about. Get one . . . your face is entitled to better treatment than you've been giving it. The Injector Razor costs—not "two bits" but "TWO BUCKS". . . and it's WORTH it! If your dealer can't supply you, send us $2.00 direct, with his name. Some dealers still have a few of the $1.50 Models. Try to find one. It's a real bargain at the old price. MAGAZINE REPEATING RAZOR CO.,
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WITH 20 BLADES
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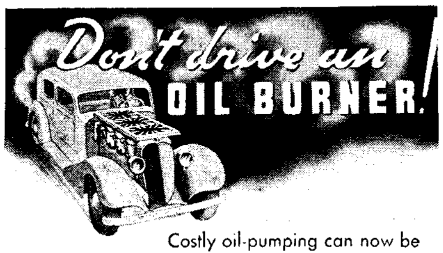
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STOP OIL PUMPING *without* **REBORING CYLINDERS**

Costly oil-pumping can now be stopped WITHOUT expensive cylinder reboring and new pistons, even if your motor is badly worn. New Simplex MOLIUM piston rings of special, free-running bearing-metal, take up wear and bring back new-car pep and power. Ask your garageman or write for folder C4 TODAY!

SIMPLEX PRODUCTS CORPORATION
3834 Kelley Ave. Cleveland, Ohio

SIMPLEX
MOLIUM PISTON RINGS

(Continued from page 85)

that I'll go up and look things over."

His apartment—1-A—was a tiny, three-room place, with a desk in one corner of the living-room. His baggage would be up later—fortunately he had paid his rent in Greenwich Village a week in advance. Meanwhile, it was clear to him that the sooner he started on his job, the better. He took the elevator to the fourth floor, found 4-B, and knocked.

She was prettier even than was his memory of her, in a white dress and an impractical hat. A surf of tiny curls foamed under its brim. Her eyes were cold. "Oh, it's you!"

"Yes," Henry admitted.

"I'm just going out."

"Let me introduce myself. I'm Hector McGraw, the new superintendent."

"Oh." Her face fell. "You've come about the rent, of course. I've just gotten a position in a real estate office. I'll pay—"

"That's all right," said Henry heartily. "It's perfectly all right. Don't give it another thought, please. I'm just checking up, that's all."

THEY looked at each other during a brief silence. "Well, have you finished checking up?" she smiled. "I'm afraid I'll have to be going; I'm late now."

He walked with her to the automatic elevator, pushed the right buttons, manipulated the doors, conveyed her safely to the ground level. In the lobby he managed to say: "We might go to a movie some night, if you like."

Her eyes were amused as she studied his. "All right," she agreed. "Thursday, then. About 6:45. It's only fifty cents if you get there before seven. After that, it's seventy-five."

He made a large gesture to indicate that a quarter more or less was nothing to Hector McGraw.

In the course of the next three months Henry came to an important conclusion. He was in love with Mary Wood. They had sat together through a score of movies, ridden hatless on bus tops in the breathless air of midsummer nights; twice they had gone to the beach for a Sunday's swimming at her sister's cottage. They had danced together to the music of the minute radio in her living-room. They had exchanged enough of their biographies to convince him that their meeting had been the kindly work of a benign Providence. When he saw her, his heart grew within him; he was multiplied by ten; he felt capable of any success he could imagine.

But he was still Hector McGraw, and not Henry Morehead. That was one confidence he had reserved, principally because he could see no prospect of coming to valid life as the heir to a million-dollar estate for some years to come. Still, that could wait. He could hold out until the property was profitable again, and could be profitably sold.

AT THE end of September, Mr. Adams brought bad news. "It looks as though you won't get anything at all out of the Morehead Arms," he told Henry.

They were sitting at the desk in Henry's apartment, and Adams was fiddling with the paper knife.

"I don't see that," Henry argued. "I thought you were going to refinance to take care of the arrears in taxes and interest."

Adams jabbed a tiny hole in the blotter with his paper knife, and immediately repaired the damage with the back of his thumb. "I thought we were all set," he said. "But now it turns out that the city's going to build a garbage incinerator just across Morehead Avenue."

"What?"

"It's a fact. That stopped everything in the way of refinancing. It cuts your valuation half a million, at least."

"They can't do that," said Henry hotly. "They can't put an incinerator there."

"I'm sorry to say they can. They're about to ask for bids. You know Joe Branker?"

"Tenant of 6-A? Sure, I know him. He's a bum."

"That's a fine way to talk about a man that's been trying to help you," Adams complained. "He swings plenty of political weight, and he's been doing his level best to stop this thing, but it's too big even for him. I'm sorry about this, but—" He leaned forward, and looked friendly. "Do you want my best advice?"

"Well, I don't want your worst," Henry said sourly.

"Forget this property. Let it go for the taxes. Chalk the whole thing up to experience. And don't worry about your job. I dare say the new owner will let you stay on." The lawyer rose to go, and put a fatherly hand on Henry's shoulder. "Too bad, but that's the way things break sometimes."

Henry got up brusquely. "There must be some way to stop this," he announced, "and if there is, I'll find it."

"That's great," Adams approved, putting on his hat. "I always like to see a young man with spirit. Stop in and see me when you think of something."

He went out, and Henry sat down at his desk with his head in his hands. A swell trick to play on a fellow, he thought bitterly. Get him out of a solid position in the wholesale drug trade, one with a real future in it, pretend you're giving him a million dollars. And then tell him it's all a joke.

"I wish I'd never heard of this place," he groaned.

Still, there was Mary. It was 6:30. She would be home from work by this time. These still evenings in late September, she liked to watch the sunset from the fourth-floor platform of the fire escape.

He found her leaning on the railing. "This is a ship's rail," she told him, "and we're going around the world." There was a small wind stirring, and she kept smoothing back the dark curls around her temples. Her arms were white and round. "This is the Bay of Naples. How do you like Naples, Mac?"

Henry could think of nothing but incinerators. "Reminds you a lot of New York, don't you think?"

"What's the matter with you?" she protested. "You're positively glum. I don't think I want to take a world cruise with you."

"Look down there on Morehead Avenue," said Henry. "The Honorable Joseph Branker, coming home from a long day of doing nothing for the people of New York."

BELOW them, the brim of a panama hat was tangential to a larger circumference of sharkskin vest, as Joe Branker moved slowly toward the Morehead Arms entrance.

"That's a swell hat," said Mary. "Woven under water, they tell me. Takes no end of time."

"I wish they'd made it right on his head," Henry remarked.

"He's invited me to a party he's giving tonight," Mary said dreamily.

"You're not going, are you?"

"Maybe. He said something about getting me a city job."

"You've got a job."

"Well, I have, but it may not last. And I owe a lot of back rent still, in case you haven't checked up recently."

"Listen," Henry told her, "forget about the rent. It's all right. I was talking to the owner today, and he said you could live here as long as you like."

"He must be an awfully kind man."

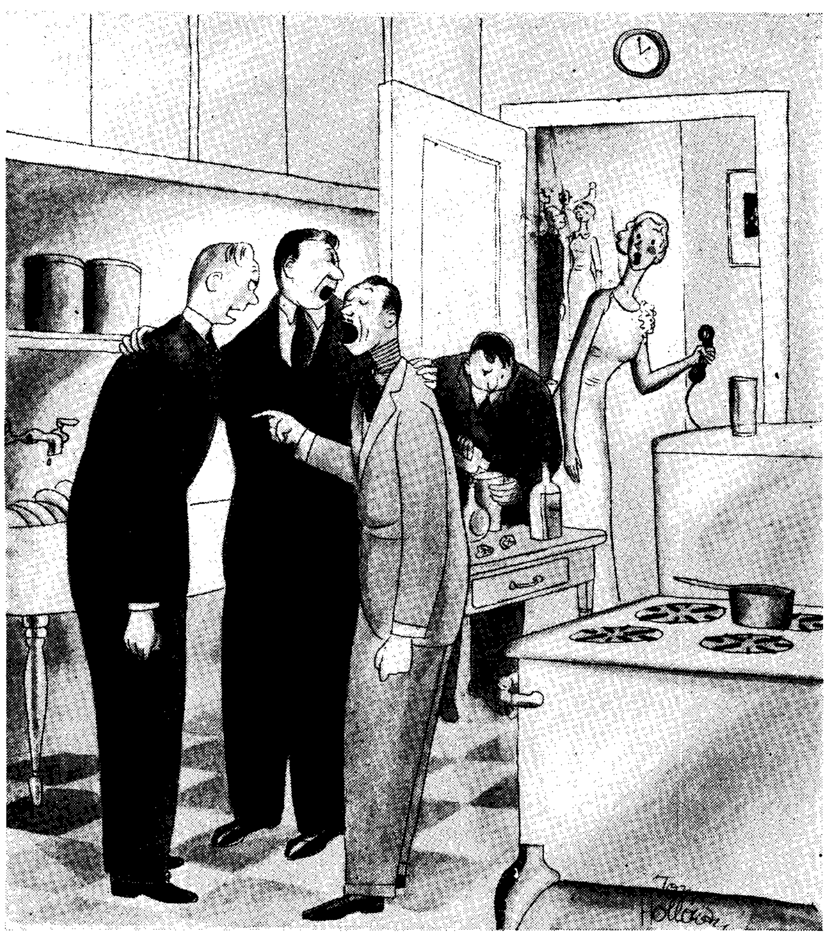
"Maybe he's in love with you."

"Don't be silly. He's never seen me."

"How do you know he hasn't?" To Henry the time seemed ripe to reveal his identity. He was silent, hesitating, arranging the manner in which he should say it, and Mary looked at him, her lips parted expectantly, a little wisp of fine hair dancing on the pure curve of her forehead.

"It's getting chilly," she complained and then withdrew into the embrasure of the fire door.

(Continued on page 88)



"It's a request for a lullaby from the people in 4F. Their baby is awake again!"

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EXCLUSIVE FEATURES

Opens like a bottle . . . easy to pour from . . . lined after the can is made . . . cap keeps pouring and drinking surface clean.

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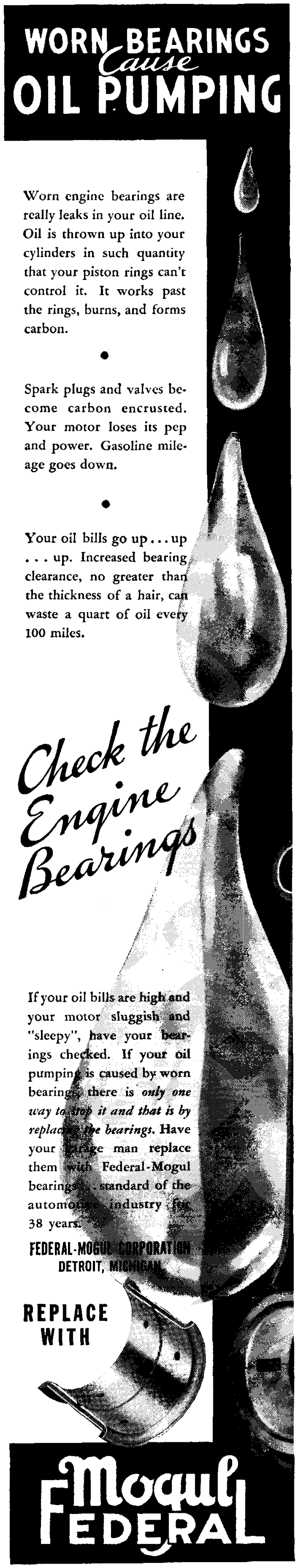
WORN BEARINGS *Cause* OIL PUMPING

Worn engine bearings are really leaks in your oil line. Oil is thrown up into your cylinders in such quantity that your piston rings can't control it. It works past the rings, burns, and forms carbon.

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Spark plugs and valves become carbon encrusted. Your motor loses its pep and power. Gasoline mileage goes down.

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Your oil bills go up . . . up . . . up. Increased bearing clearance, no greater than the thickness of a hair, can waste a quart of oil every 100 miles.

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If your oil bills are high and your motor sluggish and "sleepy", have your bearings checked. If your oil pumping is caused by worn bearings, there is *only one way to stop it and that is by replacing the bearings.* Have your garage man replace them with Federal-Mogul bearings . . . standard of the automotive industry for 38 years.

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REPLACE WITH

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Sole Heir

Continued from page 86

"Wait a minute, Mary," he said in an embarrassed voice. "I want to tell you something."

Her voice was gentle: "Yes, Mac."

"It's something I've wanted to say for a long time—Mary—"

To his astonishment, he found her arms, her head, resting on his left shoulder. "I—I—" he stammered.

"I know, Mac. Say it. Say you love me."

"That isn't what I was going to say. That is, I mean—"

Her head came up in a quick movement, her cheeks flaming, and she pushed his arms away. "You—oh!—"

"Mary, listen!"

A stinging slap in the face dazed him, while she wrenched open the door and disappeared, in a single angry gesture. Standing there, rubbing his cheek in bewilderment, he heard the click-click-click of her heels going down the corridor.

He opened the door to follow her, and walked straight into the tenant of 6-B, a massive woman with a Pekingese under one arm. "I've been looking all over for you, Mr. McGraw," she said accusingly. "Good gracious, what's the matter with your face?"

"Nothing," said Henry shortly. "I fell down—that is, I bumped against a door —what can I do for you, anyhow?"

"I want to warn you," she said impressively. "My next door neighbor, Mr. Branker, is obviously going to give a party tonight. I saw case goods going in there. I want you to tell him that he can't disturb other people's rest with impunity, even if he is a politician. I don't mind so much for myself, Mr. McGraw, but this poor lamb—" She held up the silky and somnolent Peke. "He's just a bundle of nerves. Aren't you, Lambie? Yes, he is. The slightest noise—"

"If you hear any unusual noise, after eleven o'clock, madam," Henry assured her, "I'll have it stopped. Let me ring the elevator for you."

When the ascending cage had borne 6-B out of his sight, Henry went down the hall and knocked on Mary's door. There was no answer.

He went out for a quick dinner in a near-by lunch counter, and over his plate of hamburger and home fries, reviewed his situation gloomily. Girl gone. Apartment house as good as gone. Probably his job, too, such as it was.

It was Mary that really bothered him. His instinct told him to rush back to her apartment, force his way in, explain, apologize, move her to compassion. His reason told him that in these matters such a course is usually the worst one possible, that cool delay would bring better results, that sound sense recommended killing a few hours in a movie alone, and then taking up the matter the following day.

He paid his check, and went out on the pavement, determined to follow the course of reason, and found himself, five minutes later, walking down the fourth-floor corridor toward Mary Wood's apartment.

Her door was open. In the living-room, he saw her white shoulders and dark head, the glint of her silver evening gown. Joe Branker was leaning against the doorway, waiting for her.

"I won't be a second, Joe." Her voice was intolerably gay.

"Okay, baby."

Henry continued to the staircase, without turning his head, and went down to his own apartment. There was nothing to do there. He went out, walked around the block twice, and came in again. There was still nothing to do. He went out once more, and spent two hours in a movie.

When he came back, it was 11:15. He smoked a cigarette, sitting on the edge of his bed, and then picked up the house telephone and rang 6-B.

"Mrs. Drysdale? This is the superintendent. . . . I was wondering whether that party in 6-A is disturbing you . . . oh, it isn't? . . . oh . . . well, if you're perfectly sure . . . not at all, Mrs. Drysdale . . . we try to keep everybody happy . . . perhaps I'd better give them a word of warning, anyhow, just to be on the safe side, don't you think? . . . no trouble, Mrs. Drysdale . . . glad to be of service . . . good night!"

When he stopped at Joe Branker's door he could hear a high hum of party conversation, decorated by the ornamental laughter of women. He struck the panel with his knuckles, once, twice, and the noise died abruptly.

He knocked again, and the door was opened by Branker himself. Mary was standing just behind him.

"What do you want?" Branker asked.

Henry could see Mary skillfully edging her way out. "If you don't mind," she said nervously, "I think I'll go home. Good night, Joe."

"Wait a minute, baby." Branker caught her wrist with a deft movement and turned on Henry. "Will you tell me what you want, McGraw, and then get out of here?"

"Let her go," said Henry.

"Mind your own business."

Mary was pulling at her wrist to free it, and Henry took Branker's hand and forced the fingers open. Meanwhile, Branker dealt him a glancing blow on the left cheekbone.

While Mary ran down the hall, Henry inspected the short, rotund Branker much as a lumberman inspects a tree marked for felling. When he was satisfied that Branker would fall inside, and without striking his head on anything more lethal than a rug, Henry cut him down with a single punch, pulled the door to, and retired.

He caught up with Mary as she was fitting her key into the lock. "Mary!"

"Don't speak to me!" She slammed the door in his face.

The net result of his little stratagem, he reflected wearily as he prepared for bed, was to make his situation worse, if possible, than it had been before. Looking in his bathroom mirror, he perceived that he would have a black eye in the morning.

The telephone rang just as his head hit the pillow. "Yes? . . . Oh, Mrs. Drysdale . . . what can I do for you? . . . You say there's a lot of noise . . . fighting in the hall? . . . You must be mistaken, Mrs. Drysdale . . . well, I can't help it if your dog can't sleep . . . you're only allowed to have him in the apartment as a special favor. . . . Good night!"

He spent the following morning at his desk, arranging his papers, and most of the afternoon in the uncongenial task of composing a letter to Mr. Perch, asking for his old job back. At 5:30, he heard a footstep at the open door, and looked up to see Mary, very severe and very beautiful. He sprang to his feet.

"This is a business call," she announced coldly.

"Sit down," he begged her. "No, wait, this one's better."

She accepted only the edge of the armchair he brought forward to the desk.

"Cigarette?"

"No, thanks."

"Drink?"

"No, thank you."

Ti for Two

Beauteous Hawaiian Islanders, fun-loving, derive great pleasure from sliding on ti leaves down grassy slopes. Ti leaves, large and handy, are natural coasters, needing nothing but a grassy hill.

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Sani-Flush Safe NOT CAUSTIC
KEEPS RADIATORS CLEAN

"I'll be with you in two seconds. Just let me put these papers away." He matched the margins of the three drafts of his letter to Perch with as much care as though they were state documents, put them in a drawer, locked the drawer, lit a cigarette with fingers that shook a little, drew a deep puff, exhaled. "Now I'm ready. But if it's about the apartment, you might as well wait until tomorrow, when the new superintendent comes."

"You're not leaving?"

"Of course I am."

"But, why?"

"What difference does it make?"

SHE was silent for a moment, her fingers busy smoothing out her gloves, and then said: "Well, about this business matter—"

"Look here," he interrupted violently. "Last night, on the fire-escape, I was going to say—what you thought I was going to say—but there was something else I wanted to tell you. First."

"What was it?"

"It doesn't make any difference now."

"Yes, it does."

"How so?"

"Well, if you have to tell me that before you can tell me—something else—oh, Mac!—" she said with spirit, "don't be so stupid! Do I have to get down on my knees to you?"

"I'll get down on mine, if it'll do any good."

"Mac, the door's open! Mac, get up, please!"

"I will if you say everything's all right."

"Everything's all right." She smiled and gave him a fleeting kiss. "Get up, for heaven's sake, Mac!"

He sat down at his desk again. "We can get married in Jersey City tomorrow. Wait a minute. I forgot—I won't have a job tomorrow. That's all right—I've got forty dollars saved up."

"I can keep on working," she said, "and we can live here."

"Oh, no!"

She put her hand to her mouth. "Mac! I almost forgot! I know how we can make some money. That's what I came to see you about. My boss said—wait, I'll begin at the beginning—at the party last night—"

"Incidentally, what was your idea in going to that brawl?"

"Never mind that now. At the party, I heard Joe Branker say that he and some lawyer expected to make a lot of money by bidding in the Morehead Arms when it's sold for taxes."

"What's that?"

"Don't get so excited, Mac. It's done all the time. Branker said it would go for almost nothing, because the rumor is they're going to build an incinerator across the street."

"So they are."

"But they aren't, Mac! That's the whole point. Joe Branker said that was all applesauce, or eyewash, or something. Anyhow, it's all a fake. After they own the property, they'll just forget about the incinerator, and the price will go up again."

"It will, eh?"

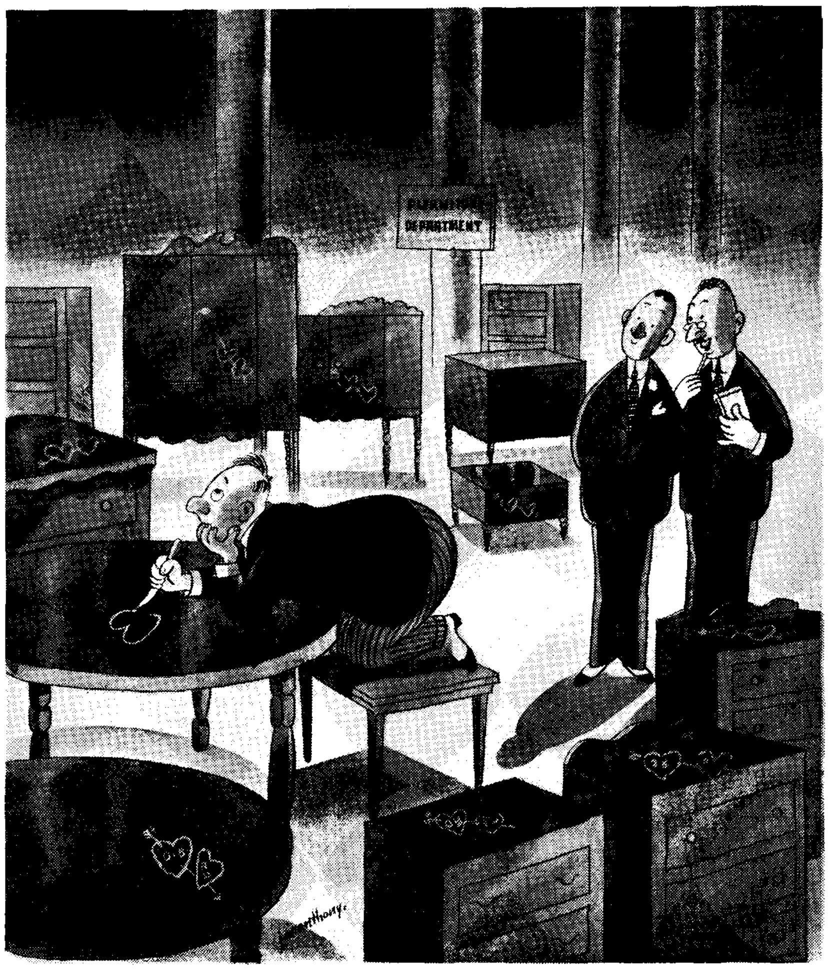
"Of course it will. I've only been in the real estate business four months, but even I know that. So, naturally, when I went to work this morning, I told my boss all about it, because I was mad at Joe Branker for making a pass at me."

"So what did your boss say?"

"I can't tell you, Mac," she complained, "if you keep on jumping around like a crazy man. He said he wouldn't mind refinancing the property, if he could get in touch with the real owner without having to deal through the lawyer, and then everybody could make some money. The property's in the name of Henry Morehead, but apparently only the lawyer knows where he is, and he won't tell. I don't think even Branker knows."

"No, he doesn't."

"So the boss said if I could find out, he'd make it worth my while. I thought of you right away, because if you could put me in touch with Henry Morehead we'd have some money to start out on. Mac—Mac, stop it, Mac, you're smothering me."



"Mr. Pringle is in love, again!" J. M. ANTHONY

I've seen many a Great Finish

—but the one I saw in Boston tops them all

By Clem McCarthy

Dean Radio Announcer of the American Turf

THRILLING races—hair-breadth finishes—close shaves—these are the breath of life to veterans of the turf. Knocking around and following the bangtails from track to track, I've seen as many great finishes as any man. But the greatest finish I ever saw wasn't at a race track at all. It was on a tiny wafer of steel, less than two inches long—and the millions of dollars it took to put it there would make a "Man o' War's" lifetime earnings look like chicken feed by comparison.

Here's how it happened

In my travels here and there, I heard so many men crab about razor blades that I found myself wondering why I always get clean, quick shaves with never a bit of razor drag or burn. I found the answer all right—but it took a special trip to Boston to turn the trick. There I went through the Gillette factory and learned why.

My head was in a whirl when I was through. I saw the world's finest blade steel chemically analyzed, "X-rayed" by an amazing instrument that searches the heart of the metal for hidden flaws, tested for hardness with a diamond-pointed scientific instrument, measured with micrometers, examined for perfection of micro-structure—all this before the steel is O. K'd for use in Gillette blades.

I saw the steel hardened in electric furnaces that are automatically controlled—saw the blades sharpened in huge grinding machines weighing several tons—yet so precise they are adjustable to the infinitesimal fraction of 1/10000 of an inch. Believe me—precision is something you feel in the very air of the Gillette factory.

They convinced me

So after seeing one astounding process after another I'm convinced of this—better blades than Gillette blades will not be made—until Gillette scientists and engineers discover how to make them. In fact, my advice to any man who wants to *enjoy* shaving is not merely to *ask* for Gillette blades—but to *insist* on them.

Here are the facts about razor blades. Why let anyone deprive you of shaving comfort by selling you a substitute! Ask for Gillette Blades and be sure to get them.

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Collier's

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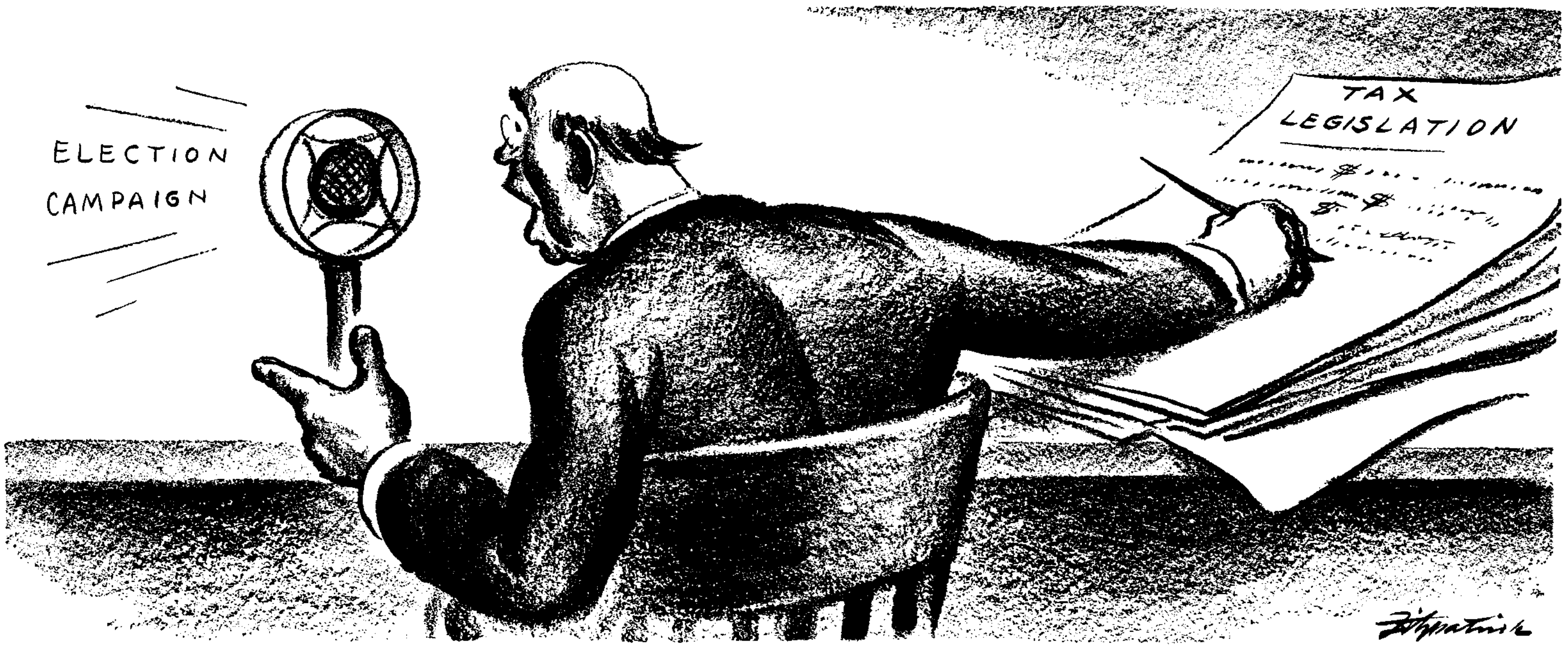


Who Pays the Bill?

POLITICS and taxes mix about as well as oil and water. Congressmen obsessed with hopes and fears inspired by an approaching election are apparently incapable of giving reasonable or just consideration to the problem of raising the money essential to the support of the government.

Representatives and senators are now thinking of the effect of what they say and do will have upon their individual chances of reelection next November. They have neither the time nor the fortitude to consider taxes from the standpoint of the national welfare. It is true that a few courageous men such as Senator Harry Byrd, a conservative Virginia Democrat, and Senator Robert M. La-Follette, a radical Wisconsin Republican, are willing to go thoroughly and honestly into our taxation difficulties. But they are voices crying in the wilderness.

Nobody imagines, however, that the tax measures accepted because of political expediency will long serve to meet the necessities of the nation. Sometime we may as a people plan ways to pay our bills or else go bankrupt. Such politicians as Representative Patman, bellwether of a small inflationist herd, advocate bankruptcy by the printing-press money route.

There are those who think that bankruptcy is a smart way to pay their debts. Heretofore they have been an unimportant minority in most American communities.

It is hardly possible that even Mr. Patman's agitation can make a national policy of what in private business is counted a misfortune when unavoidable and a dishonor and even a felony when deliberately contrived. It is a safe guess that repudiation of our obligations and responsibilities will not help us on our road to progress and complete recovery.

We shall pay our bills in spite of difficulty. We shall pay taxes and exceedingly heavy taxes. Large debts have been incurred and high tax rates are required.

We can use our heads, however, in devising our tax structure. During the past sessions Congress has persistently postponed consideration of tax requirements until emergency action was demanded. So not much ripe consideration has been available if it were wanted.

One consideration which has been shockingly neglected is the effect of any proposed scheme upon our productive energies as a people. Regardless of politics, regardless even of the fundamental form of government, it is universally desirable to keep production at a high level. We can divide and enjoy no more than we produce. The government can tax no more than we produce. It is, accordingly, to everybody's interest to keep active and productive.

A tax on corporate surpluses could be used to paralyze our productive energies. It need not be destructive. It is possible merely to give an old tax a new name and to change little. It is not overstatement to say that this Congress has had only the foggiest ideas of the consequences of its proposals upon production. If the new taxes do not slow down our energies we need give no thanks to Congress. Representatives and senators were thinking of something else.

Second only in importance to keeping up production at a high level is the matter of responsible government. Congress is extravagant and frivolous in its appropriations because so few people pay visible income taxes. Actual income tax payers are a minority whose votes congressmen think they can safely ignore.

This is unquestionably a bad situation, but responsibility for it cannot be laid at the door of this Congress.

Our present national income tax system is just twenty-three years old. It began modestly in 1913. For that year 357,598 taxpayers contributed $28,000,000 to the federal government.

Under the stress of the World War, tax rates increased enormously. In 1920, 5,518,310 individuals paid income taxes. Through 1924 the number of income tax payers continued to be large. In 1924, 4,489,698 individuals paid income taxes.

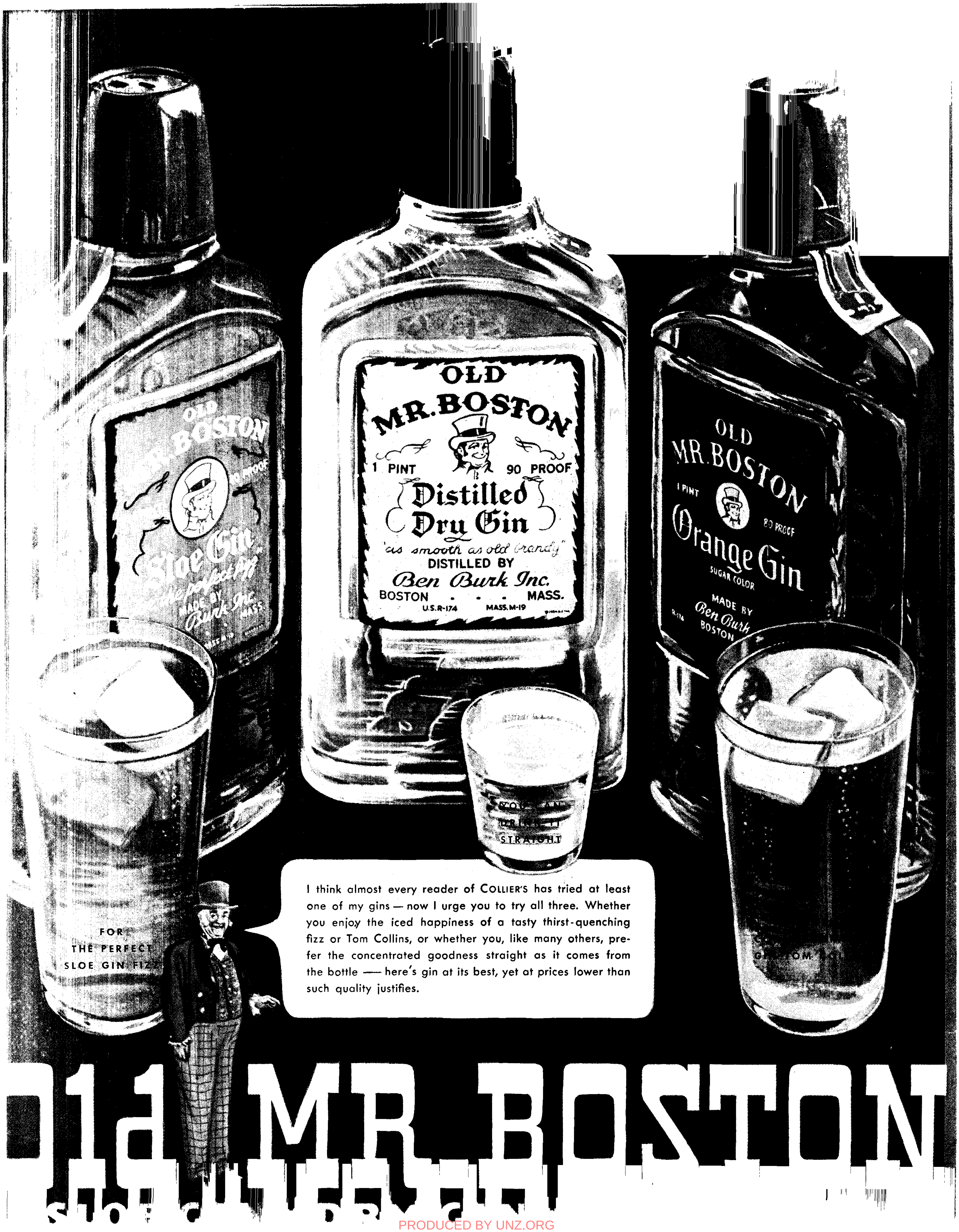
Then the law was revised by President Coolidge and Secretary of the Treasury Andrew W. Mellon. The number of those liable to income taxes was sharply reduced. In 1925 only 2,501,166 paid income taxes. In 1933 the number of income tax payers had dropped to 1,731,116.

Meanwhile, the entire effort of Congress has been concentrated on devising ways of limiting still further the number of those who are liable to visible taxes. "Soak-the-Rich" was invented as a shibboleth to justify this policy.

It was a shortsighted program in 1924 and it is a stupid policy in 1936. Of course the size of the tax bill should be measured by the capacity of the citizen to pay. It has long been observed, however, that interest in government depends very largely on the taxes paid. Responsible government was developed by people who observed with interest and even jealousy the appropriations made by their representatives. In the long run no greater injury can be done any people than to deprive them of an interest in their own government.

Sooner or later the federal income tax rates must be revised to include a much larger number of taxpayers. Heavy taxes will always be borne by those able to pay, but, as in other free countries, the obligation to support the government will not be restricted to the relatively few.

The worst features of the recent tax measures have been inspired by the view that only a negligible minority of rich and temporarily unpopular men were hurt. That is a very superficial and shortsighted opinion. In government, as elsewhere, we get not much more than we pay for. A government which costs us nothing in taxes isn't in the long run worth much in public service. We can't escape taxes if we want to retain self-government.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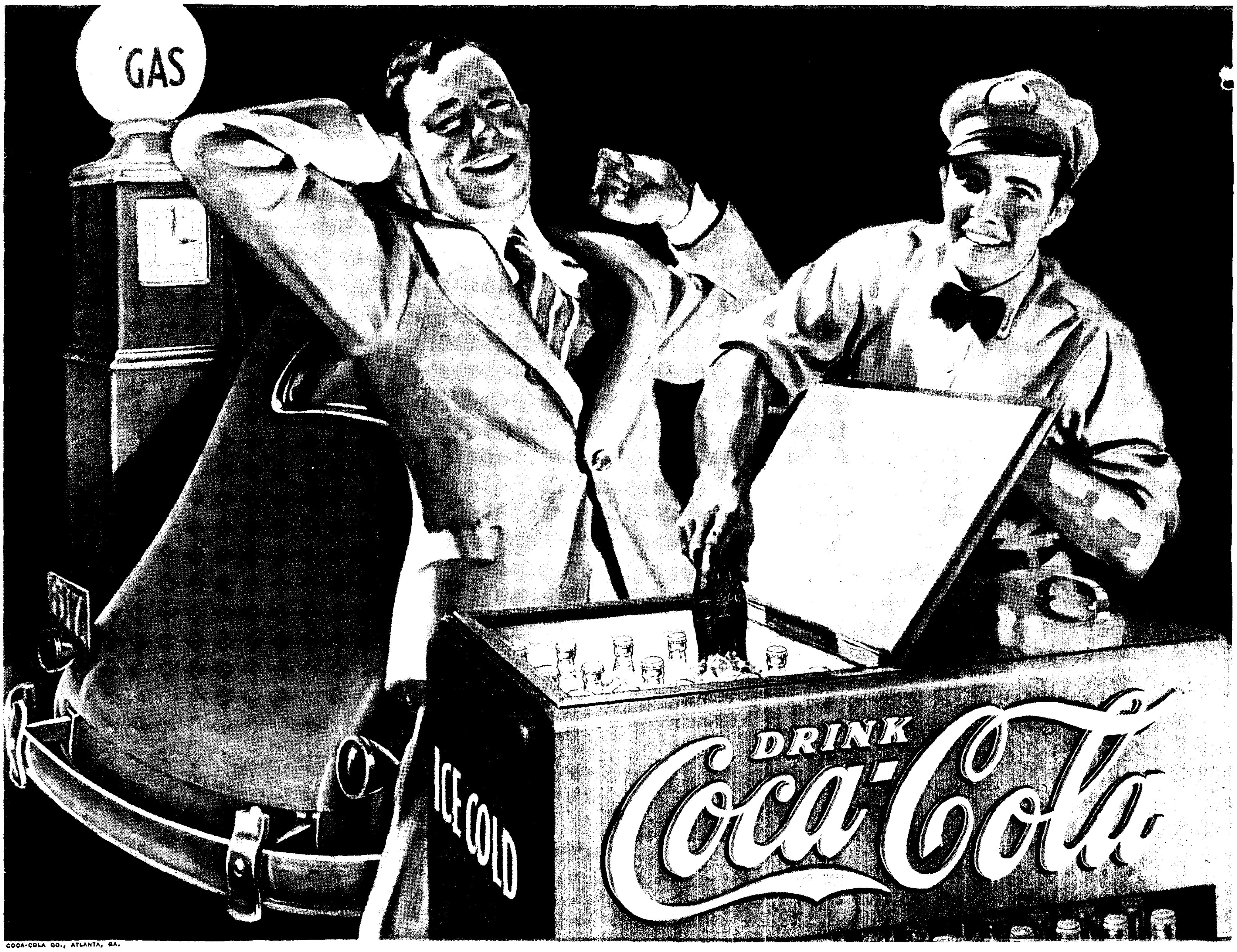
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